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June 27, 1931

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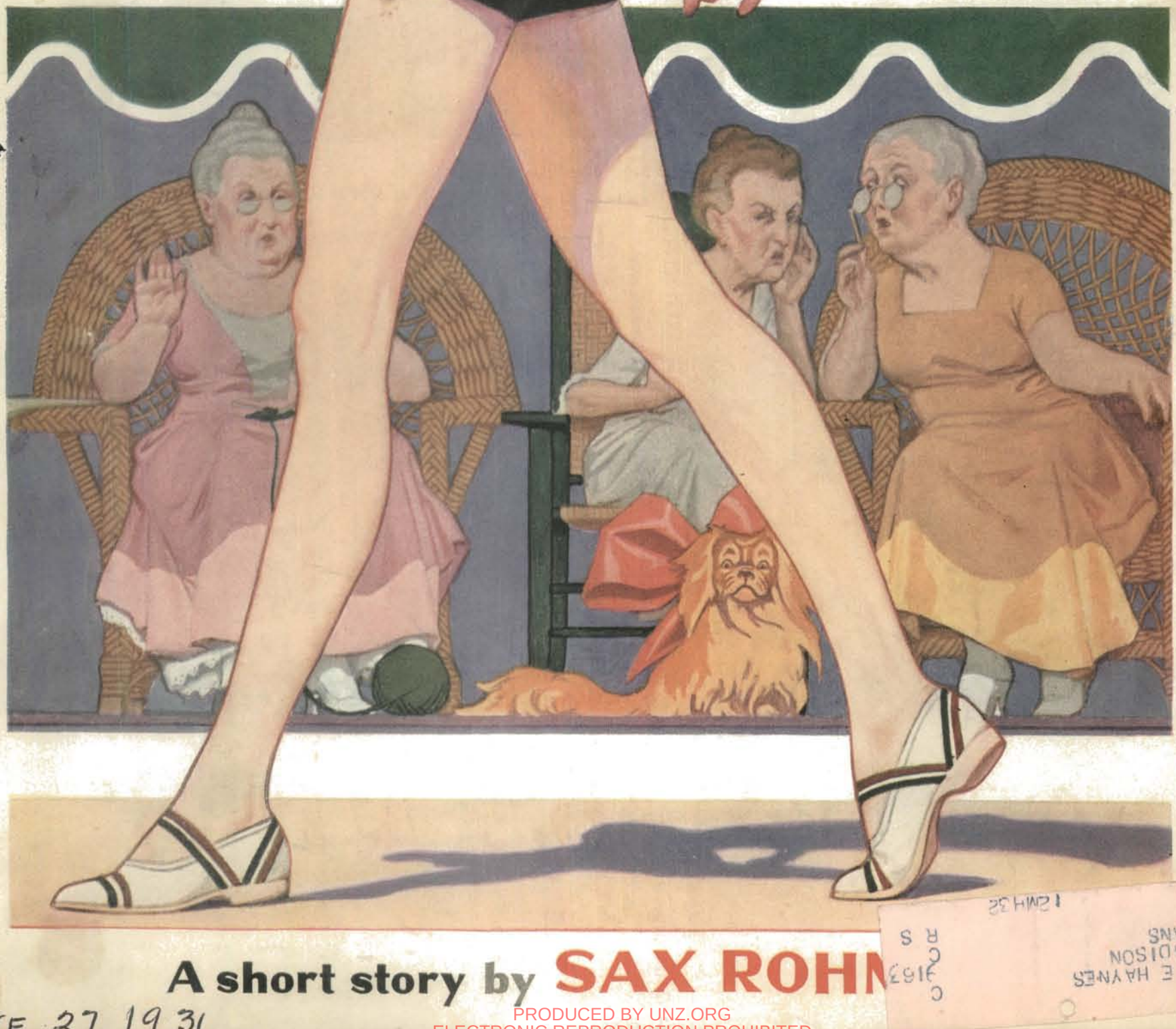
Collier's

...AL WEEKLY

Unlucky Alfonso
by
Winston Churchill



A short story by SAX ROHM

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JUNE 27, 1931

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The Doctor advises you—
"Keep Cool!"

In 5 different ways the doctor repeats his advice:

◆ ◆ ◆

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2. Avoid prolonged exposure to hot sun.
3. Avoid too vigorous exercise.
4. Eat moderately.
5. Drink plenty of cool water.

Prolonged warm weather contributes to loss of appetite, vigor, good nature and vitality. Too much warmth even affects your ability to enjoy a good night's rest. An investment in General Electric Fans is a *health* investment for your entire family.

General Electric Fan breezes bring you cool nights of restful sleep

General Electric Fans not only keep you comfortable and cheerful during the stifling hours when the sun is high, but in the sultry hours of night they send you to your bed blissfully *cool*—encouraging refreshing rest and peaceful sleep.

For as little as $6.50 you can buy healthful breezes that blow day or night at your bidding. What a bargain in live air—in comfort, in efficiency and in health!

These sturdy, dependable fans—*General Electric*—operate for as little as ½¢ an hour. And the average *life* of these fans is 20 years! Under such circumstances, can you reasonably postpone comfort?

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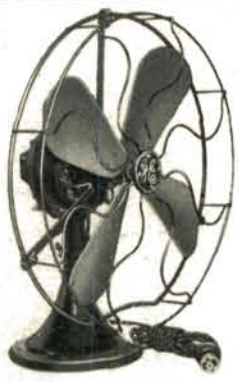

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An enlarged reproduction of this photograph, suitable for framing will be mailed upon request —Oakland Motor Car Co., Pontiac, Michigan

MAKING NEW FRIENDS
AND KEEPING THE OLD

LITTLE VARIATIONS MEAN SO MUCH

Of course, the smallest variation in baby's weight is extremely important to mother—and to the whole family, for all that. But did you know that little variations in dimensions are just as important to us in building fine motor cars?

The diameter of the piston pins we fit into your engine may vary only three ten-thousandths of an inch from our rigid standards, or about one eighth of the thickness of this sheet of paper. And the accuracy of our instruments is tested several times daily against gauges measuring to one one-hundred-thousandth of an inch.

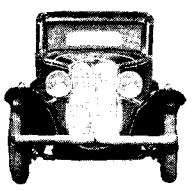
Precision almost equally fine helps us to balance every moving part in your car. With a special "blinker machine" we may peep 3,000 times per minute at, for instance, a moving valve spring and so inspect it as though it were at rest. Another machine spins an engine crankshaft into a blur and then shows us by a moving finger of light whether it will run smooth and true after we place it in your motor. And into each motor we place a "matched set" of pistons and connecting rods, selected because they are of exactly equal weight. And on through flywheel, clutch, propeller-shaft and wheels, we carry this same attention to balance. Even the tires are balanced so they'll stop in any position and stay there!

Are we carrying precision and careful workmanship to extremes at Oakland this year? Well, perhaps. But, as we see more and more people buying our cars, and the evident pride they take in them, we feel that our extra effort has been well worth while.

OAKLAND 8 **PONTIAC 6**

PRODUCTS OF GENERAL MOTORS

Bodies by Fisher



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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

THIS WEEK

June 27, 1931

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LET'S BRAG

Next Week

LOOKING back at this summer, which you will be doing all too soon, we trust you will have none but delightful recollections. We have sternly resolved to help as much as we can by continuing to give you each week a magazine which contains ecstatic romance, more triumph than defeat, more laughter than tears, carefully chosen information with which you can guide your thinking and dumfound your friends. A magazine, in short, as pleasantly balanced as the most favored life.

And what could fit into this highly laudable program more perfectly than a new novel by P. G. Wodehouse? Few things indeed. Therefore we present "The Medicine Girl."

Sally Smith is, as you might guess, a physician, but don't get the idea that she is a bespectacled and forbidding highbrow. Being a high-spirited American girl she is as much amused as you will be at the vague preoccupation of Sir Hugo; at Lord Tidmouth who, while not a great thinker, can put two and two together; at the marital uncertainties of Lottie Higginbotham. The novel is Sally's love story, of course, a story full of breezy dialogue, the funny situations which Wodehouse contrives so well and large helpings of the ecstatic romance wistfully mentioned above.

—

TWO weeks ago we related the steps by which gambling has been made legal in Nevada. It is also legal, as you know, in the European countries to which American tourists flock. But few of us realize what American gambling dollars mean to the economic life of those countries. Experts estimate that Americans will lose $50,000,000 abroad this year. Most of that sum will be personally escorted but some of it will be mailed from here to the great lotteries and sweepstakes. John T. Flynn, who recently interviewed the managers of the principal European casinos, traces the money in "A Little Serious Gambling."

YOU who go through life on a nicely calculated budget (well then, try it next month) know little of the trouble which dogs the footsteps of those who depart in any direction from common sense. The tightwad, as surely as your spendthrift, knows moments when life is a pain in the neck and lucky he is if self-esteem has not made him too blind to locate the cause of his unhappiness.

Chuck Rawlins, the vaudeville actor, was thus blinded but a woman led him toward the better life. She had to hit him on the head, figuratively, but she did the job. Octavus Roy Cohen in "The Bridal Wail" tells of the endless miracle of love which conquers all.

—

GRANTLAND RICE, Betty Thornley Stuart, Freling Foster, Milton C. Work, The Gentleman at the Keyhole, Arthur Somers Roche, W. R. Burnett make pretty bows. Guy Gilpatric, Ernest Haycox and others add to the fiction. What this country needs is *more* fiction like this and less of the economic variety.

Any Week

LONG ago we decided that, as far as we were concerned, there were some people in this world who should never be allowed to fiddle. But Mr. Robert Conley of Clover Bend, Arkansas, is not one of them.

Times were hard down in Clover Bend last winter and Mr. Conley had to sell his fiddle. He hasn't accumulated enough cash since to retrieve it. He's sixty-three years old, the best hoe-down fiddler in that fiddling state. Can't read a note, doesn't know a C sharp from an A major but he says he can play "steady for two days and nights and not play the same tune twice," and his neighbors assure us he has done it—often. He has won eighty-one prizes and if he only had that fiddle back he'd win eighty-one more. That's the sort of man we would let fiddle.

WE ALSO met Mr. Win Touchtone of Malvern, Arkansas, while ambling up into the Ozarks. Mr. Touchtone went to some pains to explain to us why he failed to keep an appointment with a Mr. Dick Gant a few days before.

"I was down to the river fishin'," explained Mr. Touchtone, "and it bein' no more than noon and not havin' to meet this Mr. Gant until three I took a nap. I woke up in plenty of time to meet Mr. Gant but, mister, a moccasin done crop up while I was asleep and curled hisself around my leg. Well, mister, you can't get too free with a moccasin and so I decided to let it stay there and wait for its pleasure. Danged if that there moccasin didn't sleep there on my leg until close onto four before it unwropped itself and went back home leavin' me to go meet Mr. Gant. But it was too late and I didn't meet him."

We publish this merely to let Mr. Gant know why Mr. Touchtone was late.

—

AMONG the number of our readers who applaud our editorial "Uncle Sam Takes His Cut" is Mr. Guy Haythorn of Wichita, Kansas. He contributes a thought. Why not, he asks, amend the income tax law to require racketeers to contribute ninety-nine per cent of their income, which would leave them plenty on which to live well and continue to develop their business?

"I'd be in favor of taking their entire income," he says, "but it might be unconstitutional or confiscatory or something."

—

MRS. EDNA C. LOAN of Gulfport, Mississippi, first vice president of the American Woman's Hearthstone League, admits that she doesn't know as much about politics as she might, but—

"With all this early speculation about the 1932 Presidential race," she says, "it seems to me that we might try something new and not have any President at all for four years or so. The only trouble I see about this is that we would have nobody to blame things on."

—

PERHAPS, Mrs. Loan, we would then blame most of our troubles on the right person—ourself.

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Caution or Accident

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The grim warning "Drive Slowly, Death is so Permanent!" has been heeded by thousands of drivers over dangerous roads.

Here are listed the twelve most frequent means of accidental injuries in the order of their fatality:

1. Automobiles
2. Falls
3. Drownings
4. Burns
5. Railroads
6. Poisonous Gases
7. Firearms
8. Machines
9. Mines and Quarries
10. Fires
11. Poisons
12. Suffocations

In this country accidents are now the largest single cause of the Crippling, Dependency and Destitution which call for relief.

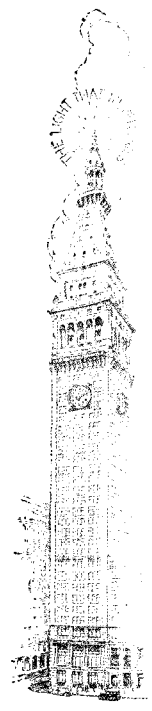
ACCIDENTS took 100,000 lives, caused approximately 10,000,000 more or less serious injuries and cost more than $1,000,000,000 last year in the United States.

Among those killed by accident were 18,000 children under fifteen years of age.

No one knows how many accidental injuries and deaths are due to uncontrollable circumstances. Nevertheless, how many of the accidents which happened to members of your family or your friends —accidents which you know all about—could have been avoided?

Last year there were about 46,000 fatal accidents in homes and in industry. Elsewhere there were about 54,000 accidental deaths. Among the latter group 32,500—motorists and pedestrians—were killed by automobiles.

But while the tide of accidents is steadily rising, there are some bright spots in the dark record.



Better traffic regulations in a large number of cities are reducing the percentage of street accidents and the toll of killed and maimed children.

Police officers and school teachers are training children to be careful.

Safety appliances and methods installed by the foremost industries are saving many lives.

But systematic accident prevention in homes has hardly begun.

Falls in homes caused 8,000 deaths last year; burns, scalds and explosions 5,400; asphyxiations 3,600 and fatal poisonings 2,000. Much remains to be done to check home accidents caused by recklessness and thoughtlessness.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company urges you to send for its free booklets on accident prevention. Ask for Booklets 731-C.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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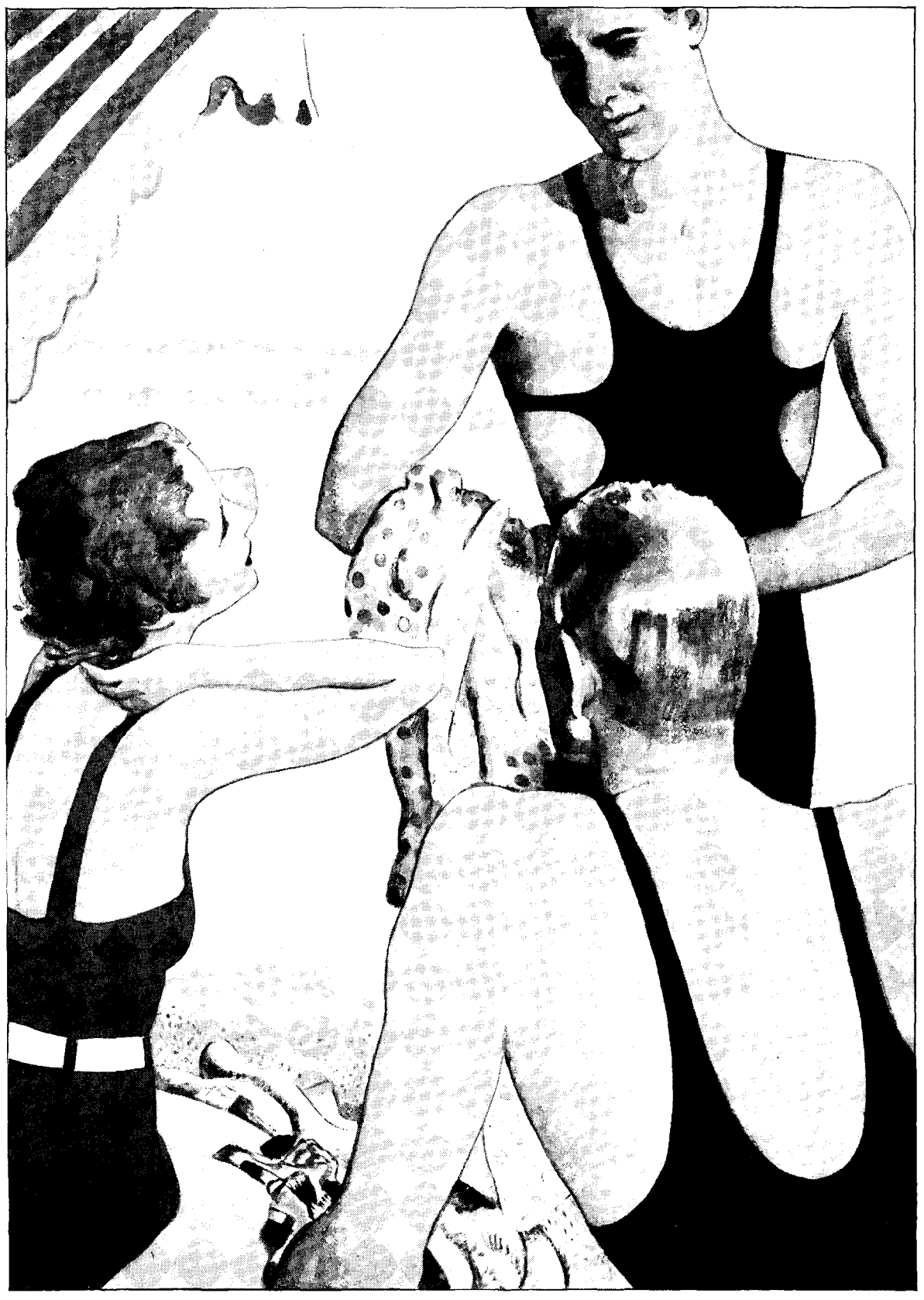
Swim . . in the Suit designed by "Johnny" Weissmuller



"JOHNNY" Weissmuller—the ace swimmer of all time—the speediest boy who ever kicked his wake in the eyes of champions—developed these new Swim Suits of B. V. D.

"Hang up your hat," was our invitation to "Johnny." "Let's team up to turn out a perfect swim suit—a suit that will make champions out of the boys who still swim with one foot in the sand. You're the head man on this program—anything you say goes."

And "Johnny" told us plenty—

With "Johnny" right at our elbows, we made one suit after another. "Johnny" tried them on, tested them out in the water, and gave us point on point. "This one's almost right, except *here*" . . . "*Now* you're hitting on all cylinders."

We made a hundred and thirty-six suits before "Johnny" grinned that big happy grin of his and whacked us on the back with "It's all right. It's *perfect.* It's SWELL. Now watch me!"

And we watched—while in the suit he'd pronounced perfect "Johnny" cut loose with his champion's stroke and clicked off watery yardage in time that equalled his best records! . . .

It's ready—the greatest swim suit that ever went into the water.

Before the life-guards start getting sunburned . . . before a hot spell sends you scuttling into the attic to find that last year's suit . . . before anybody beats you to it . . . get one of the new swim suits by B. V. D.

They have a silhouette fit that makes you look like a champ—and swim like one! You don't have to have the proportions of an Apollo to *look* like one in a B. V. D. swim suit.

Go in and see them—today—the new swim suits "Johnny" Weissmuller helped us design.

EVERY B. V. D. swim suit carries a tag entitling the purchaser to a copy of "Swim as Easily as You Walk," by "Johnny" Weissmuller. Every swimming point is clearly explained and splendidly illustrated.

B·V·D

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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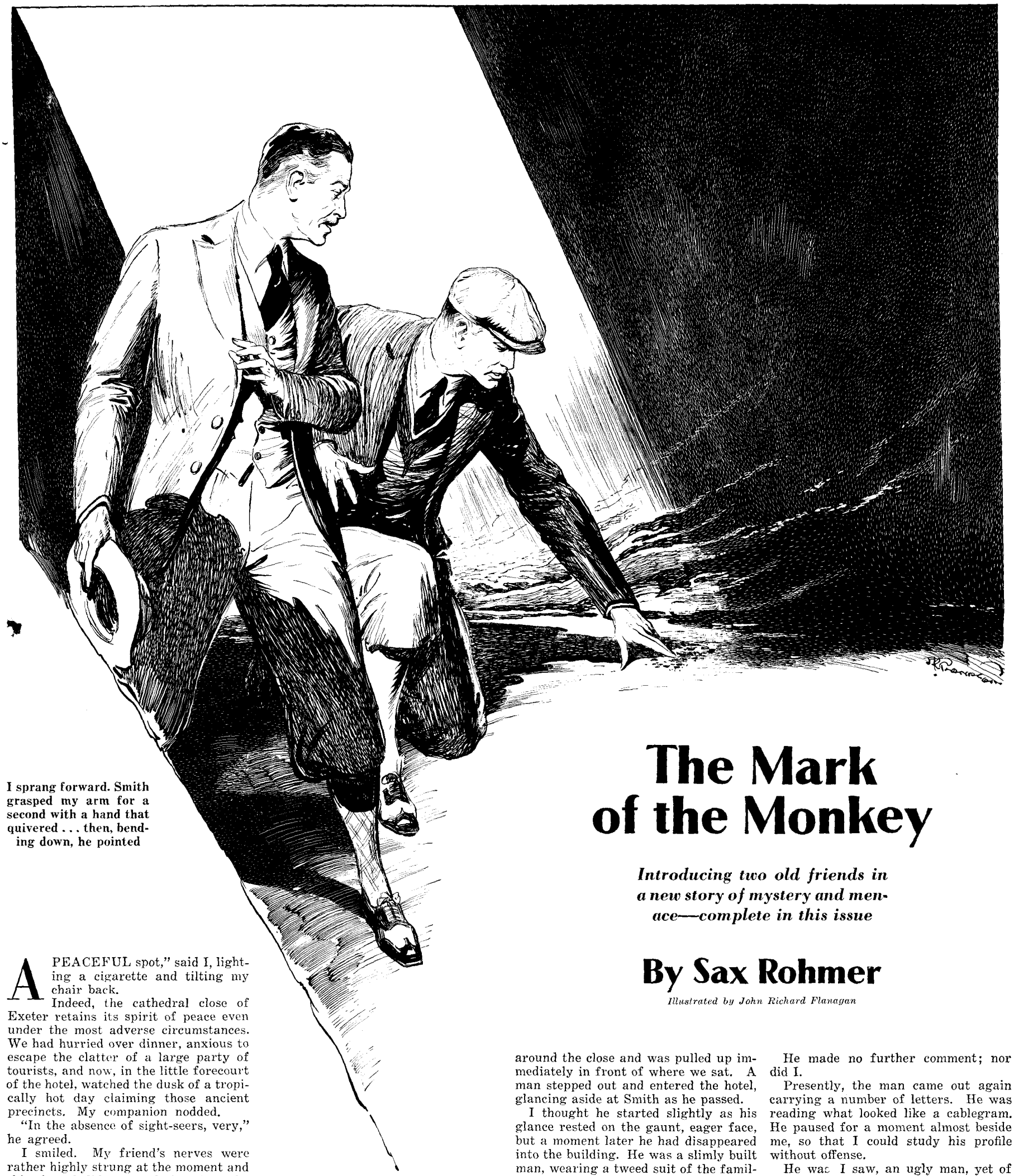

I sprang forward. Smith grasped my arm for a second with a hand that quivered . . . then, bending down, he pointed

The Mark of the Monkey

Introducing two old friends in a new story of mystery and menace—complete in this issue

By Sax Rohmer

Illustrated by John Richard Flanagan

"A PEACEFUL spot," said I, lighting a cigarette and tilting my chair back.

Indeed, the cathedral close of Exeter retains its spirit of peace even under the most adverse circumstances. We had hurried over dinner, anxious to escape the clatter of a large party of tourists, and now, in the little forecourt of the hotel, watched the dusk of a tropically hot day claiming those ancient precincts. My companion nodded.

"In the absence of sight-seers, very," he agreed.

I smiled. My friend's nerves were rather highly strung at the moment and this short holiday was designed on the morrow to lead us to the moor, the air of which I have always maintained professionally to be the finest nerve cure in England.

If ever a man needed a holiday that man was Nayland Smith, and in spite of the intense virility which showed in his every movement, in the vigor of his iron-gray hair, and the clear, eager outline of his sun-tanned face, I knew that my old friend had been taxed to the edge of even his iron endurance. But Fate plays us some strange tricks, and as I soaked myself in the healing balm which seemed to pour from the old cathedral I stood, unknowingly, upon the verge of desperate things.

That peace was chimerical.

A smart roadster came spinning around the close and was pulled up immediately in front of where we sat. A man stepped out and entered the hotel, glancing aside at Smith as he passed.

I thought he started slightly as his glance rested on the gaunt, eager face, but a moment later he had disappeared into the building. He was a slimly built man, wearing a tweed suit of the familiar plus-four variety, and was of a very dark complexion, his coal-black hair white at the temples. I might have thought no more about it, but:

"Did you particularly notice that man who went in?" Smith challenged.

"Not particularly, but I saw him stare at you."

"Did he?" Smith jerked. "I thought so, too."

He made no further comment; nor did I.

Presently, the man came out again carrying a number of letters. He was reading what looked like a cablegram. He paused for a moment almost beside me, so that I could study his profile without offense.

He was I saw, an ugly man, yet of a charming ugliness. His features were curiously irregular, and his fine, nervous hands, clearly visible as he held the cablegram before him, suddenly suggested to me an explanation of something exotic which I had found intriguing. Stuffing cablegram and letters into a capacious pocket of his jacket, he stepped into the car. As he went purring away around the corner,

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Smith stood up abruptly and, turning, walked into the hotel.

I was used to his erratic behavior but nevertheless I leaned over in my chair and stared back to see where he had gone. He was standing outside the reception office, talking to Mrs. Sefton, the amiable manageress. I stood up and went over to join them.

"YES," said the manageress, as I came up, evidently in reply to a question of Nayland Smith's, "there were four letters and a cable for Mr. Marsburg and one registered parcel for Mr. Pine."

"Also from America, no doubt?" my friend suggested.

"I don't think so," she replied. "From somewhere in India. I can't really remember where."

"Thanks, Mrs. Sefton," said Nayland Smith, who was well known at the establishment. "I must have been mistaken. Pardon me for troubling you. But it is interesting to know that Henry Marsburg is in Devon. Staying near Moretonhampstead, you say?" he asked thoughtfully.

"Yes. So Mr. Pine tells me. But they would know at the Quarry Inn. Mr. Pine is staying there."

She hurried back to the little office.

"The Quarry Inn," Smith murmured and, turning to me: "Do you know the Quarry Inn, Petrie?"

"Yes. I've called there for a drink once or twice. It's between Moretonhampstead and Princetown. One of the most bleak and desolate spots on the moor."

"Oh!" said Smith. "Do you suppose they would have a room at this Quarry Inn?"

"A room?" I echoed blankly. "Do you propose to stay there?"

"As good a center as any other, isn't it?"

"I suppose it is," said I, watching him closely. "Has this sudden idea anything to do with the fact that Henry Marsburg is staying out there?"

Nayland Smith laughed suddenly, clapping his hand on my shoulder.

"You've hit it, Petrie!" he acknowledged.

"I thought so," I went on. "You scent a mystery in the fact that the owner of one of the largest department stores in America should choose to hide himself on Dartmoor?"

"Not at all," Smith assured me. "In the first place, he is not alone. There's his daughter with him. Also his secretary, Mr. Pine, who called here tonight for letters. Marsburg stayed here for a time and continues to use the address for correspondence purposes. Furthermore, as I chance to know, his hobby is ferns and lichens. He has published a work on the subject, and has delivered a number of lectures before learned societies. He's fern hunting, Petrie. There's nothing irregular about that."

He was fencing with me and I knew it; but:

"When do you suggest going?" I asked resignedly.

"First thing in the morning."

A WIRE-HAIRED terrier gave us an unnecessarily warm reception until the lessee of the cottage—Henry Marsburg—came to our assistance.

He was dressed in a manner which irresistibly suggested a Boy Scout: khaki shirt with open neck, and blue shorts; thick woolen socks disappearing into strong brown brogues. The outfit and the silver hair were wildly incongruous. He greeted us charmingly.

"I have read your book, Mr. Marsburg," said Nayland Smith, after we had introduced ourselves, "Mosses and Ferns of North America. In fact, it proved of great assistance to me in a recent official inquiry."

"Indeed!" said Marsburg, flushing with pleasure. "That's certainly good to hear, Sir Denis. But really, you know, it's very elementary, very elementary. Almost any Devon lane has something to teach me. Now, just look at this, sir. . . ."

He took up a little tray. But what it contained, I had no time to notice, for at this moment his daughter, Isola, came in.

"Isola!" cried Marsburg eagerly, "I want you to meet Sir Denis Nayland Smith and Dr. Petrie."

The girl greeted us with a charming smile; but her listless manner excited my professional curiosity. She was slight and unmistakably attractive. But although she had clear skin and a healthy, sunburned complexion, she nevertheless conveyed, in some mysterious way, an impression of colorlessness. Her very fair hair, which boasted a perfect wave, was by nature, I thought, straight and rather lank. Her large, blue, heavy-lidded eyes conveyed nothing but disinterested weariness. I wondered if she were recuperating from an illness or if she suffered from the effects of over-gayety. Her lips were too full for beauty, but her smile was sweet, and she smiled often but talked rarely.

Mr. Marsburg addressed himself to Smith, and I chatted with the girl, endeavoring to learn if her listless manner might be due to the boredom of her present life; for it was easy to see that she did not share her father's enthusiasms.

However, she seemed to be perfectly contented with things as they were: and when a little later Smith and I took our leave, I was no nearer solving the mystery of her queerly detached manner, and found myself thrown back on my first theory or theories.

The cottage commanded a view of one of the wildest parts of the moor. Immediately in front the ground fell away steeply, boulder-strewn and rugged, to where, far below, a little stream wound its way to the distant Dart. Beyond, it rose gradually to the sky line, and there, stark against a hot blue resembling that of Egypt, was one of those mysterious tors which are a feature of the moors.

AWAY to the left were wide expanses with no habitation visible, dotted with boulders like pebbles on a giant beach, and blotched with brilliant green, the blotches marking morasses which had swallowed many a sheep and pony during those heavy mists which sweep over the moor. To the right, through diamond-pure air tropically quivering under a merciless sun, stretched a granite wilderness beyond which lay the big convict prison of Princetown.

As we headed back for the Quarry Inn, Smith very silent, I told myself that by noon the thermometer would register at least eighty-five in the shade, for there was no evidence in the weather reports of any break in the heat wave. Suddenly:

"What do you make of the daughter?" Smith snapped.

I turned, startled by the suddenness of his question.

"She is quite unlike her father in character," I replied, "and so listless that I should suspect anemia."

"Anemia!" Smith echoed. "Yes. You may be right. She has a trick of staring straight before her, like a dog whose master is absent. Very queer."

"Have you learned all you wanted to know?" I asked laughingly; "because, Smith, I was never deceived. From the first you suspected something or other and you have dragged me out here to test your suspicions."

Smith pulled out his pipe and began to load it as he walked rapidly along—too rapidly for my liking under that merciless sun.

"Right, Petrie," he admitted; "quite right. But, unfortunately, I don't know what I did suspect, or what I expected to learn. As it is, I have learned nothing."

"Also," I suggested, "you were hoping to make the further acquaintance of Mr. Pine?"

Nayland Smith nodded.

"That man reminds me of someone or something. I'm sure he's a link, but I can't fit him into place—because I don't know to what chain he belongs! I learned all I could from Marsburg, and it appears that Pine is an American citizen who has acted as one of his two

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A horrible cackling laughter drew me sharply about. . . . As I turned, the Eurasian tottered back, wavered for a long moment and crashed to the floor

private secretaries for nearly three years now. Pine's province is the scientific. He assists the old man with his collection, and the preparation of his books and papers. Marsburg assured me that Pine had no mean knowledge of the subject."

"It's odd we haven't seen him."

"I saw him going out of the Inn this morning. It appears he has gone into Exeter again. Marsburg is expecting an important cablegram."

THE days wore on uneventfully. We tramped miles over the moor, north, south, east and west, returning healthily tired at night and turning in early, after sharing a drink with the cheery landlord in the bar of the Inn.

Once or twice we sighted Henry Marsburg's sun helmet gleaming like a giant toadstool amid the stony wastes or had a nearer glimpse of the fern hunter, laden with the paraphernalia of his craft, in some obscure part of the moor. Once he was accompanied by Isola, but of Mr. Pine we saw nothing, although he was actually living under the same roof with us.

Smith, however, had apparently ceased to interest himself in our neighbors, and I had more or less dismissed the eccentric scientist and his household from my mind, when, perhaps by accident, but more probably because Fate had willed it so, their affairs were again thrust upon our notice.

Isola Marsburg came in one morning, very disconsolate, her heavy-lidded eyes tearful, just as Smith and I were setting out with the idea of following the course of the little stream to which I have referred to its distant source somewhere on a tor-topped crag.

"Oh, Dr. Petrie!" she said excitedly, "I'm in such trouble. . . ."

"What is the matter?" I cried, a sudden unaccountable fear claiming my mind.

"Jack has disappeared!" she added brokenly.

For a moment I was silent, the name at first conveying nothing to me. Then, suddenly, the solution came. While I was sorry for the girl, I was aware, too, of a wave of relief.

"Your dog!" snapped a voice at my elbow.

Turning, I saw that Nayland Smith had joined us.

"Yes, Sir Denis. I loved him so. We've been pals for five years."

Nayland Smith's face was very grim, and when he spoke again I realized with surprise that he was not merely trying to be sympathetic, but that he attached almost as great an importance to the girl's loss as she did herself; for:

"Tell me, Miss Marsburg," he went on rapidly, "when did you miss the dog?"

"Last night."

"Did you search?"

"Yes. We all searched for miles around. Father and Mr. Pine are out now, still looking. I came here in the vain hope that you might have found him and brought him back to the Inn."

SHE bit her lip, restraining tears with difficulty. We walked back part of the way with her, meeting old Mrs. Ugglestone, their resident housekeeper, vigorously prodding a big stick into every bush that might have concealed the body of a dog.

The episode left an unpleasant impression, heightened by Nayland Smith's manner. And when presently we resumed our original route:

"I don't like it, Petrie," he said. "Why should a good watchdog like that wander away from the cottage?"

"What are you suggesting?" said I guardedly: "that the dog has been stolen?"

"Well," he snapped, "I'm not prepared to believe that a highly intelligent dog would voluntarily walk into a mire. But short of his being stolen, or lured away—which is the same thing—what other explanation remains?"

We went on, in silence. At points we walked in a narrow ravine, overhung by foliage, the little stream dancing and gurgling at our very feet. Then the ravine would widen out and great boulders flank our path, until presently, hot and tired, we pulled up for a rest.

"According to the big map," said Nayland Smith, "at somewhere about here, I imagine over the top yonder, there's an ancient mine-working dating back to very early times. Shall we explore and have a look at it?"

I agreed. And climbing steeply up from the stream, across a sparsely vegetated slope with great up-crops of granite, we found ourselves at the edge of what was evidently a deserted quarry.

"Phew!" Smith whistled. "Dangerous!"

We pulled up, staring into the depths. There was a clearly marked path, below, to the left, bordering a bright green patch which I strongly suspected to be morass. This path was lost in the shadows, below, but wound out of the artificial gully of the quarry in the direction of a little valley dotted with those primitive stone huts which mark the abode of some vanished race.

"The mine-working is somewhere beyond the huts," said Smith. "But how the devil do we get to the bottom without breaking our necks?"

"There's the way," said I, triumphantly, and pointed.

It was a detour of a quarter of a mile. Nayland Smith stared, shading his eyes with upraised hand; then:

"You're right, Petrie," he agreed. "Come on."

WE PLODDED on our way, and I knew that the thermometer was rising at least two degrees an hour. Presently we found ourselves on the narrow path which we had seen from above, and which hugged the walls of the granite cliff quarried out in some past time, and skirted the edge of a treacherous bog which, under that tropical sun, exhaled a visible mist.

"Phew!" said Nayland Smith, taking off his hat and mopping his forehead. "By heavens! We might be in Burma."

The artificial cliff faced due south, and literally danced with the heat. Around its base clustered rank vegetation. The place was alive with flies and there were cavern-like, unwholesome hollows in the rock. I suppose these conditions had been created by weeks of unprecedented heat, but the entire atmosphere of the place was inherently unwholesome, so that I was glad to find myself upon the open moor and headed for the stone huts.

At the first of these, Smith paused, curiously.

"Have you ever realized, Petrie," he said, "how utterly beyond the power of our imagination it is to conjure up the lives of the men and women who lived in these places? *How* did they live? What were their aims? Who were their enemies? What shared the moor with them in those days?"

He crossed the dense black shadow patch of the opening and entered that weird prehistoric home. I was about to follow, when:

"Petrie!" came hoarsely— "Petrie!"

I sprang forward. Smith grasped my arm for a second with a hand that quivered . . . then, bending down, he pointed.

There, where blazing sunlight poured over the ruined walls onto the floor, lay the body of Jack—Isola Marsburg's dog!

I SHALL never forget the expression on Smith's drawn face, although I despair of describing it, when presently he arose from his knees. His jaws were tightly clenched and his eyes danced in a sort of mad irritation.

"Do you see it, Petrie? Do you see it?"

He was pointing to the poor brute's muzzle, as it lay against the stone floor in a pool of foamy slaver. Mixed up with this, and visible also in patches upon the animal's head, was a quantity of some bright purple powder.

I examined the victim closely, gingerly touching the strange powder with my finger and scrutinizing it with interest.

"I shouldn't taste it, Petrie," said Smith grimly.

"I don't intend to," I assured him. "The poor brute has been poisoned with this, whatever it is. . . . But, hello! what have we here?"

I had noticed a mark on the neck of the dog, visible through the sweat-clotted hair. I parted the hair carefully with my fingers, bending low over the body.

"Purple marks," I reported, "dullish, not unlike bruises."

"What's that!" Smith almost shouted.

I turned and looked at him. His eyes

(*Continued on page 56*)

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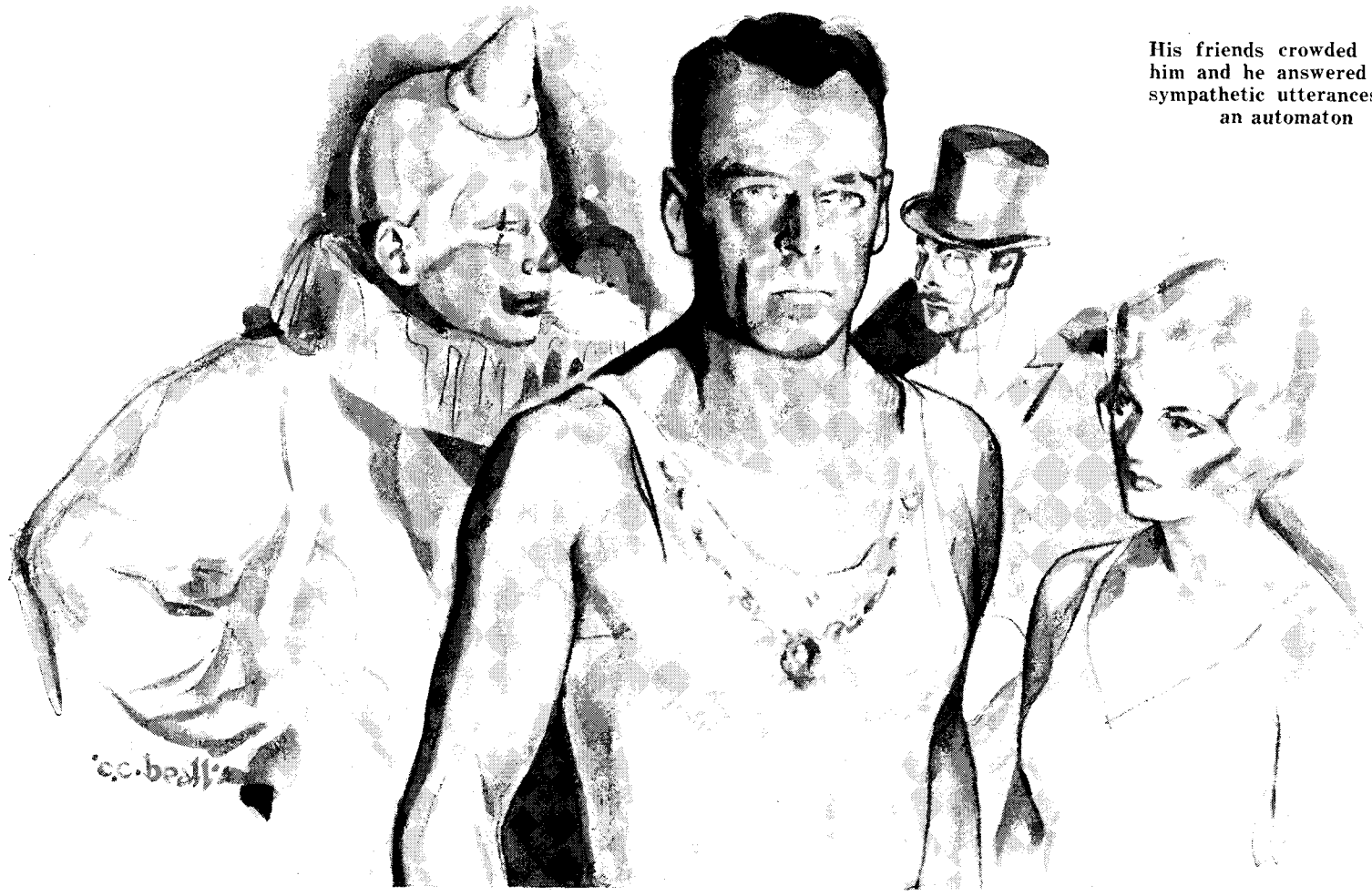

His friends crowded about him and he answered their sympathetic utterances like an automaton

Somebody Higher

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

Illustrated by C. C. Beall

IN THE treasury wagon of the World's Famous Circus, Shoestring Charlie Grenolds, the owner, and Larry James of the high trapeze faced each other. Larry had come back, after a week's absence, to pack up his belongings, pay off his assistants, and quit the show business forever.

"So, you're going to give it all up?" Shoestring asked quietly.

"Why shouldn't I? All it's done is rob me."

"I wouldn't say that."

"Hasn't it?" Larry James seemed old today; his usually young, alert features were colorless, lined with anguish. "Oh, you showmen are all alike; it's nothing to you how much a performer suffers! Suppose it had been your wife, instead of mine!" He shuddered.

Shoestring Charlie hurriedly picked up the conversation again:

"You weren't in the big top when she fell, were you, Larry?"

"No, sir. I'd left to make up for my own act—after I'd checked over her rigging. I heard someone shouting that Arlene had fallen—that the high wire had given way. I ran into the tent—she lay in a heap on the hippodrome track. I called to her. I took her in my arms. Then I realized—" He gasped. "She was dead."

There was a moment of silence.

"You'd been pretty happy, you two," said Shoestring at last.

"Yes, sir—we were happy."

"I know she loved you. Turned down a millionaire for you, didn't she?"

The acrobat brightened.

"Yes—she said the money didn't tempt her."

"I remember. Nice fellow, too—but as she said, she wouldn't want any man who wasn't a trouper. Guess she loved your act almost as much as she loved you. Great little girl."

Suddenly Shoestring ceased his sentimentality. "What are you figuring to do, Larry?"

"Oh, I don't know. I've a little money. Start some kind of a business, I guess. A fellow can always open a filling station."

"Sure—but you're not going to do that." The showman's features hardened. "You're going to live up to your contract."

"You forget. I can leave. There's a forfeit clause."

"Yes, after three months of continuous performances. You've been away a week. The continuity's broken. You're going on—this afternoon."

The man stared.

"You wouldn't do that!"

"I haven't any choice."

"You own the show."

"Sure. But I'm under obligations on this. There's someone who's higher than I am."

"You know there's nobody else. You're just stalling—to keep me in the show."

Shoestring Charlie smiled thinly:

"Have it your way, Larry. But the fact remains. You're going on!"

"If I refuse?"

"It's easy to get out a court order."

THERE was a moment of silence. Then the actor broke forth into recriminations. Shoestring only listened and said:

"But just the same, Larry, you're going on. There's the second bugle."

Then, his lips pressed tight, the show owner watched the man stumble away. The general manager approached.

"Aren't you being pretty cruel to Larry?" he asked. Shoestring faced him wearily.

"Would I cut off these hands?" he asked.

In the dressing tent, Larry James got into his raiment of the ring, like a man robbed of consciousness. He heard the sympathetic utterances as his friends crowded about to aid him, and answered them like an automaton. Arlene was gone—Arlene was dead. And he was forced to carry on, under the very canvas where she had died. . . .

He climbed his rope ladder to the trapeze like a man only half alive; leaden steps, wooden actions. He ascended his pedestal and reached for the trapeze. Then, quite unwittingly, he turned his head and looked down.

He had always done this as he reached for his flying bar. Unconsciously he looked toward the performers' entrance beside the bandstand, toward the place where Arlene had always stood to watch his act. Not once in their five years of happiness had she ever failed—

His heart jumped. The picture, engendered by years of repetition, had come to life. She was there, standing just beside the edge of the reserved seats, glorious in silk and tulle, a diamond clasp glittering in her fair hair, her bright features upturned to his. Absently he raised a hand, as he had always raised it to her—and she answered—

The band changed its time. He swung out over the audience and back again, something of strength remaining. He looked again—because he had always looked. And she was still there; he stood all but forgetful of the audience as the announcer bawled for attention—the great Larry James would now attempt his famous heel catch—

And she had lifted her arm, as she always had—her triumphant little gesture which invariably followed the announcement. Her own announcement that she loved him, because he was so perfect, because he was the greatest performer she had ever known.

STRENGTH swept into his shoulders. He swung farther, farther out over the dangerous, netless space. Again he glanced and memory pictured her there, hands clasped, eyes centered upon him, and upon him only.

He swept clear of the trapeze, into the dangerous circle, his timing exact to the instant, his every muscle perfect. He caught, he heard the applause, he knew that he was back on the pedestal, smiling and bowing. But he was looking down, to the space beside the bandstand where a memory of silk and tulle had taken form again. The lips were smiling as always, and the tiny hands were clapping—applause that meant more to him than all the thunder of thousands— He continued to look down at her. The audience saw his lips move.

"Someone greater than Shoestring—" he said slowly.

Shoestring Charlie, his face lined with anxiety, awaited him at the back door.

"Well?" he asked. The lips of Larry James trembled.

"She wouldn't love anybody but a trouper," he said quietly.

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Unlucky Alfonso

The world has seen few more engaging figures than Spain's hunted and harassed monarch in the days preceding his fall. Was he a despotic statesman or a play-loving politician? Mr. Churchill draws on his profound understanding of European politics and his friendship with Alfonso XIII to supply the answer

By Winston Churchill

Illustrated by William Auerbach-Levy

TO BE born a king; never to have been anything else but a king; to have reigned for forty-six years and then to be dethroned! To begin life again in middle age under novel and contracted conditions with a status and with state of mind never before experienced, barred from the one profession to which a lifetime has been devoted! Surely a harsh destiny.

To have given his best, to have faced every peril and anxiety, to have accomplished great things, to have presided over his country during all the perils of the twentieth century; to have seen it grow in prosperity and reputation; and then to be violently rejected by the nation of which he was so proud, of whose tradition and history he was the embodiment; the nation he had sought to represent in all the finest actions of his life—surely this was enough to try the soul of mortal man.

The vicissitudes of politicians bear no relation to such a trial. Politicians rise by toils and struggles; they expect to fall; they hope to rise again. Nearly always, in or out of office, they are surrounded and sustained by great parties. They have many companions in misfortune. Their work with all its interest and variety continues.

Politicians know they are but the creatures of the day. There is no personal humiliation in their defeats. They hold no golden casket enshrining treasure of centuries to be shattered irretrievably in their hands. They are ready to take the rough with the smooth along the path of life they have chosen for themselves.

Royalty's Worst Moment

Yet even politicians suffer some pangs. Mr. Birrell, wit and sage, was thrown out of office in 1916 by the events of the Dublin rebellion, and later in the same year his chief, Mr. Asquith, fell beneath the pressure of the Great War. Said Birrell, as he contemplated this latter event, "It must be very painful to him. Even I, who only fell off a donkey (i. e. the Irish Chief Secretaryship), did not like it at all; but Asquith has fallen off an elephant in the face of the whole British Empire." But to be a king and then to be deposed—that is an experience incomparably more poignant.

Alfonso XIII was a posthumous child. His cradle was a throne. For a while during his mother's regency philatelists delighted in Spanish stamps which bore the image of a baby. Later came the cherubic lineaments of a child, later still the countenance of a youth and finally the head of a man. A severe upbringing: governesses, tutors and a queen-mother drilled him in the kingly profession.

The education of princes is very exacting. Scholastic, religious and military discipline converge to grip the boy. Teachers, bishops and generals stand

Alfonso, "a practical, genial man of the world with a noble air, but without a scrap of humbug or conceit"

over every hour and every path of the youthful life. All inculcate the sense of majesty; all emphasize the idea of duty; all ingeminate decorum. Real kings have a unique point of view. Not even the most eminent of their subjects has the same association with the life of the whole people. Lifted far above party and faction, they personify the spirit of the State. But that anyone so reared and trained, so surfeited with honor, should grow to be a practical, genial man of the world with a noble air, but without a scrap of conceit or humbug, proves that he was endowed at birth with an attractive nature.

A delicate princeling brought up without the roughening of public-school training, Alfonso steeled his character and his physique by a life in the open air. His childhood of conscious regality would have spoiled most children; but he sought to be a swimmer, a horseman and a climber. He first practiced mountaineering by climbing up the side of the palace at Miramar. Alert, wiry and keyed to constant keenness, his mind and his body corresponded to each other. He has never been soft or luxurious; his pleasures have been those of a man, and his bearing always the bearing of a king. His devotion to polo certainly changed the Spanish cavalry officer. It is difficult to imagine the Spanish army without his eager and courageous leadership.

Alfonso had scarcely reached manhood when a teacher called Danger added his lessons to the royal curriculum. In the dark underworld of Spanish politics there are many secret societies to which the bomb and the pistol present themselves with a hideous melodramatic attraction.

A Tragic Wedding Day

Everyone remembers the tragedy that marred and nearly obliterated the royal wedding day. The long, splendid procession, the gay, joyous crowds; in their coach of state the young king and the beautiful English princess who had become his bride, the dark furtive figure peering from the upper window, the small packet of monstrous power, the shattering explosion, the street a shambles, scores of men and women writhing in their blood, or smitten into death; the consternation and panic around the grisly scene; the king, calm and cold as steel, helping his bride to descend from the shattered vehicle, hiding from her eyes the awful spectacle around; the bright scarlet uniforms of the detachment of the Royal Dragoons sent from England in her honor as they thrust themselves forward to be of aid—the whole scene is stamped in the

(Continued on page 46)

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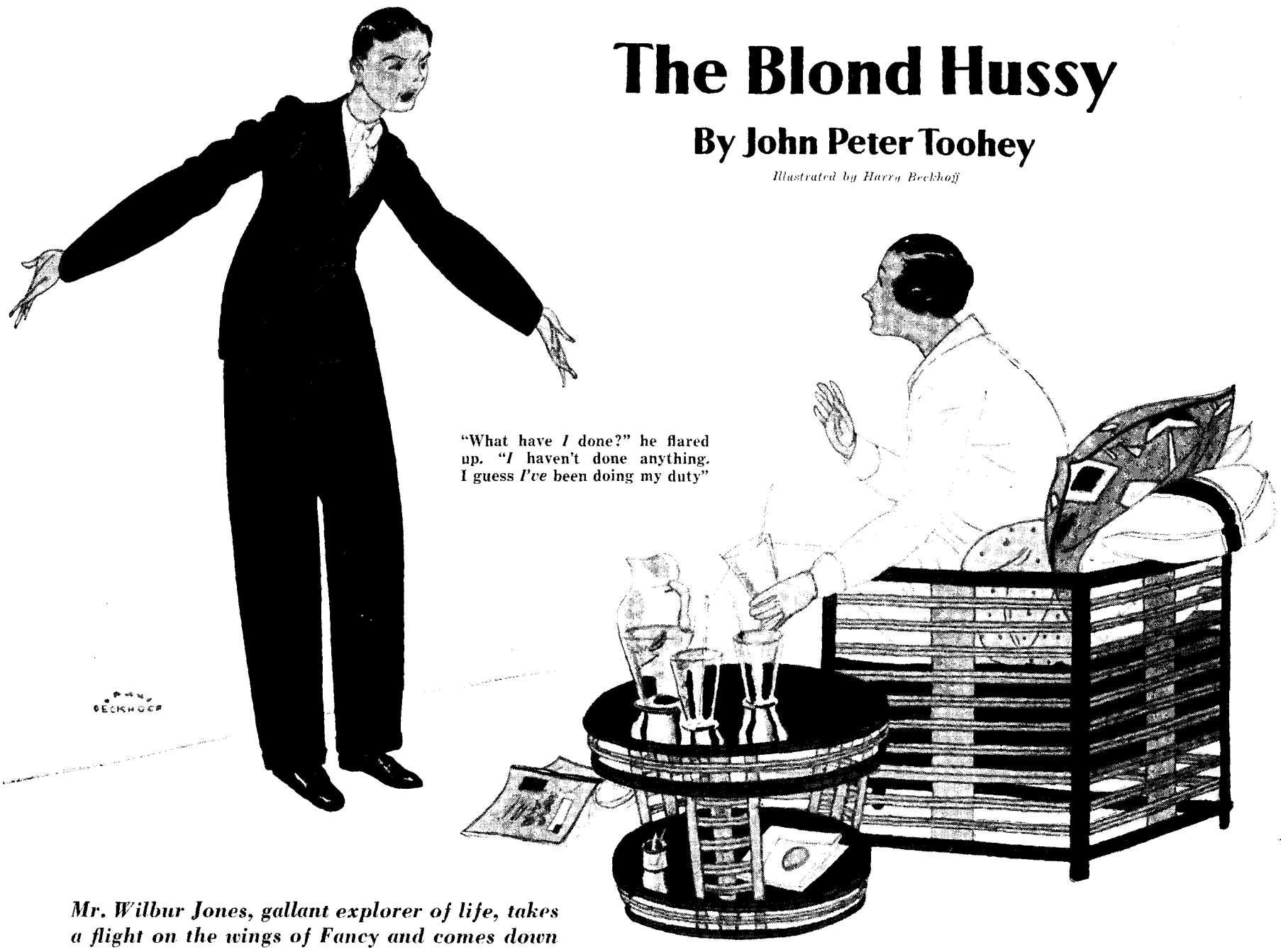
The Blond Hussy

By John Peter Toohey

Illustrated by Harry Beckhoff



"What have *I* done?" he flared up. "*I* haven't done anything. I guess *I've* been doing my duty"

Mr. Wilbur Jones, gallant explorer of life, takes a flight on the wings of Fancy and comes down —without a parachute

"MY GRACIOUS"—Wilbur was barely articulate as he gazed after the gleaming gray car which had just whizzed by in a whirl of dust.

It *was* his father. He hadn't been so sure the other evening in the twilight haze, but now in the sunlight there was no doubt about it. His *own father*—carrying on with a blonde. Why, it was unbelievable. It was *terrible*.

They had been eagerly conversing as they slipped by him around the bend in the road. As he stood there by his own stalled car his father could easily have seen him if he'd been interested in anything or anybody but the lady at the wheel. Their faces couldn't have been more than six inches apart. He suddenly remembered that there was a pine forest a half mile farther along where the Hilldale turnpike slid under low-hanging trees into a short tunnel of cool shadows. He recalled a certain afternoon when he had kissed Mildred Ellis at this particular point without remonstrance. Why, even now his father was most likely kissing that hussy there. He felt numb. It was ghastly.

Who was she, he wondered? He'd seen her first that day last week when he'd gone down to his father's office to negotiate a little advance on his school allowance for the fall. She had emerged from the inner office, a fresh and enchanting vision in a white sports suit, her eyes sparkling with animation. He thought he'd seen them together in the gray car the other night on the Lake Drive and now he was sure he had. That was bad enough, but this was flagrant. It was broad daylight.

"It's awful," he murmured. "In God's own sunlight, too."

That was something he'd heard his mother say once when she'd heard of a daylight robbery down on Court House Square. Poor Mother. His thoughts went out tenderly to her. Poor, patient, self-sacrificing soul. Why, she'd worked her fingers to skin and bone in those early years when he and Anne were little children—worked them to skin and bone to help keep a roof over their heads. He'd heard her say it many times. He found himself singing a snatch of song:

"I love the dear silver that shines in your hair
And the brow that's all furrowed and wrinkled with care.
I kiss the dear fingers so toil-worn for me,
Oh, God rest you and keep you, Mother Machree."

OF COURSE, come to think of it, his mother didn't have a gray hair in her head and she had her nails manicured regularly every Saturday night down at the La Belle Parisienne Beauty Shoppe on Wentworth Avenue, but—well, anyway there had been a time when the family wasn't as prosperous as it was now and if it *was* prosperous now it was mostly due to her loyalty and devotion to this—to this gay deceiver who was having an illicit love affair right under their very noses. He'd have to do something—*something forceful* and masterful. The honor of the family was at stake.

Mrs. Jones, idly thumbing the pages of a woman's magazine on the front porch an hour later, was a little disturbed at the curiously tender solicitude betrayed toward her by her only son. Such overt manifestations of filial affection, she knew from bitter experience, usually presaged some unpleasant revelation and she vaguely wondered what new catastrophe was about to overwhelm her. She always feared the worst and her anxiety was generally justified. He had first asked her if she wouldn't be more comfortable with a pillow at her back and now he was suggesting that a glass of lemonade would do her good.

"But I'm not thirsty, dear," she said quietly, trying to conceal her apprehension.

"Oh, all right," he replied. "I guess a glass of lemonade wouldn't *hurt* you, though. It wouldn't, would it?"

"Why, no—of course not. Go ahead and make some by all means."

He jumped up and the slam of the screen door behind his disappearing figure gave her a nervous start. She wondered if it was another gambling debt or if he'd become entangled with some unspeakable girl. Nothing could have happened to the car because he'd driven up in it only a few minutes before. She was a little flustered when he handed her the lemonade and as he flung himself into another chair she felt his eyes on her, though she was afraid to look up.

"I guess you have a pretty sticky time of it, *don't* you?" he inquired after a slight pause.

"Sticky time?" she echoed. "Why, what do you mean?"

"Oh, putting up with all of us and—well, just that—putting up with all of us."

"*Putting up with you?*" She laughed tremulously. "Why, you're all lovely—all of you. Whatever do you mean?"

"I GUESS maybe you *think* we're all lovely," he replied cryptically. "I guess maybe you don't know everything. No woman ever does." Wilbur jumped up dramatically.

"Wilbur Jones," she asked tensely, "what have you done *this* time?"

"What have *I* done?" he flared up. "*I* haven't done anything. I guess *I've* been doing my duty all right. I dare anybody to say I haven't. I just *dare* them to."

"Of course—of course you've done your duty, dear," she said soothingly. "Nobody says you haven't. What *is* all this fuss about? Have you been out in the sun?"

He laughed hysterically.

"That's good—that is. Out in the sun—out in the sun. What do you think I am—some sort of a mollycoddle or something?"

Mrs. Jones arose and put a cool hand on his forehead.

"I don't care what you say," she said. "I'm sure you've got a fever. You go right upstairs and take a cold bath and a little nap."

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"But, Mother, I—" He began to protest.

"Not another word. You go upstairs this instant—march!"

He found himself halfway upstairs before he suddenly realized that she'd been treating him like a child again and that he had responded like one. He had told her only last week that there was to be no more of that and here he was down off his self-erected pedestal again with all the little boys and girls who had to have their noses wiped and their hair brushed and their ears washed. It was intolerable.

He had been struggling against the temptation to tell her all a few minutes before, but now, as he splashed about under the shower, he realized that it would be best to handle the situation entirely by himself. Of course, he told himself, if she finally had to be told everything and a definite break came she would have to lean on him for support and protection. He'd be the man of the family then. He dallied delightfully with this notion as he dried himself. His arms were around her and she was sobbing on his shoulder.

"There, Mother dear," he was saying, "it isn't as bad as it might be. You still have Anne and me. I'll get a job and we'll give up this house and live in one of those little cottages down on Bristol Street. Some day we'll get out of this one-horse town and go to a big city out in the great world—New York or Paris, perhaps—who knows—and then we'll all *live* and not just *exist* as we've been doing here."

He felt decidedly pleased with himself after this little reverie and threw himself down on his bed to devise ways and means of circumventing the nefarious schemes of the blond siren who owned the gray car. First he'd have to find out who she was and where she lived and then he'd go to her. . . . A booming voice from the hall startled him and he looked at the traveling clock on the bureau. It was six o'clock. He had been asleep for an hour and a half.

THE booming voice belonged to the gay deceiver, who was ascending the stairs. It wasn't a very resonant voice, but there was a fine carelessness about the way it rattled and roared through the still house:

"Ask the sky above
Ask the earth below
Why I'm so in love
And why I love you so."

Wilbur was horrified. This was the traditional last straw—this was—bringing his shame right into the house and flaunting it before their very eyes and ears. He sprang up and opened his door a few inches. His father was in the bathroom, but above the murmur of running water he could hear the final stanza of this philanderer's hymn of unholy passion:

"When you went away
You left a glowing spark
Trying to be gay
'Slike whistling in the dark.
I am only what you make me.
Come take me—I'm yours."

The sheer abandon of the thing was beyond belief. Why, even a Roman emperor or Henry of Navarre or—why, even Don Juan himself—or any of those other famous lovers—even *they* had some saving sense of duty and decency that must have kept them from bringing their wantonness into their own homes. "Come take me—I'm yours." Well, not if he got there first, she wouldn't.

They were coming out—his father and the blonde

Mr. Jones was cheerfulness personified at dinner, but Wilbur maintained toward him an attitude of carefully studied aloofness.

"OUR young friend is a little off his feed," remarked Mr. Jones to his wife when the salad had been served in a pregnant silence. "Probably the young woman in the case sent back the solitaire."

Wilbur fixed him with a baleful eye.

"If you think you can rag me," he remarked, "you're very much mistaken. And as for the so-called woman in the case—well, I guess *I* haven't any women or skeletons in any closets on *my* premises."

His sister Anne choked on a stalk of endive and spluttered at these remarks.

"Whom the gods destroy and so forth," she chortled. "You've hit on something, Dad. Name her, sirrah, and we'll toast her in iced tea."

She raised a tinkling tumbler aloft. Mr. Jones followed suit.

"Aye, lad," he chuckled, "I'll bet thou hast a bonnie name for her."

"Please—*please*"—Mrs. Jones' voice was pleadingly conciliatory but it didn't stay her only son.

He pushed back his chair and rose.

"I won't answer any such cheap flippancies," he remarked with deadly calm. "I won't dignify such remarks. They pass me by as does the—the—"

"The idle wind," prompted Anne.

"That's it—the idle wind. They pass me by as does the idle wind."

"Julius Cæsar—the quarrel scene—Brutus and Cassius," interjected Anne in response to a puzzled interrogatory glance from her mother. "He had to read it in high school."

Wilbur walked majestically to the door where he paused for a final thrust.

"And when the gods get around to destroying I guess you'll find that *I* come through with a clean bill of health," he said crushingly as he disappeared into the hall.

"*He'll* come through the whirlwind safely," remarked Mr. Jones. "What did he mean by that? My goodness, Anne, I hope you haven't let him get anything on *you*."

"Not a chance, Dad," returned his daughter, lightly. "My intrigues are carried on behind closed doors. As the late J. Pierpont Morgan once remarked—that's what doors are for."

OUT in the side yard the custodian of the honor of the family was trying to compose himself as he peered through the curtains of the dining-room. He had decided to follow his father should he venture out. It seemed like an hour before Henry Jones finished his second cup of coffee and flung his napkin on the table.

"I'm sorry, Grace," he said, "but I've got a little business to attend to tonight and I've got to go out for a while."

Mrs. Jones pouted prettily.

"But, Henry," she protested, "the Jacksons are coming over for bridge. Can't you make it tomorrow night?"

"I would if I could, dear, but this is very important."

Mrs. Jones shrugged her shoulders in a helpless way and Wilbur, watching her, winced at the sheer bravado of his father's speech. It was terrible enough *doing* these underhanded, illicit things, but actually talking about them in a veiled way and *singing* about them—well, that was the supreme limit. He slipped across the lawn, out through the

(*Continued on page 50*)

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Drilling for Trouble

When three sleepy towns in east Texas suddenly discovered they were sitting over a pool of oil worth many million dollars it shocked them severely. By the time they could look around they weren't even able to recognize themselves. And the shock traveled merrily on, involving the governors of five states and producers of oil in foreign lands. The pool is a big one—maybe the biggest in the world. Here's its story

By Owen P. White

Illustrated by Herb Roth

WHENEVER you punch a hole so deep into the ground that oil pops out," said a Texas editor recently, "Hades comes with it. And the more oil the more Hades."

What is now going on down in east Texas proves his case for him. Less than a year ago the country around the then sleepy towns of Tyler, Marshall and Longview was as free from any taint of the world, the flesh and the devil as any country could be.

Everything in it was calm and peaceful. Barefooted men, who opposed paving because it burned their feet in summertime, drove their razorback hogs over the dirt roads to the station, loaded them on the cars and sauntered casually home again. Time didn't mean much. Occasionally, to the envy of half the community and the horror of the other half, one of these fellows might buy a pint of corn on the way back and arrive well lit. That, however, in this land over which Sam Houston once cavorted, is as far as dissipation ever went.

Especially was the little, unincorporated town of Kilgore a model of righteousness. It didn't even have a jailhouse in it, and every Sunday every one of its 300 inhabitants, including of course elder Malcolm Crim, its leading citizen, went to one or the other of its several small churches.

Then, about last October, as the story was told to me, along came the tempter. He was a newspaper man. His name was Ed Bateman, and almost before he knew what had happened to him Bro. Crim and the newcomer had become partners in a project to drill an oil well.

They drilled it; the prayers of the righteous availed much and on the day after Christmas they brought in a gusher and—now look at Kilgore! Instead of being a quiet town containing 300 souls, it is an incorporated Gehenna containing 4,000. Mr. Crim is its mayor; an imported gentleman from Dallas is writing a set of laws for it, and just the day *after* I left there, thank goodness, the Texas Rangers arrived to clean up the town.

The Rangers Clean Up

It needed it. Every church in the place, all of which had been broken into and used for weeks as lodging houses by bums and floaters, had to be fumigated and deloused before the congregations could go back to worship, while one of them, even at this writing, with a Texas Ranger dispensing justice from the altar and the choir loft housing crooks, is still being used for purposes far different from those to which it was dedicated.

Nor is Kilgore the only town in that region which, along with oil, has become inundated with sinners. They're all that way. No sooner had the Rangers cleaned up Kilgore than Captains Hickman and Mace, leaving a couple of men behind to stay in church and attend to the wants of the incarcerated sinners, led their main body on to Joinerville.

On the way there the boys, who are from down on the Rio Grande and wear two guns, chaps and big hats, stopped over in Henderson and threw the shock of its life into that staid, dignified and law-abiding old town by raiding it and uncovering quite a few dens of vice out of which they dragged a few men and women. Thereafter, "On to Joinerville" was again the order.

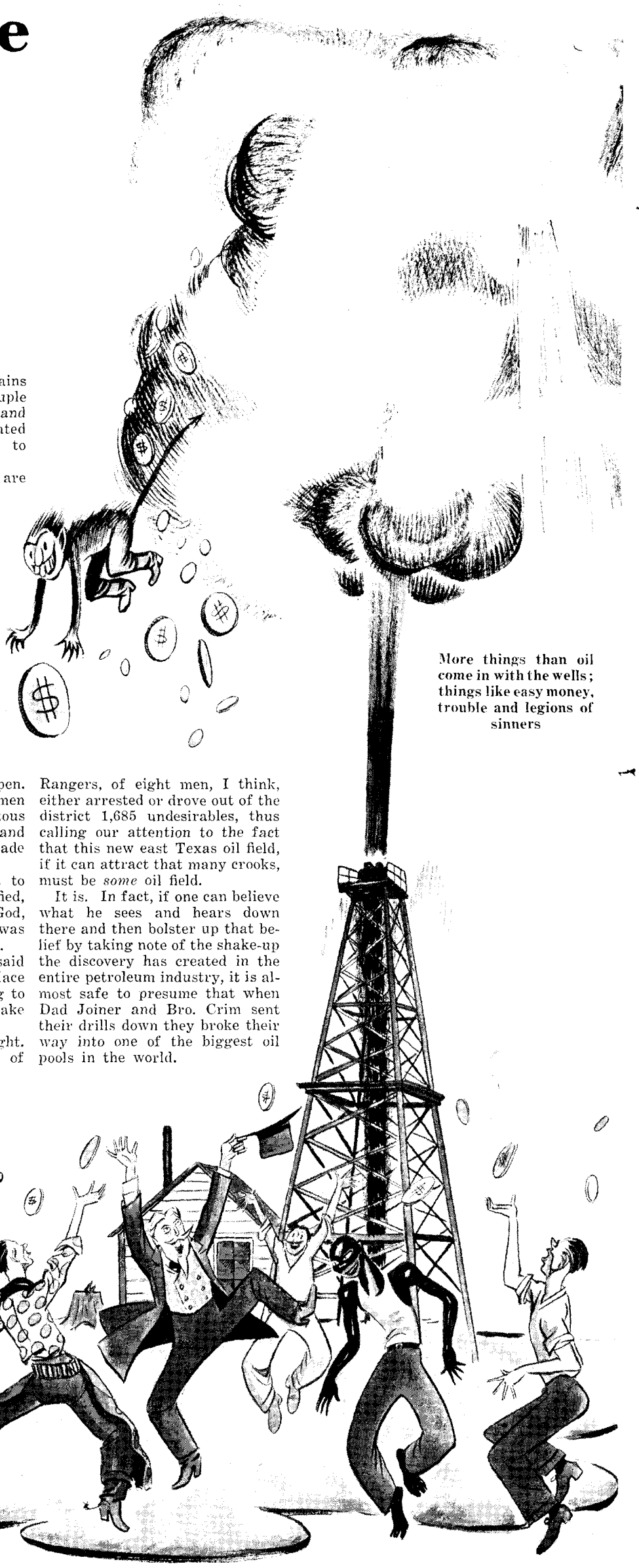
Joinerville, named after Dad Joiner, who brought in the discovery well there, and where twenty-two more have come in within less than five months, is nothing but a shack town, and when Captains Hickman and Mace arrived it was running wide open. They closed it. Several hundred men who were engaged in such iniquitous pursuits as dealing faro, monte and blackjack and peddling liquor were made to hit the road.

And then on the Rangers went to other smaller, but no more sanctified, localities where the fear, not of God, but of the old-time two-gun man was poured into the hearts of the lawless.

"This is going to be one oil field," said Captain Hickman, and Captain Mace echoed the sentiment, "that is going to have law and order in it. We'll make 'em behave."

Maybe they will. They started right. Within a week this one company of Rangers, of eight men, I think, either arrested or drove out of the district 1,685 undesirables, thus calling our attention to the fact that this new east Texas oil field, if it can attract that many crooks, must be *some* oil field.

It is. In fact, if one can believe what he sees and hears down there and then bolster up that belief by taking note of the shake-up the discovery has created in the entire petroleum industry, it is almost safe to presume that when Dad Joiner and Bro. Crim sent their drills down they broke their way into one of the biggest oil pools in the world.



More things than oil come in with the wells; things like easy money, trouble and legions of sinners

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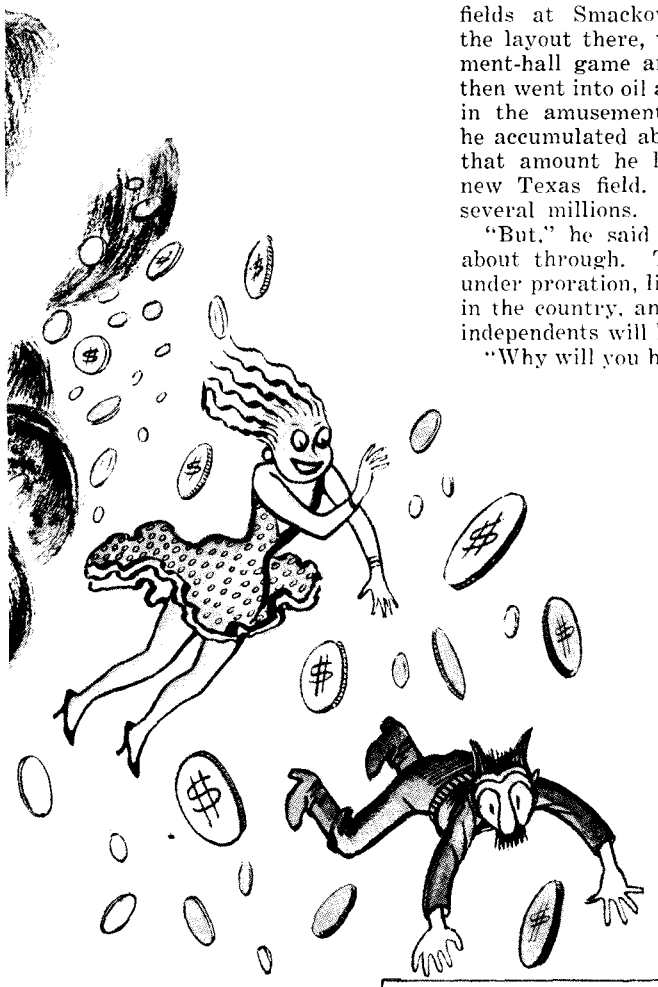

fields at Smackover, Arkansas, liked the layout there, went into the amusement-hall game and made money. He then went into oil and went broke. Back in the amusement-hall business again he accumulated about $60,000 and with that amount he last fall went to the new Texas field. Today he is worth several millions.

"But," he said to me, "I think I'm about through. They'll put this field under proration, like all the other fields in the country, and then we poor little independents will have to quit."

"Why will you have to quit?" I asked.

"Because," answered Mr. Foster, "it costs about $16,000 to drill a hole down here and if they prorate the field so that we can't sell our production freely enough to get our costs out what's the use of going on with it?"

"None that I can see," I replied, and thereafter, for quite a while, I devoted my time to trying to get at the bottom of the east Texas oil situation. It was quite an interesting proceeding during which I talked to governors, lobbyists, legislators, presidents of major oil companies, independents, publicity men, grafters and bootleggers. They all had a lot to say and as briefly as I can piece it together here is the story:

"Wide open" was the watchword of the Texas oil towns until the Rangers stepped in

One of the best known and most experienced geologists in America declares that it is the biggest. Basing his reckoning on the present indicated area of the new field and conservatively estimating the yield per acre, this expert arrives at the conclusion that the field as it stands now is good for 1,500,000,000 barrels of oil, to say nothing of natural gas! Of course, at this writing the exact limits have not been determined, and dry holes and water wells may change the picture. Only the drill can tell.

For a new field, one that is still almost in the wildcat stage and which was condemned only a few years ago by the major companies, this is a tremendous figure, representing a breath-taking amount of wealth. But will anybody make any money out of it? That remains to be seen. A few independents have already picked up a little pocket change. Ed Bateman, the newspaper man, for example, sold out for $1,200,000 and went home; Bro. Crim is getting farther and farther away from the poorhouse every day; so is Dad Joiner, and so likewise is Mr. Frank Foster.

Mr. Foster is the most colorful figure in east Texas. He took me for a ride through Kilgore and Longview, showed me a few of his wells, and while we were out he told me something of himself.

He is quite young, about thirty, but ever since he started out to make his own way in the world he has taken chances. He began, after he had learned the secrets of the ivories in the pool halls of his native New England, to tour the country as a pool and billiard player. He drifted to the oil

The High Tide of Ruin

Proration is the great watchword of all the oil regions now. Under proration the oil states are attempting to curtail the flood of oil which on one hand threatens to exhaust the oil resources of the state and on the other hand bring ruin to the oil producers through the operations of that ogre of all petroleum areas—overproduction. In Oklahoma, for instance, there's been a proration law since 1915, but only in the last few years has the state attempted to enforce it. Under that law, which has just been held to be constitutional, the state Corporation Commission decides how much crude oil can be taken from the various oil fields and then allocates to each field its proportional share. Texas has a proration law too. And just about the time the new east Texas wells began to flow the Railroad Commission, urged on by Governor Sterling, began to formulate a definite proration plan. About the end of March the proration order was issued, limiting all state oil fields to 692,000 barrels a day and the east Texas fields to 90,000 barrels, gradually increasing until 130,000 barrels would be reached.

Sounds and Odor of Battle

Everybody seems to realize that proration is necessary because if this east Texas field is allowed to go on spouting oil the indications are that in six months that one field will be producing enough oil to supply the whole United States. Nobody wants that, except, of course, the independents who want to get all they can while the getting is good.

These independents raised a long and raucous yell when the proration order was announced. Former Governor Dan Moody appeared as the champion of the independents against proration and got an injunction against the order. But things were getting worse. Ninety thousand barrels a day for east Texas meant cutting its production in half. The field had been pouring out 191,000 barrels a day. The air was full of the sounds and the odor of battle. But oil was being sold at some wells for twenty-five cents a barrel and there were predictions of ten-cent crude. In the end a sixty-day truce was arranged by which east Texas' quota was raised to 130,000 barrels with a gradual increase until 150,000 was reached.

Everything was set for proration to go into effect May 1. By that time east Texas was a raging oil flood—345,000 barrels a day. The oil deluge in this new field threatened the price structure and stability of the industry throughout the country. By May 9th the field had been slowed down to 268,000 barrels a day, but that is still far more than the field's production when proration was first proposed. There is still a lot of fight against proration in the region and it has plenty of backers, business and political, to support it.

By this proration order the Texas Railroad Commission is placed in the peculiar position of being on the same side of a controversy as its old-time enemies, the great Eastern corporations.

This partnership, however, is by no means a happy one. Texas at least doesn't like its new bedfellows and, as usual, is making life for them as miserable as possible. For instance, and just to show to what lengths a Texas legislature can go when it gets mad, there is a bill now before the Lone Star lawmakers which, if passed, will divorce the retail distribution of oil and oil products from every other phase of the industry. Anyone can see how radical this is, because, should it become a law, such big companies as the Gulf, the Texas and the Magnolia, which now control thousands of filling stations, would within twelve months have to dispose of all their retail facilities and devote their activities solely to production and wholesaling.

Of course it is hardly likely that this bill will pass at this session of the legislature, but the mere fact that it has been introduced and is receiving a good deal of consideration indicates how Texas feels toward the major oil companies.

As regards proration, even though Texas sees the need of it in order to conserve its resources, its attitude toward the big oil companies, which want it also, is nevertheless antagonistic. So is Oklahoma, and as Oklahoma, with its recently discovered cluster of gushers at Oklahoma City, and Texas, with its new field, are in about the same fix, Texas has yielded the leadership in this proration fight to Governor W. H. (Alfalfa Bill) Murray of Oklahoma. What Alfalfa Bill has done about it is worthy of comment.

Alfalfa Bill, who has had to sit still and see proration go into effect in his own state, started out on a little whispering campaign among the governors of half a dozen oil-producing states. As each governor listened he chuckled, the upshot of it all being that Alfalfa Bill called all the chief executives together for a meeting in Fort Worth, Texas, on February 28th.

When the governors of Texas, New Mexico, Arkansas and Louisiana, all oil-producing states, were assembled before him, along with representatives of the Texas Railroad Commission, Alfalfa Bill said, not in these exact words, but in substance:

"Boys, we're here to talk proration. Up to this time the question has been approached from two selfish viewpoints. The big pipe-line companies and certain great producers want to get all they can out of it. What they want is to prorate domestic production, but so far they haven't said anything about prorating the oil they bring in from

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The Wrong Wife

A brilliant novel

"And as for my vocation," said Grady, "the Banner has ordered that it be pursued right by your side, Mr. Cordova, so here's to a friendly relationship"

The Story Thus Far:

RICHARD CORDOVA, an Assistant District Attorney of New York, has never met former United States Senator Carmichael. He is, therefore, much surprised when Carmichael, at his camp at Lake Warumkeg, Maine, calls him up by long-distance and calmly invites him to run up for the week-end. To accept or not to accept? He must decide instantly. He accepts the invitation—and goes to Maine.

The "camp," he finds, is a superb estate; and Cordova is not the only guest. There are two others: Mr. Martine and Mr. Grenfell, both powers in New York politics. Also, there are two girls: Del and Deborah Carmichael, nieces of the senator. Both are young. Both are beautiful. Both are instantly attracted to Cordova. . . .

Bridge follows dinner, the first evening. The game ends. The four men are alone. "Cordova," says Carmichael, "you're handling the prosecution of the Drovers and Builders Investment Trust, aren't you?" Cordova stiffens. "I am, sir," he replies, frigidly. "And I'm going to get a conviction!" "Good lad!" exclaims Carmichael. "If you do—well, Cordova, how'd you like to be mayor of New York?"

Cordova gasps. Can it be possible that this man—his party's boss, a power in Wall Street, a tremendous national figure—is serious? "But," he stammers, "I'm not in politics!" Carmichael laughs. "Leave that to us," he says. "Win that case, and we'll make you mayor!" . . .

The following day, Cordova leaves for New York. During his brief stay, he has seen much of the two girls. He admires Deborah's youthful verve, her charming audacity. But it is of Del, not Deborah, he is thinking as he begins his long journey—Del, with her beauty, her grace, her quiet, lovely ways. Perhaps, if he becomes mayor . . .

And Deborah? "I love him," she thinks as Cordova leaves. "I love him—and I'll get him!" And almost at the moment the words flash through her mind, Del Carmichael is saying to her uncle: "*I've got him!*"

III

THE Grand Central Terminal, alive with commuters this bright June morning, had reality. Cordova, following a red-cap to a taxi, felt that the great building, and the thousands swarming to work, bore a relation to life that the bizarre camp on Warumkeg and its occupants did not have. He had slept through a dreamless eight hours, mentally exhausted by the strain of the previous twenty-four.

Now, awake and alert, he reviewed, as he rode to his modest apartment, those unreal events which had occurred during his absence. Carmichael, dapper, marble-faced, enigmatic; the ursine Martine and the fox-like Grenfell; their amazing offer of the mayoralty. Up there in Maine, in the company of the three men, their offer had not merely sounded credible, but feasible. But here, riding up Park Avenue, realizing that every pedestrian, every occupant of every motor car, his own taxi man, were voters, voters who must be cunningly swayed to the will of Carmichael and his two lieutenants, the offer became ridiculous.

Hundreds of thousands of citizens, and hardly any of them had ever heard of the prospective mayor of New York. How, in a few brief months, could that name be brought to mean something to them, brought to arouse their enthusiastic partisanship? He thought of Dick Whittington, listening to the chimes that told him to return and be Lord Mayor of London. But that long-dead youth had waited years for realization of his dream. Whereas the trio at Warumkeg had offered to fulfill Cordova's ambitions within a few brief months.

His ambitions? He had never given a thought to political office until thirty-six hours ago. *Their* ambitions? He shrugged at this self-directed question. He went over Carmichael's words to him, and he was forced to admit that in recollection—as when delivered—they rang true. Carmichael wanted good government, and so did the others, and thought it might be achieved through Richard Cordova.

Well, there could be no denying the political power of the three men. There could be no argument refuting the fact that they could pretty well dictate their party's candidate for the mayoralty. Why should they offer to nominate Cordova if they didn't mean the offer? The question was unanswerable.

Then the unreal pictures of the three men faded from his mind just as they began to assume reality. Their places were taken by the picture of Del Carmichael. Her ash-blond hair, her blue eyes, the lissome grace of her, the swiftness of her mind. . . . Behind her, shadowy, another figure was dimly limned: boyish Deborah with her candid eyes and frankness of manner and speech. And then Deborah was obscured, as the features of Del seemed to come closer, as a motion picture screen brings its actors for the nearer inspection of the audience.

AND the face was still flawless, though his memory enlarged each feature. Memory, too, seemed to lend wit to her lightest remark, insight to her most casual observation and sympathy and understanding to every shade of her delightful voice. She had said he might write to her; he couldn't remember whether or not she had promised to reply, but of course she must have so pledged herself. Then dreams, because he was an extremely alert young man, vanished for the moment, as he dismissed the taxi and rode in the elevator to his rooms.

Webbing opened the door for him. Methodical, unimaginative, Webbing nevertheless seemed to anticipate every need of his master.

"Breakfast is ready, sir," he said.

Cordova handed him the bag.

"Now, how on earth, Webbing, did you know that I hadn't breakfasted on the train?"

"Trains arriving in New York in the early morning carry no dining cars, sir. And I rather guessed you'd bring your bag home, sir, and not breakfast at the station. I just placed the coffee on the table, sir."

"Miracle man," smiled Cordova. "I suppose you knew the exact minute I'd arrive here."

"Yes, sir," admitted Webbing. "Three minutes from the train to the taxi, six minutes—at this hour, sir, when most of the traffic is southbound—to the apartment, and one minute to get upstairs. Ten minutes, sir. I put the eggs on exactly three and a half minutes—it's four now, sir—ago."

Cordova ate his breakfast leisurely, scanning the morning papers as he did so. A notorious woman had been taken for a ride, as the phrase went, by persons unknown. A night club had been raided. Revenue agents had unearthed a cache of narcotics. A woman of wealth had entrained for Reno, and the papers were politely incredulous of her statement that her children's health needed Nevada's climate.

Scandal, scandal, scandal! A still missing jurist; an alderman accused of accepting a bribe; a breach of promise

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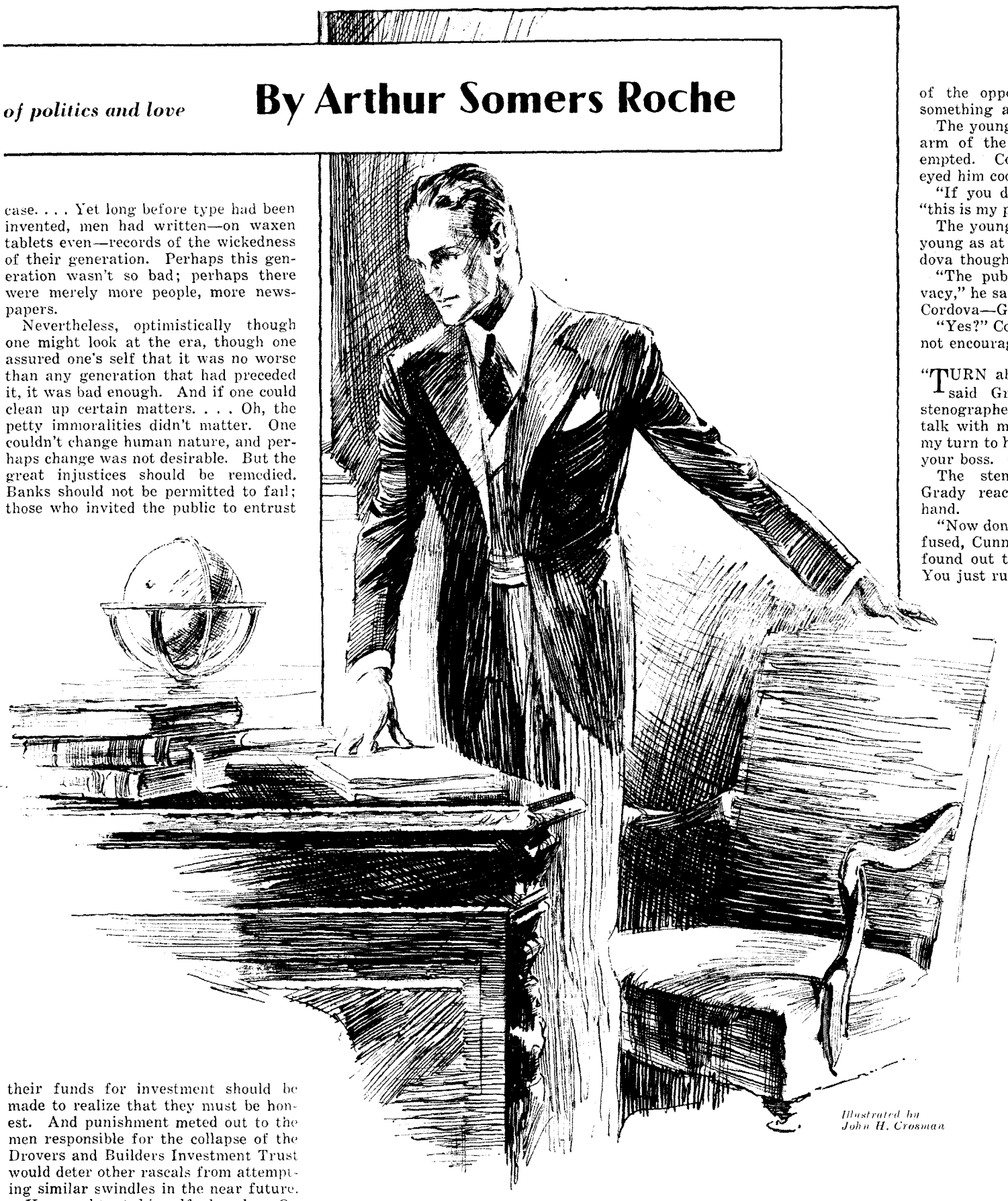
of politics and love

By Arthur Somers Roche



Illustrated by John H. Crosman

case. . . . Yet long before type had been invented, men had written—on waxen tablets even—records of the wickedness of their generation. Perhaps this generation wasn't so bad; perhaps there were merely more people, more newspapers.

Nevertheless, optimistically though one might look at the era, though one assured one's self that it was no worse than any generation that had preceded it, it was bad enough. And if one could clean up certain matters. . . . Oh, the petty immoralities didn't matter. One couldn't change human nature, and perhaps change was not desirable. But the great injustices should be remedied. Banks should not be permitted to fail; those who invited the public to entrust their funds for investment should be made to realize that they must be honest. And punishment meted out to the men responsible for the collapse of the Drovers and Builders Investment Trust would deter other rascals from attempting similar swindles in the near future.

He caught at himself sharply. On Friday last, when he had returned from his office, he had worked himself into no heat of righteous fury because of the delinquencies of Marbury and Heatherly and Ganley, the three men at the head of the Drovers and Builders. Why, on Monday morning, should his thoughts take on the color of a demagogic address to a mob?

There should be, in his mind and heart, no thought of the possible effect, upon other swindlers, of the outcome of his prosecution of the three men under indictment now. If he let himself be swayed by generalities instead of particulars, he might be guilty of an injustice to these men. The fact that he could make a political reputation if he won the case for the people should in no way be permitted to sway him in his handling of the case. If the men were guilty, let them be punished. If they were innocent, let them go free. But to secure a conviction, if there existed any slightest doubt, because conviction would stop this sort of crime, because a conviction would make him mayor—there was the thing that had altered his mental outlook. There was the thing that he must look out for. Justice must be done, whether or not Carmichael lost a winning candidate or Cordova lost the mayoralty.

HE TOOK the subway to his office, and, as he entered the great building which housed the machinery of justice, he felt again that here was reality, and that on Lake Warumkeg was unreality. There were scores of assistant district attorneys, of whom he was a recent and unimportant individual. He had been placed in charge of the prosecution of a case which was not apparently of great importance, and he had supposed, until Carmichael had shown him otherwise, that no one else guessed how far-reaching the prosecution might prove to be.

An unimportant cog in the machine of justice, whose possible importance was unsuspected, otherwise his chief, on the alert to make political capital, would have never given it to him. And now, as he went to his own office, Cordova began to wonder again at the substantiality of the matters that had occurred in Maine. Here was reality; there was something chimerical, visioned but not actually seen or felt. But Del was real. He seemed to reach out for that reassurance and cling to it.

A young man ceased his chatter to a most receptive stenographer as Cordova went to his desk. The stenographer, flushing quite prettily, greeted her chief. Cordova could forgive her for being flustered; he had gone through, on Saturday last, some moments when a member of the opposite sex had caused him something akin to embarrassment.

The young man swung a leg over the arm of the chair which he had preempted. Cordova turned to him and eyed him coolly.

"If you don't mind," he said gently, "this is my private office."

The young man—he was not quite as young as at first glance he seemed, Cordova thought—grinned amiably.

"The public's servants have no privacy," he said. "Grady's the name, Mr. Cordova—Grady of the Banner."

"Yes?" Cordova's voice was polite but not encouraging.

"TURN about is fair play, I think," said Grady. He beamed on the stenographer. "You had your private talk with me, sweetheart, and now it's my turn to have a private chit-chat with your boss. Okay, cutie?"

The stenographer blushed deeply. Grady reached over and patted her hand.

"Now don't you get all warm and confused, Cunning, just because your boss found out that we had a private chat. You just run out and powder the tip of that perfect little nose, and maybe touch up those lips just the merest trifle—"

"I gathered," interposed Cordova, "that you were a reporter, not a beauty specialist."

Grady sighed expansively.

"Both," he said. "One a vocation, the other an avocation."

"And the latter—or the former—or both for that matter," said Cordova, the slightest hint of acid in his tones, "might perhaps be as well pursued elsewhere."

"An idea," admitted Grady. "But one not entirely practicable. Until I saw Cunning here, the latter might be pursued, as you suggest, somewhere else. But not any more. When this Celtic heart is touched, it's stricken, if you get my meaning. And as for my vocation, the Banner has ordered that it be spent right by your side, Mr. Cordova, so here's to a long and friendly relationship."

"The Banner's interest—and your own good wishes—are gratifying, but a trifle surprising," said Cordova. "And suppose that we just postpone both of them while I clean up a few matters—"

Grady's leg swung down from the arm of the chair. He nodded appreciatively.

"Nobody's going to build up muscles using you for a dumbbell, Mr. Cordova," he said. "And no one ever said that Fred Grady had anything the matter with his mind that a competent alienist couldn't cure. So, as one smart man to another, may I ask you for just a little while with you—alone?"

THE man was fresh, no doubt of that. But Cordova, looking at him curiously, could understand the happy embarrassment that had overcome his stenographer. The man had charm, if his snub nose and freckled face marred his beauty. Further, his gay, blue eyes

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Illustrated by Harold Von Schmidt

Making the gather of them mules in some ways was the most stirring days of my life

Mules

A drama of the open spaces, with Twenty-Mule Bill, capably assisted by a company of leatherheads, swivel-ears, harness canaries and heavy-gauge jack rabbits

By Alan LeMay

DO a man a favor—thought Sanders—and he's as likely as not to expect you to take care of him the rest of his life. Just now, for instance, Sanders' Mojave law office seemed once more in danger of becoming headquarters for the lank, unregenerate figure known from one end of the desert to the other as Twenty-Mule Bill.

"What's the matter now?" Sanders demanded.

There was injury in Bill's blue eyes, and accusation in the droop of his mustache when he spoke.

"Mr. Sanders," he said, "I'm looking for work. And I would appreciate to get hold of the loan of five dollars."

"Looking for work?" Sanders repeated. "What's the matter with the job I got you three weeks ago, freighting for the Smoky Glory?"

Bill sighed. "Mr. Sanders, I am pained to state it was the same old story. I got run out."

"I'm going to give you up," Sanders said. "Here you are, the best jerkline driver in three states—about the only one left that can handle a twenty-mule hitch with distinction; and here I get you one more job, and you even blow that! What was the complaint this time?"

"Mr. Sanders, they claim I choked off the town of Coyote Wells. I can't go back there any more."

"You mean you got boiled and shot up the town?"

"OH, NO—nothing superficial like that. Coyote Wells is choked off right at the root this time. You know, that town ain't got any excuse except the Smoky Glory mine is behind it—no mine, no town. And the mine has about gone out of business since I left."

"But, Bill, how the dickens could you, single-handed, put a ten-million-dollar property out of business?"

"Why, that, Mr. Sanders, was due to the Smoky Glory losing them mules. Ab Mackenzie—it seems like he has an affinity for mules or something. Maybe that's how come he's boss of the Smoky Glory. Anyway, he won't give an inch when it comes to a question of mules. So now the railroad won't haul no high-grade until Mackenzie settles up; and Mackenzie won't settle up until the railroad hauls the high-grade. The Smoky Glory can't pay off until the ore is hauled, and business has become very stagnant and depressed around there—I never see such an exasperated lot of people. It sure looks like the mining business is a thing of the past at Coyote Wells. And the railroad aims to sue the Smoky Glory about the mules."

"But—look here! What have lost mules to do with the railroad suing the Smoky Glory?"

"I'll tell you about it," Bill said courteously, "if only you'll be so kind, sir, please, sir, as to shut your damn' yap enough to listen like a reasonable man."

After I'd been working for the Smoky Glory about two days [Twenty-Mule Bill went on] Ab Mackenzie begun to depend on me a lot. Naturally, the best twenty-mule jerkline driver in the country, me, is an awful valuable man around a dump like that. So I was naturally the one Mackenzie picked out to go down to New Ballarat to straighten out the mule mystery.

It seems that Mackenzie had been expecting a team of mules in by freight; and he had just found out that his mule team had only got as far as the siding at New Ballarat. Seems like at New Ballarat all them leatherheals had took wings or something, for that was the last anybody had heard tell of them mules. My job was to go down and solve the mystery, the mystery principally being who the heck had fastened onto our long team.

WELL, Mr. Sanders, I went to New Ballarat by fast freight; and I sized up the situation. It seems Mackenzie had sent Tonopah Shorty down to bring this team upcountry in a cow car. Shorty had loaded his mules down in the Imperial all right, and managed to get hooked onto a freight. And they started upcountry all regular and serene, the mules riding inside the cow car and Shorty riding on top, to feed hay and water such as mules almost continually require. So far, so good.

But at New Ballarat it seems that Shorty let the situation get out of hand. His cow car of mules bust loose from the freight, and run up a siding, and made a thing of the past out of a bunk car belonging to a railroad grading outfit that was working there. And that would of been all right too, and

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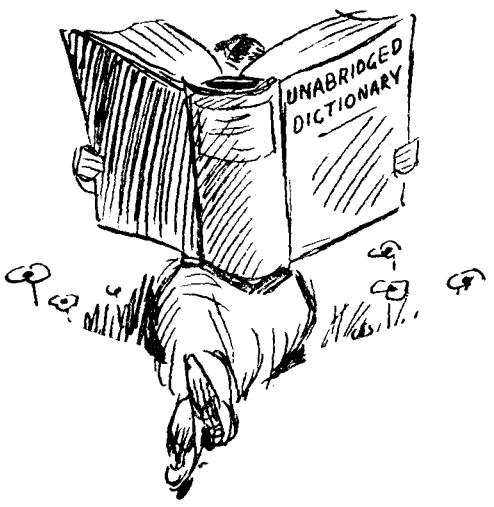
How to be Happy though Vacationing

Here's hope for you even though you are on the verge of summer vacation. Under Dr. Clendening's guidance you have a good prospect of surviving. And if there should be an accident you'll know what to do about it

By Logan Clendening, M.D.

Illustrated by F. G. Cooper



"WELL," said my friend on the last day of his vacation, "I feel pretty good. I believe that after I have been home about two weeks I'll be almost as rested as when I started out."

The words are loaded with the sad weight of the unity of man's emotional nature—obverse and reverse of the coin of life—pleasure and pain—joy and its consequences—heads and tails—bottoms up and headaches—happiness and sorrow.

"The flowers that bloom in the spring tra-la," sing the happy lovers, "give promise of a summer of roses and wine." And "the flowers that bloom in the spring tra-la," wails Ko-Ko, the misanthrope, "have nothing to do with the case." They mean rose fever and poison ivy and the wine means "I will have to find a new bootlegger at that summer resort and probably poison myself more or less permanently."

So it goes. Hope springs eternal. Summer is here and we are going to have fun this summer. We are not going to overdo it the way we did last summer. Vacation—happy time. Perfect the putt! Learn to dive better! Develop a better muscle in the old arm by doing a lot of rowing! Lose some of that fat over the waist line! Loaf some lovely blue-skyed day on a sailboat! Go into the woods! Close to Nature! Learn her secrets! Fish! Hunt! Explore!

Ah, happy, happy time! The time before the vacation begins! The happiest moment of all the glad vacation itself! Where are the vacations of yesteryear? Ay, where are they? Think not of them! Thou hast thy music too. Forgotten are all the lessons and memories of last summer. Forgotten are the sore arms after that first day of rowing exercise! Forgotten the sunburn, the mosquito bites, the chiggers, the black flies, the hay fever—the enemies that lie in wait to batten on our fair estate.

Now, I am no misanthropist—I am no kill-joy. I am one of the most genial and kindliest of men. But I am old. Father William, and I have been on many vacations. And I am a man of science. And I stand here solemnly at the beginning of this new epoch in your life to caution you and to teach you how to be safe and how to be happy though vacationing.

Why Are Vacations?

It all depends upon a firm determination to pursue a certain course of action and upon sticking to the determination. Let us here highly resolve that the vacation this year will not be in vain. Let us go forward shoulder to shoulder, firm in the faith that we will come back from our vacation this year healthier and happier than when we went away. And in order to do so let us inquire into the fundamental principles of the nature of vacations. To what purpose were vacations instituted? What are they for?

And let us separate theory from practice. Let us place the pure theory of vacations before us in all its clear and crystalline beauty. Whither shall we turn? Well, let us turn to the dictionary. One rather suggestively (though inadequately, I think) defines it as "the time during which an office is empty." This suggests the inevitable addendum, "and during which its occupant is full," but that doesn't seem to analyze as very coherent English.

Tnis dictionary does add an alternative ideal—"An intermission of activity, employment or *stated exercises*, as for recreation" (italics mine). Webster, who always hits the nail on the head, also has several choices. One is "Act of making void or of no force," and then, dropping his ill-timed efforts at facetiousness, he adds, "Intermission of a stated employment, procedure or the like; *a period of leisure or rest;* a holiday" (italics again mine).

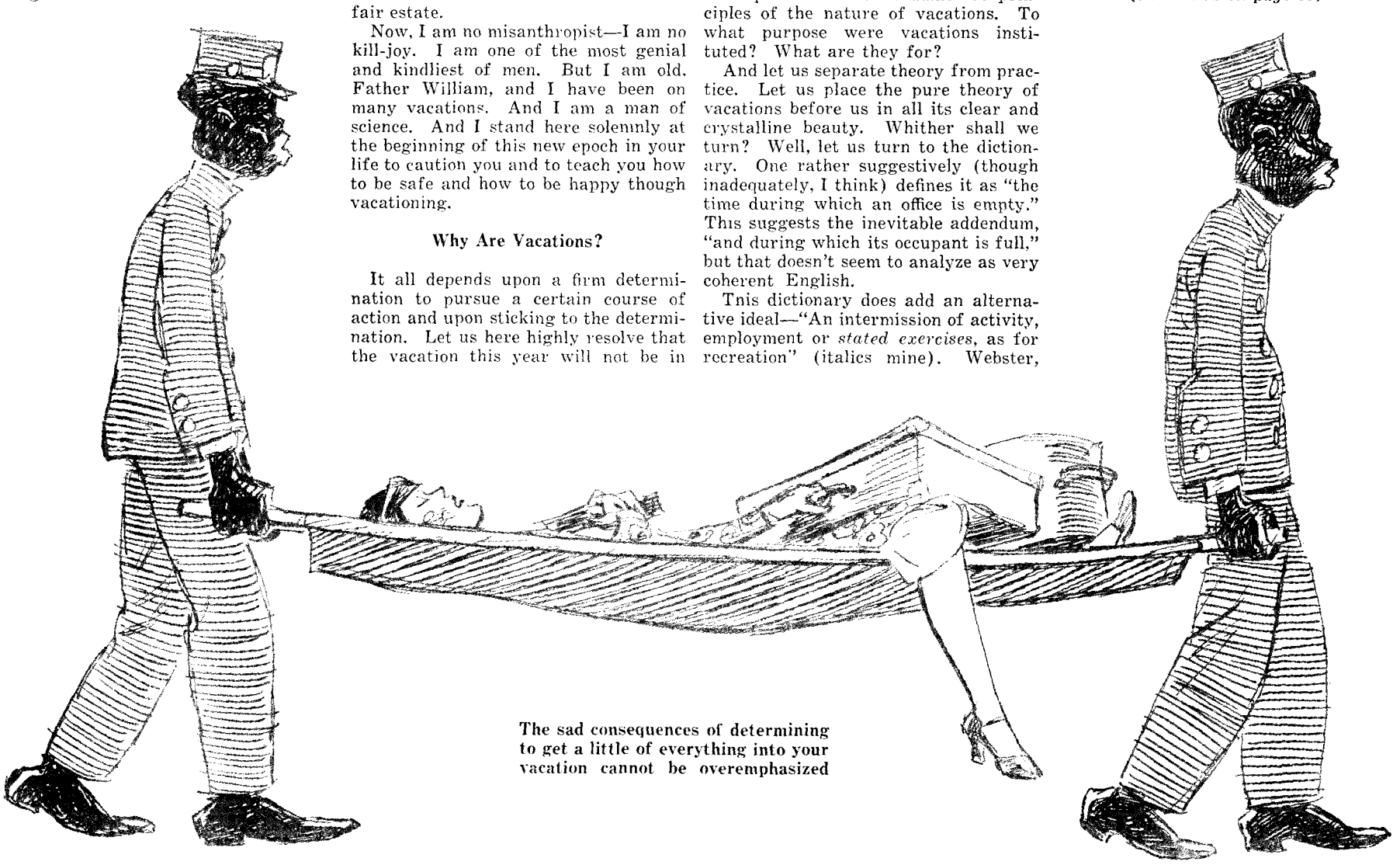
But these are cold. They need body. They need filling out. A vacation is what you want it to be. It is a time to get to feeling well so you can begin to break yourself down again during the winter. So you can do better work in the fall. You want to get away from work for a while so you can enjoy it again when you get back. It is a time to do something different. To forget your ordinary routine. To do different things from what you do at home. To get rested. To get the feeling of strength and health.

Fact vs. Fancy

That is the theory—the ideal vacation. You envisage yourself in a cool, sunlit atmosphere. The trees rustle overhead. The flowers enchant. A little lake sparkles in the morning sun. Forgotten are all the cares of business. You walk through the woods breathing great drafts of renewing ozone. You row across the lake to the shade. You cast a few times from the bank. You catch enough fish for lunch. You fall asleep lulled by Mother Nature, the old nurse. You row back to supper. Tired and happy you read an old romance, and so, early to bed.

The reality has a way of being different. It started to rain the day you arrived and is remorselessly keeping on

(Continued on page 66)



The sad consequences of determining to get a little of everything into your vacation cannot be overemphasized

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Protection

By W. R. Burnett

Illustrated by Donald Teague

The Story Thus Far:

MOLINA and Monahan, Chicago racketeers, are at war. Both need liquor depots, and Francis Harworth has exactly what they want—a string of night clubs and restaurants. Molina calls on Harworth. "One of your places has just been raided," he says. "You've lost a pile. Join me in my racket, and I'll make the loss good."

Harworth considers the offer. Five years before, he had come to Chicago. He had worked hard, succeeded. Then—to his delight, because he was a lonely man—he had met, through chance, a charming circle: the beautiful Louise Joyce, Berg Richman, an author, Olaf Larsen, an artist, Arthur Burne, a poor composer who is madly infatuated with Louise, Helen Magnussen—and Richard Magnussen, Helen's divorced husband, a man of vast wealth. He had fallen in love with Louise, only to be snubbed; after which, he had turned to Helen, become deeply interested in her. And Helen does not care for impecunious men. . . . Harworth accepts Molina's offer.

His troubles begin at once. For some mysterious reason, Helen begins to avoid him. Next, Lily—a little dancer to whom he had foolishly written some letters—threatens to blackmail him. . . . Well, he can handle Lily. Summoning Canovi, an underworld rat, he explains the situation. "Get those letters!" he says. "Leave it to me," says Canovi, and departs. . . . Louise Joyce, to his delight, calls him on the phone. "Come over quickly!" she exclaims. "Burne has shot himself!" He rushes to Louise's apartment. Burne is there—wounded. If the news gets out—but it won't. Harworth is resourceful. Presently, Burne is in the care of a doctor who will not make out a report!

Late that night, Harworth escorts Louise to Helen's apartment. There he learns the reason for Helen's recent conduct: Richard Magnussen is with her—alone in her apartment. . . . Later, in his own luxurious suite, Harworth receives a caller—Canovi. "Here's them letters," he says. Harworth takes the letters—burns them. As he turns from the fireplace, the phone rings. He answers it. "Harworth," a voice snarls, "we know who stole those letters. If you don't mail 'em back right away, kiss Canovi goodby. That's all!"

IX

THE man hung up. Harworth turned, hesitated for a long time, then told Canovi what the man had said. Canovi grinned.

"I had it right, didn't I? Only I'm the goat, which ain't right." Harworth was pale and silent but Canovi laughed. "Well, I'm on my way," he went on, getting up, "they tailed me here, I guess. But I know how to get out without being seen. Hell, them guys are dumber than the bulls."

"What had I better do?" asked Harworth.

"Sit tight for a while," said Canovi. "You ain't in any danger. I'll take this up with Joe. He's about tired of holding off of Monahan's mob, anyway. We'll fix it."

When Canovi had gone Harworth got up and began to pace the floor. He felt trapped and began to curse himself for ever having taken up with Canovi or Molina. It meant trouble, trouble, nothing but trouble!

But in the afternoon mail he got a check from Molina. It was for fifty thousand dollars and there was a note with it. It read:

Dear Frank:

Here is the cut I was telling you about. When I give a guy protection, I give him protection. You have got more coming and if you want to turn this check back to me, I'll give you a part interest in my business. Let me hear from you.

I am writing this at home and Junior asked me what I was doing. I says I am writing a letter to Mr. Harworth and he says to tell you he has got him a new animal book and you ought to see it.

Yours respectfully,
JOE MOLINA

About four o'clock the phone rang and Harworth answered it. It was Campi. Harworth could tell that he was agitated. He apologized profusely for calling. Then he went into a long, involved explanation regarding the robbery of *Lily's apartment*. Harworth could make nothing of what he was saying and told him so. Campi burst out:

"For God's sake, Mr. Harworth; I didn't have nothing to do with none of this. But they're after me. I got to leave town."

"Who's after you?"

"Everybody! Everybody!"

Campi was half crying and he was talking so loudly that Harworth took the receiver from his ear.

"Wait a minute," he said. "Get a cab and come right over."

There was a long silence. Then Campi said:

"Is this straight?"

"Certainly."

Was Campi actually afraid of him?

"Give me your word of honor this is on the square?"

"OF COURSE," said Harworth, impatiently.

"All right. I'm trusting you, see? I'll be there in half an hour."

Harworth hung up and stood staring. Things were *moving* too fast for him. Maybe it wouldn't be such a bad idea for him to leave town himself!

When Joseph showed Campi in, Harworth was sitting with his feet on his desk, reading a newspaper. Joseph went out. Harworth looked up. Campi was as sleek as ever; his clothes were immaculate, but showy; his hair shone like patent leather. But under the sleekness Harworth sensed fear. Campi's eyes were dull, where they had once been brilliant; his face was grayish.

Campi lowered his eyes. "But that's novi tells me I got twenty-four hours

Harworth said: "Well? What's all the trouble, Campi?"

Campi wet his lips and kept his eyes lowered.

"It's an awful mess, Mr. Harworth," he said. "I can't make heads nor tails of it. But get this: I'm on the square."

"What about Lily?"

There was a long silence. Then Campi sighed profoundly.

"Mr. Harworth, I'm *going* to take a chance on you. I'm going to tell you the truth. I knew about them letters, and since you give Lily the go-by, I was figuring you ought to pay for it. I'm giving it to you straight, see? But somebody staged a robbery and copped the letters so I said, 'Oh, what the hell; that's that,' and forgot all about it."

He hesitated and looked at Harworth to see what effect his words had had, but Harworth was impassive.

"Well," he went on, "I got a cousin in the North Side mob. He's a tough mug and I never had nothing to do with him. But here he comes buzzing me. He wants to know a lot of things I couldn't tell him. Then he tells me they're going to get a guy named Canovi. He copped the letters, they said. They been trailing him, see?"

Harworth nodded.

"ALL right. I told my cousin, 'I ain't got nothing at all to do with this. I'm out.' 'Out, hell'; he says. 'You're in.' Canovi works for Joe Molina, I guess; and they're fixing to cause him trouble. All right." Campi lowered his eyes. "But that's only the beginning. This afternoon along comes this here Canovi, and tells me I got twenty-four hours to live if I don't call off my cousin. Hell, what a spot! Here I am, gone either way you look at it. And I ain't got a thing to do with it. Two mobs trying to cut each other's throats and I have to get mixed up in it."

Harworth sat swearing to himself. If he had only listened to Stein he would never have turned those collections over to Michaelson, never have known Canovi and Molina. As it was, he was caught, caught like a fish in a net. His hands were cold as ice, but he was sweating.

Campi said:

"Give me a break, Mr. Harworth. I don't know what to do."

Harworth came to a sudden decision.

"All right," he said; then he took a roll of money out of his pocket and gave it to Campi. "Get Lily out of town. And then both of you stay out. If you hadn't tried to make me for dough, you'd never got yourself in this mess."

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only a beginning. This afternoon Ca-to live if I don't call off my cousin"

Campi was half crying, half laughing. He took the money and stuffed it into his pocket.

"You're O. K., Mr. Harworth," he said.

"Listen," said Harworth, "don't waste any time. Just you get Lily out of town. I'll fix things with Hrdlicka."

Campi thanked Harworth profusely. When he had gone, Harworth sighed with relief and mopped his forehead.

After a good dinner, Harworth felt better. He sat in the library smoking a cigar and listening to a broadcast from the Casa Alvarado. Hrdlicka, competing against Con Weiss' new place, The Shack, had hired a nationally known jazz band. Since the arrival of this band Hrdlicka had been turning people away; the Casa Alvarado had become, overnight, the most popular club in Chicago.

About nine o'clock Joseph came in and told Harworth that Stein had wakened feeling much better and that he wanted a night edition to read.

"Feeling better, is he?" said Harworth. "Fine."

Things would work out. Stein would recover. What was the use of worrying?

"SHALL I send down for a paper?" asked Joseph.

"No," said Harworth, getting up, "I'll go down and get one myself. I want to stretch my legs, anyway."

When Harworth stepped into the elevator, the elevator boy said:

"Evening, Mr. Harworth. Don't know where I could get a couple of tickets for the game, do you?"

"What game?"

"Illinois-Northwestern game. I got a friend coming in from Rock Island. I hear it's a sell-out."

"I don't pay much attention to football," said Harworth, "but you might drop around and see Joe Madox and tell him I sent you."

"Say! Thanks."

"Maybe he can't do you any good, but it's worth trying. Tell him the tickets are for me."

The boy grinned.

"Say!" he said; "thanks."

Harworth liked to do things for people. First, because he was naturally obliging where there was nothing at stake; second, because it gave him a feeling of power.

When he came up to the desk the clerk said:

"Evening, Mr. Harworth. Been out yet?"

"No."

"It's cold as the devil. That lake wind cuts like a knife."

"I think I'll stay in. I want a night edition."

"They're all gone," said the clerk, "but you can have mine. I'm done with it."

"Fine," said Harworth. "Thanks."

The clerk handed him the paper with a smile.

"Well," he said, "I see where they killed another gangster. This sure is some town. Got a casualty list like the World War."

HARWORTH said nothing, but took the paper and glanced at the item the clerk was referring to; it read:

"North Side Gangster Found Dead. Agostino Campi . . ."

Harworth's face began to twitch. It was Campi's cousin. He glanced up, saw that the clerk was looking at him, and ducked his head. He felt guilty. Why was the clerk staring at him like that?

"Yep," said the clerk, "they sure don't last long here. And it's a good thing. If they didn't thin each other out, this would be some place."

Harworth swallowed.

"That's right," he said. Then he turned away abruptly and called over his shoulder: "Good night."

On the way up in the elevator, he stood pretending to read the sports page, but the print swam before his eyes and his hands shook so that the paper crackled.

Stein was sitting propped up in bed smoking a cigar when Harworth came in.

"Hello, Frank," he said. "How's things? I'm feeling a little better tonight. I guess the old carcass ain't ready for the boneyard yet."

Harworth handed him the paper.

"Thanks. Joseph said you went down after it yourself."

"I did. I wanted to stretch my legs."

Stein turned to the financial page and began to read. Finally he said:

"Frank, all your stocks are up. The market's gone nuts. Oh, what a beating somebody's going to take before we're through. Why don't you get out from under?"

"What?" demanded Harworth, absently.

Stein looked at him.

"Say," he said, "ain't you a little pale tonight?"

"Maybe," said Harworth, edging toward the door to escape Stein's steady gaze. "I think I've got a cold."

"Well, try to stay on your feet."

"I was never sick in bed in my life."

"Don't brag about it," said Stein; "knock wood. Wait a minute! Hand me that pad and pencil over there; while I'm feeling decent for a change I'm going to do some figuring!"

Harworth obeyed, then he said:

"I think I'll go take in a movie. I feel stale."

When he had gone Stein sat shaking his head, then he muttered:

"Something's wrong with that boy. He's got something on his mind."

WHEN Louise opened the door Harworth, feeling very self-conscious, awkwardly took off his hat and smiled.

"Come in," said Louise.

He thought she looked frail and lovely. She had on a plain, dark blue suit which fitted her snugly, and her ash-blond hair was parted in the middle and combed very simply. She seemed thinner, paler.

"Just put your hat down any place. I haven't any maid now."

Harworth put his hat on a chair and followed Louise into the living-room. They sat down. Louise hesitated. Then she said:

"Were you surprised when I asked you to come over?"

"Well, in a way," said Harworth, keeping his eyes lowered. "You see, I've been intending to call you up. About Burne, I mean. How is he?"

"He's gone. He's gone to California."

"Gone. . . !" said Harworth, staring blankly.

Louise took a note from her coat pocket and handed it to Harworth. It read:

Dear Louise:

I've decided to do what I should have done two years ago. I know you'll be happier and I can't be any more miserable than I am. It's really awful to fall back on my parents but Mother has been very sick and so I've got a good excuse to go home.

My doctor bill, I understand, has been settled, thanks to Harworth. Please ask him the amount and I'll send it on to him (Papa's money). I'm very grateful to him. Please give him this score. I haven't anything else to give him.

Good-by, Louise. Write me care of the family at Pasadena, if you care to write. If not I'll think about you anyway and maybe that will help me over the rough spots I see ahead of me.

Yours,
ARTHUR

There was a long silence. Then Louise handed Harworth an orchestral score. It was called The Dead. Under the title Burne had written: "For Mr. F. Harworth, with sincere regards."

Harworth sat holding the score and looking at the carpet. He was touched. He didn't know what to say, and kept wetting his lips and clearing his throat.

Finally he said:

"I . . . I sure do appreciate this. I always thought Burne didn't like me. He always acted so funny."

"He didn't like you until he found out how nice you were."

HARWORTH blushed and sat looking at the score. The sight of the ruled lines filled with black notes dismayed him and he felt very ignorant and wished that he was educated so he could really appreciate things.

Louise sat looking at this big young man with the broad shoulders and the heavy jaw. She noted the careful crease in his trousers, the well-combed dark hair, the pale, determined face. Then she looked at his hands. They were pale too, but strong and hairy with a broad palm and short, blunt fingers. When she was a little girl her father's Italian gardener had had hands just like that.

"Poor Arthur," said Louise. "He's really very nice. But you never could depend on him."

"Gone away for good, is he?"

"Yes."

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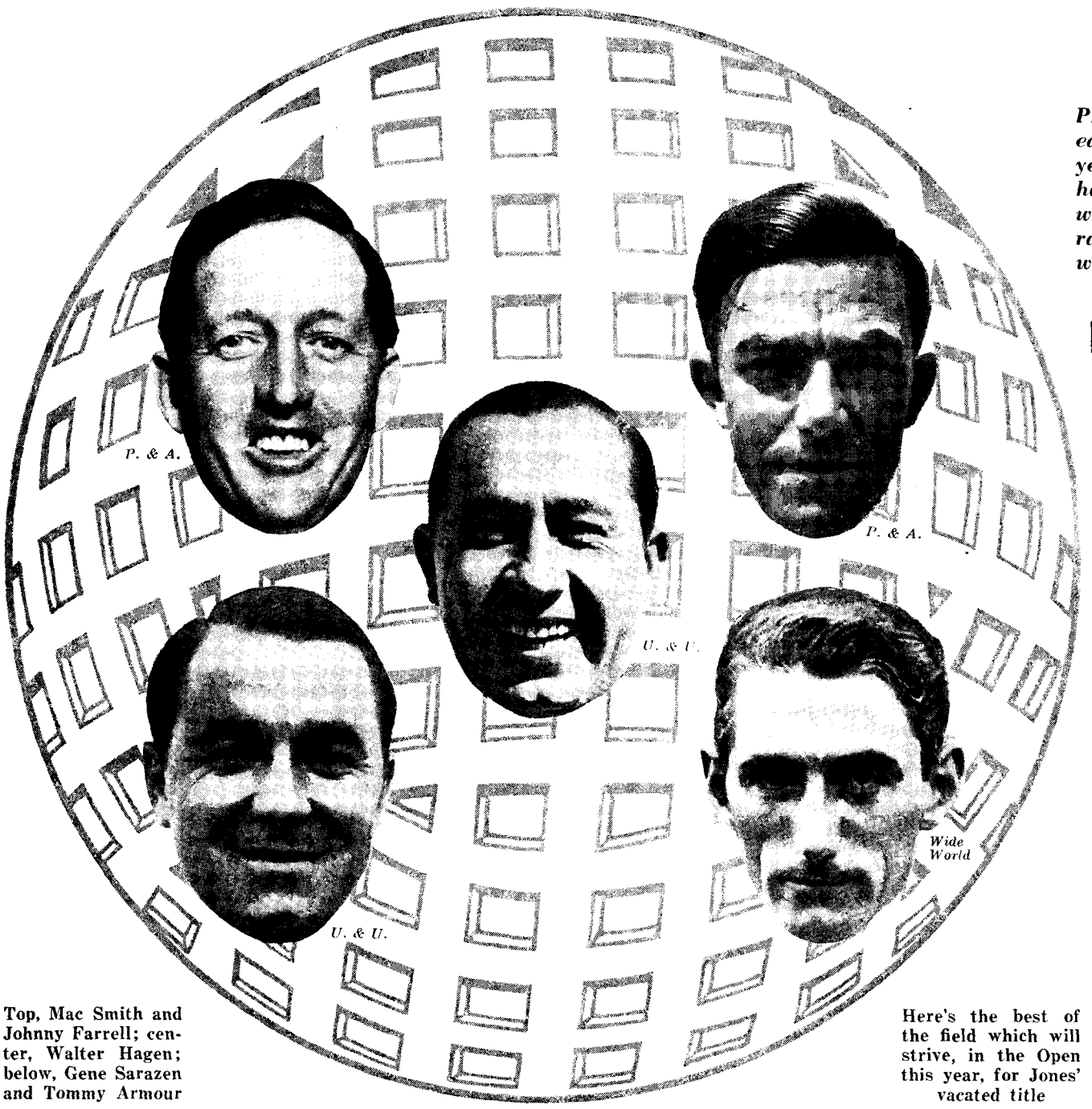

Top, Mac Smith and Johnny Farrell; center, Walter Hagen; below, Gene Sarazen and Tommy Armour

Here's the best of the field which will strive, in the Open this year, for Jones' vacated title

Open Heir

Professional golfers are breathing easy again for the first time in years. The reason—Bobby Jones has stepped aside to let someone else win the National Open title. We'd rather not tell you who that winner will be, but here are some tips on the contenders

By Grantland Rice

These golf championships are queer affairs. Mac Smith has been a brilliant golfer for more than twenty years. He has won any number of big-money tournaments from all-star fields. But when 1931 broke he had yet to win his first big national title.

If I had to name three men the field must beat they would be Mac Smith, Tommy Armour and Gene Sarazen. But when you consider such names as Walter Hagen, George Von Elm, Harry Cooper, John Golden, Ed Dudley, Joe Kirkwood, Willie MacFarlane, Bill Mehlhorn, Leo Diegel, Johnny Farrell and a strong British Ryder Cup team, plus ten or fifteen coming younger stars, you can see what the scramble soon becomes.

Sport's Greatest Drama

I often have been asked if there is any real excitement in following an Open championship. It is one of the most exciting competitions in sport. Twelve hundred start out to qualify. About 160 survive. Then, as the first round opens, the drama begins to build up. Some star gets away badly, to a 78 or an 80, and is on the ragged edge. Some barely known youth tears around in 71.

In the second round the field begins to narrow down. Facing the third round there may be from twelve to twenty who still have a chance. This is one of the hardest rounds of them all. A poor score here spells disaster. By one o'clock the big gallery is in a turmoil, trying to decide which stars to follow.

There may be only three or four now with a chance left. There may be ten or twelve, or even more. Scattered galleries begin to swing back and forth. Those with a chance to win are now playing with careworn faces. The nerve strain has been terrific for the better part of three days.

Any one stroke now may tell the story that means $40,000 to the winner. A thirty-foot putt for one of the leaders rolls into the cup. His gallery roars and its thunder barks across the course. Another leader watches a four-foot putt roll around the rim of the cup and refuse to drop. His gallery groans in sympathy. These may be the winning and the losing putts.

At Oakmont Harry Cooper seemed to be safer than the mint when his fine approach on the 71st hole stopped four feet from the cup. All he needed was 4-4 on the two finishing holes. He went for his 3, the ball rolled two feet by the tin and then he missed coming back. And Tommy Armour, with a 3 to tie on the last green, hit a great iron shot twelve feet from the pin and sank the putt, winning next day in the play-off.

Ohio will be the Buckeye battlefield this July. Following the Ryder Cup matches at Columbus late in June the Open starts at Inverness, Cleveland, on July 2d. It will stand out as one of the great competitions of the year. Picking the winner from at least twenty well-matched stars is a job to test any soothsayer.

NINE years ago at Skokie, Chicago, the professional winning the Open golf championship of the United States felt the hot breath of Bobby Jones on the back of his neck as the last putt dropped. That professional was Gene Sarazen.

From that day on through 1930 the best professional golfers in the world found themselves concentrating their attention and their attack against this same Bobby Jones. In those nine years Jones won four times and finished second four times. In two play-offs he was beaten each time by a stroke.

The broad-shouldered young Georgian cut the old odds against any lone starter from 7 to 1 to 2 to 1. The shadow of Jones fell across every star professional in the field. He was always on their minds. Most of them, instead of playing golf, were trying to play Jones.

At Inverness, Cleveland, in 1920, Jones entered the Open scene. It will be at Inverness in early July that for the first time in eleven years his shadow will be lifted and the big field, the 170 survivors of 1,200 preliminary starters, can turn from an individual back to the game itself.

The retirement of Bobby Jones from tournament play makes the next Open championship the most open event that golf has known in ten years. There is no longer one dominating star to carry the bulk of the public interest. It will be an all-around scramble with the British Ryder Cup team joining the race from July second through July fourth.

There will be a hundred in this field good enough to win. They all should play better golf than many of them have played before in this major test, the hardest championship test.

Sarazen led Jones by a stroke at Skokie. Cruickshank tied him at Inwood and then lost. Walker beat him at Birmingham, Michigan, in 1924. In 1925 the challenger was MacFarlane, who tied and won by a stroke. In 1926 at Scioto the last to fall was Joe Turnesa, only a stroke away. Farrell beat Jones in the play-off in 1928, Espinosa tied him in 1929 and Mac Smith pressed him in 1930.

The Ogre of the Open

Here were nine different professionals, all stars, stalking the shadow, but also there was Bobby Jones in each event. You can see how they must have felt about anyone who can be as persistent as Jones has been. The big show at Winged Foot in 1929 was an example. On his first round Jones went out in 38. They all began to cheer up. Not so good; maybe he was slipping after all. Then he came back in 31 for a 69 and then—well, what's the use? Later on he had to sink a sloping twelve-foot putt to tie Al Espinosa, after losing six strokes on the last six holes, but he sank it.

Last summer at Interlachen Bobby saved his big blast for the third round and all morning long the rest of the field could hear the roar and the hullabaloo of a big crowd cheering all around the course. This is no great mental help when you are facing a tough iron shot to the green or a five-foot putt.

But at Inverness this strain will be lifted. And there will be even more excitement with so many to pick from, with so many players who might easily make good. Among the list of former Open champions there will be Walter Hagen, Chick Evans, Jim Barnes, Gene Sarazen, Cyril Walker, Willie MacFarlane, Tommy Armour and Johnny Farrell.

Hagen won his first U. S. Open in 1914 and his last in 1919 at Brae Burn, but even after a twelve-year lapse on this side of the water he will get his full share of the big gallery that used to follow Jones. Hagen has been hitting the ball as well as ever.

Two other leading challengers from the ex-champions will be Gene Sarazen and Tommy Armour. Sarazen, full of fire and confidence, will be someone to follow and so will Tommy Armour of Detroit, one of the most consistent masters of wood and iron. And there is another entry who will take his share of the crowd. Twenty-one years ago, back in 1910, he tied for first place in the Open with his brother, Alex, and Jack McDermott. His name is Macdonald Smith.

Twenty years later Smith chased Bobby Jones to the last green at Hoylake and to the last green at Interlachen in the two big championships. Jones finally slammed the door in this long and gallant pursuit by sinking a forty-foot putt for a 3 on the last green. That's how good Mac Smith was in his fortieth year and he hasn't shown any signs of slipping.

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It's Harder to Start from the Top

The romance of a girl who had red hair—and lived up to it

By Stephen Morehouse Avery

Illustrated by Harry L. Timmins

THE pigeon-strut pomp of the Hotel Renton's little room clerk had collapsed by this time. "I've shown you seven suites, Miss Delano. There's only one left, higher up and facing east. You might like that."

Norah's shrug indicated that the possibility was remote. After five gay and carefree years among the bright places of Europe she was in no mood to like anything New York had to offer, not even if it were good. "We can look," she said. "If it faces east, that's something."

So they moved on once more—the little room clerk, Norah, Norah's spade-faced Czechoslovakian maid, and Norah's three pampered Pekingese pups. The room clerk was aware only of Norah. Norah was aware only of the lump of lead in her heart. The Pekingese were aware of other less well-behaved Pekingese which had padded along that same plush corridor, and the Czechoslovakian maid, from the look of her, was aware of nothing.

The higher-up suite facing east would do and Norah sank into its deepest chair, stretched out her long legs, pushed her hat off backwards, and made weak motions to be given a cigarette. The room clerk's professional observations were: she is about twenty-three; she has an amusing little nose, but her hair, if not actually red, is full of warning red lights; I'd like to kiss her but I'd hate to have to pay her bills; she is probably the Delano girl who got into the papers a few years ago by leaving the son of the governor of some New England state waiting at the church and bolting to Europe. "Shall I have your trunks sent up, Miss Delano?"

SHE nodded. "My trunk, you mean. The other seventeen of them are sitting down on the French Line pier and they can sit there until Mr. Milliken goes down and pays the duty. Will you ask downstairs if Mr. Milliken has telephoned for me yet?"

Norah had radioed Mr. Milliken from the Ile de France that she would put up at the Renton. She supposed his spite was satisfied now that he had dragged her back to all this bang, bad taste, beefsteak and Broadway. But for R. G. Milliken she might still be in Paris enjoying her favorite hock cup and partridge in a particular corner of the old Meurice. Her darling Dodo, none other than the young, landed, and pleasantly renegade Lord Chiswick himself, would be beaming adoration and coronets across the table at her. Or she might soon be having tea and toast and mountain honey in a chalet on the white-clad side of a Swiss Alp with the prospect before her of a thrilling homeward ski run beside her darling but dignified Baron von Thunfeld, whom she chose to call "Tooner."

And she might soon after be dangerously swooning through a Viennese waltz and a Mediterranean midnight in the arms of Commandante Principe Aureliano di Tuliaferno, better known, to Norah at least, as Beppo. "Listen to me, Noramina. An' look at me. Like—so. I want to tell you 'bout your eyes which catch all the lights of night and about your hair which is the red gold of old Perugia. Yes, like so. I haf such a sympatie for you, Noramina. I lof you. I real true do."

BUT Mr. Milliken's depressing cablegrams, trailing her from the grouse moors of Scotland to the sands of Biarritz, had spoiled it all. "Business outlook continues bad—Advise earliest possible return New York—Milliken." They had been mild enough at first and could be ignored but they became angrier as time went on and ended with a vicious ultimatum: "Marry somebody—Starve—Or come home—Blast you—Will not forward another cent." And that was the sort of grim and stingy old Scrooge to whom a girl's well-meaning father had entrusted entire supervision of her income and control of all her lovely Delano-Milliken Fire Clay Products shares.

Norah watched Marya begin to unpack her bags, removing first of all her three large pictures of Dodo, Tooner, and Beppo. "Put the darlings on my dressing-table, Marya. I ought to have married one of them, don't you think? Dodo looks quite intelligent on a horse and Beppo dances the tango like a lovelorn vaquero. But I am a little afraid of Beppo, Marya. He is too violent and too rich for a European. I heard stories about him when I was in Milan."

"Um," said Marya. That was all she ever said or could say, apparently. She gave Norah the clamoring telephone. "Um!"

"Yes, I know," replied Norah. "That is R. G. Milliken."

Before the entrance of a big, ugly lower Broadway building she paid off her taxi and went inside to wait for the old man and her disagreeable fate. She did not have to wait for it. One seldom does. He crossed the lobby from the cigar counter immediately, shook hands with her and, as a reluctant afterthought, kissed her awkwardly. "So you finally got here, Norah. Glad of it. Load off my mind."

Old man Milliken was bigger, older, grayer and grimmer even than she remembered him. They got into an elevator to go up to the Bankers Club for luncheon. That was Norah's suggestion. R. G. Milliken's suggestion had been Tony's. In the elevator he seemed preoccupied and ill at ease. "You're looking well, Norah. D'you have an exciting time on the boat? Or weren't there any loose men?"

"The only one who tried to be loose I put in his place soon enough," she said. "Just because I was alone on the deck one night he thought he had an invitation to come and talk to me. That's the way with these forcing young American business men. No subtlety, or finesse, or tact. When I told this one I didn't like him, he followed me all the way around the deck berating me as a

Norah watched Marya remove the pictures. "Put the darlings on my dressing-table, Marya. I ought to have married one of them, don't you think?"

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damned little expatriate wastrel . . . I don't see anything funny about it, Mr. Milliken."

"Maybe not," said the old man. "But if you see me grinning these days, for any reason, you'd better let me make the best of it. What else did the feller say?"

"He said plenty else. He said he'd only meant to be human and friendly and that, if he'd noticed I had red hair, he wouldn't have spoken to me in the first place. So you see what he was. My hair is not red. Perhaps I'll meet a nice one when I go back."

"If you're not too old," added R. G. Milliken. "You're broke, Norah. So am I. Delano-Milliken is in receivership and the conditions of the trust prevented my saving you. I saw about forty dollars in your handbag, enough to pay your hotel bill, buy ham and eggs for a few days, and pay subway fares while you look for a job."

Five minutes later, when the first show of pink came back to her cheeks and a faint gay light to her eyes, she just said: "All right." She fished in her handbag and pulled out a five-dollar bill. "Here. We'll go fifty-fifty on this luncheon check."

Old man Milliken leaned forward with his chin resting on his doubled fist, in a manner which used to terrify her when she was little. He tossed the money back to her. "Your hair is red all right, Norah. Or damn' near it. For the first time in your impudent, good-for-nothing young life I am willing to admit that you are a Delano."

With his ebony stick and his rimless monocle and his dashing opera cape, Beppo was no small sensation

CLIMBING the dark stairway to her hall room above a Lexington Avenue florist shop after eight days of being shown out, pushed out, or thrown out of what seemed to her half the offices in New York, Norah didn't care whether she was a Delano or a chimpanzee. Being a Delano didn't help her craving, not for hock cup and partridge, but for beefsteak and even onions which consumed her from the crown of her rain-spattered Paris hat to the soles, now threatening a hole under each big toe, of her English street shoes. Norah had exactly nine American pennies and two French fifty-centime pieces left in the world and she hadn't eaten, really eaten, but once in the last three days.

The once was when she happened into Betty Newlands in front of an upper Fifth Avenue shop where Betty was buying evening slippers and where Norah had been asking for a job in the hosiery department. Betty suggested, "as long as one had to be bored with eating," that they pop into a grill-room for a quick bite.

"And, Norah darling, do tell me what Chanel is showing and how far below the knee the Patou day frocks are and all about this heavenly Englishman who's been dangling castles and titles before your blasé eyes and. . . ."

Norah had got in her order for soup, two lamb chops, peas, salad, and pie and was willing to consider this glamorous description of her dear old Dodo, who, as a matter of fact, was not glamorous but just stupid and sweet and British. She smiled, remembering his cablegram which she'd picked up at her American banker's forwarding address. He threatened, unless she took the next boat back to Europe, to come over and "fetch" her.

Of course there had been characteristic cables from Tooner and Beppo too, Tooner's restrained and formal, Beppo's extravagantly offering to "sweem the ocean." She'd often wondered what was behind Beppo's colorful threats. "I steal for you, Noramina. I keel for you, if she is necessaire. I carry you off to Milano."

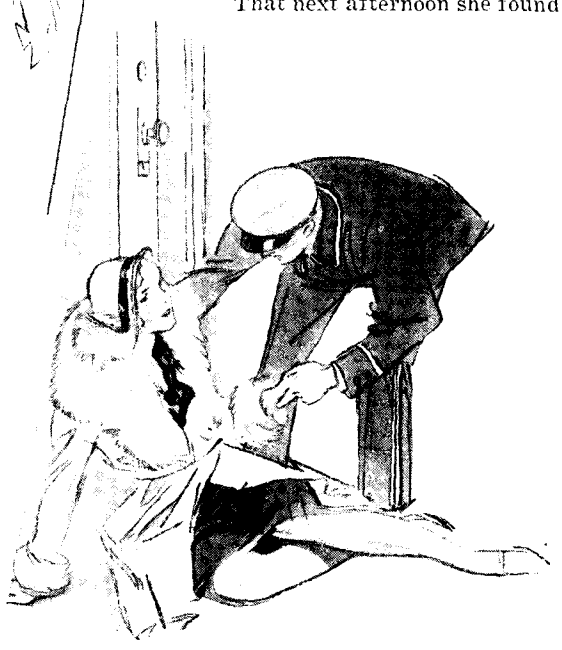
WELL, she would have welcomed being fetched or even carried off to Milano now. She unlocked her hall-room door hopelessly and turned on the dim light. Gaining her dresser through the aisle of room space left by her bed, her trunk and her bags, she found an envelope addressed to her in old man Milliken's hand. It contained ten dollars.

She shook her head and wrote a brief note: "Thanks, but I don't need this. Am getting along fine." She would have very nearly stolen ten dollars just then from anybody else.

But she had to go it alone as far as any help from the world of New York she had once known was concerned. Something had happened to it. It wasn't there. The Park Avenue apartments were subrented or empty. The Island and Westchester places were deserted. Those who remained, when she mentioned getting a job, were either discouraging or painfully humorous. Harvey Beekman was glad to take the three Pekes to the country and Mitzi Caldwell would be delighted to take over Marya but . . . no, she was sure John had too many girls in the office already. After all, a girl couldn't ask them out and out for money or food.

With her hair free, and undressed down to stockings and those simple, cream-white underthings which turned her into a sort of rounded Peter Pan, Norah gave way to her exhaustion and rested back on the bed for a moment. She was wondering what her Dodo and her Tooner and her Beppo would think if they could . . . well, not if they could see her exactly, but if they knew she was alone and actually hungry and thoroughly frightened. She began thinking of all the men she knew. Some of them loved her, or thought they did, and she loved all of them, in a way. Some day . . . there it was again . . . some day there would be someone and then she would just hold up her arms, close her eyes, draw a deep breath, and that would be that.

Norah awakened with a start. Her small traveling clock said 2:30 A. M. She jumped up and hurried into her nightgown and went to open the window and fix the shutter. The weirdness of the momentarily empty street held her there and a sudden terror came in to her with the cold night air, as if all those black masses of concrete which blocked her every avenue of view could actually close in and crush her. It was her second impression of New York. A fire engine siren screamed, like a cry of despair. Norah crept into bed.



SHE lived for almost ten days after that on a diet of crackers, cheese and milk and during that time she sold, for a few dollars all told, her clock, her perfume bottles, her hand mirror, anything she had that the man over on the corner of Third Avenue would buy. Oh, if she had only brought a jewel or two in with her in that one lone trunk! She paid her room rent by the sale of her fitted bag and on assurance that she'd been promised a job next day. She'd promised it to herself. She was still hopeful, very hopeful in fact, and felt sure that if she just kept on going into enough business buildings and trying all the promising offices, and some of the unpromising ones, something eventually was sure to happen. So far nothing had happened. If the people listened to her at all, they stopped listening when she admitted she couldn't even type, or some older woman employee, glancing at her still unmistakable clothes, suggested it wasn't a very good time to take up the "working girl fad."

That next afternoon she found herself in the Importers Exchange Building on Madison Avenue and she had pretty well exhausted its possibilities as well as her own.

THE name, Harvester-Brooks, Importers, and a list of foreign offices in Hamburg, Milan, Paris, London, on each of several doors caught her eye. She stood trying to decide which was the entrance and finally put out her hand for a doorknob and one last try. Then all the doors, the whole corridor in fact, began spinning wildly around her head. She slipped into an almost welcome darkness.

Norah found herself sitting rather ludicrously on the floor with her skirt scandalously up and an Irish elevator boy bending over her solicitously. "What a nose dive you took, little one! Have you been to the old speakeasy, or did you trip?"

(Continued on page 39)

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and here are the reasons *why* it tastes so good:

THAT unusually delicious, satisfying taste did not happen by accident. There are mighty good reasons for it, some of which are found in these startling facts about ingredients.

"26 Miles of Milk" Every Day

It takes 565,000 pounds of whole milk per day to supply the malted milk for the center, the cream for the caramel and the milk for the milk chocolate That amount of milk in a solid line of pint bottles, standing one against the other, would reach over 26 miles!

Mars, Incorporated uses approximately 28,000 pounds of finest malted milk every day.

This exceptional milk content accounts in large measure for Milky Way's delicious taste, and also for its being so easily and quickly digested.

Chocolate Coating—100 Tons Daily

Perhaps you know something of the difference in grades of chocolate. There's only one grade that will do for Mars products, the very finest . . . the same, in fact, that is used for coating the most expensive confections you can buy. The milk chocolate coating of chocolate Milky Way has the highest milk content that can be used successfully for this purpose.

For flavoring the centers of chocolate Milky Way, approximately ten thousand pounds (five tons) of finest cocoa are used each day.

Did you know, for instance, that Milky Way is made with eggs? 240 thousand freshly laid eggs are used each day by Mars, Inc. And would you have guessed that this "Community of Candy Makers" uses over one third of the nation's production of Malted Milk?

No Wonder They Taste so Fresh!

Each shipment of ingredients comes to the Mars kitchens, not from storage warehouses, but fresh as can be, *direct from producer*, and each is used the same day it arrives. Within a few hours, it is on its way to you in finished form. There is no storage space at the Mars plant, either for materials or for finished products. Milky Ways move, without lost motion, right to the dealer where you get them . . . always deliciously fresh.

Freshness is still further assured by the waxed wrapper and the extra thick, air-tight chocolate coating.

But there's a better reason still why you're sure of getting them fresh. They sell so fast that the dealer must keep new supplies on the way constantly. They sell faster than any candy ever offered for sale. No wonder they taste fresh. They *are!*

You Should See Those Mars Kitchens

If you could visit the "Community of Candy Makers," you certainly would understand why Milky Way tastes so good. You would see for yourself the wonderful attention paid to quality, purity and wholesomeness. You would see the chemists testing ingredients . . . for every shipment must come up to the high Mars standards of purity and quality or be rejected You would marvel at the wholesomeness of the surroundings . . . those immaculate, airy, sunlit kitchens. They seem to be all windows. Automatically, the air is washed and completely changed every few minutes. In short, there could hardly be more ideal conditions for candy making.

And Don't Forget the Workers

There's one of the most important factors of all . . . the skill of those remarkable men and women who make Milky Way. Without their intelligence and whole-hearted co-operation, the unusual ingredients and high quality would mean nothing.

Summing up, Milky Way has *every* reason to taste good. Yes, and every reason to be wholesome and healthful. It is approved by doctors, dietitians and careful mothers. It is the ideal candy for growing children, and *how they like it!* Have *you* tasted it? If you haven't, you're missing something. If you have, just imagine how good one would taste right now!

MARS, INCORPORATED, CHICAGO, ILL.

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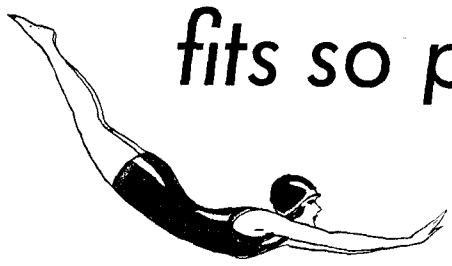
K E E P T R I M K E E P F I T S W I M !

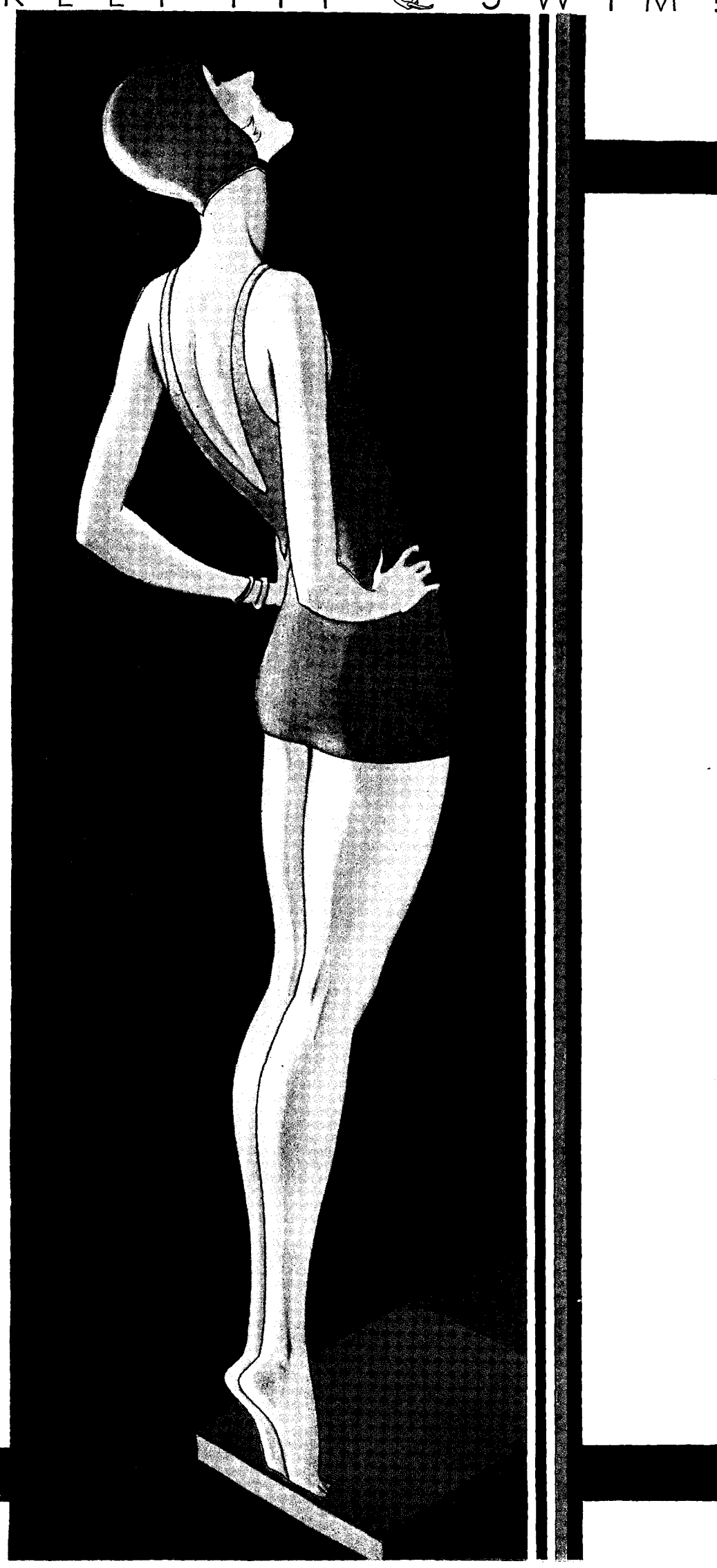
Only a Jantzen fits so perfectly



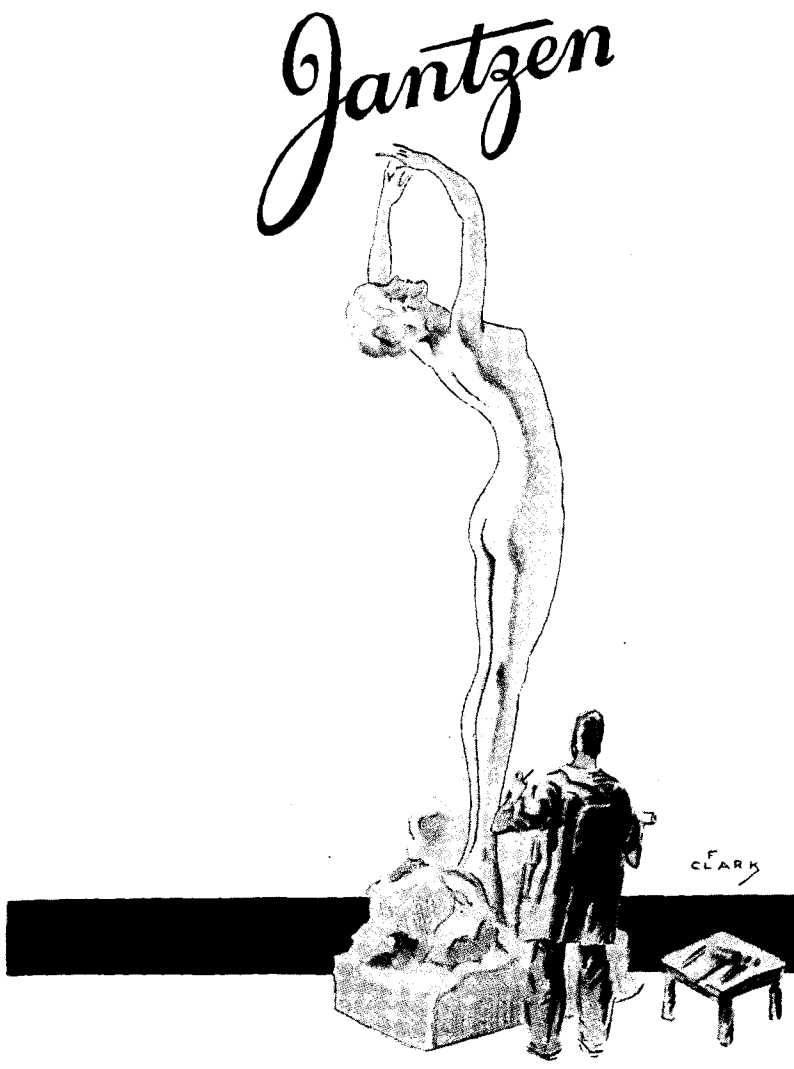
So smoothly does a Jantzen fit that it stands apart as a strikingly individual swimming suit.

You appreciate a Jantzen, naturally, for its style-correctness, its authentic colors. But your intense appreciation really comes to you in the water. A Jantzen is always a *swimming* suit. The appeal of its permanent perfect fit is universal. A Jantzen never sags or binds. It never wrinkles, wet or dry. Yes—*it really is easier to swim in a Jantzen.*

You'll find the famous red Diving Girl on every genuine Jantzen. Your weight is your size. Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Ore.; Vancouver, Canada; London, Eng.; Sydney, Australia.



Jantzen



JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS, (Dept 1151), Portland, Oregon. Please send me style folder in colors featuring 1931 models. Womens ☐ Mens ☐

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Four-Legged Midgets

Meet Little Tough Guy, the water buffalo, and Pelandok, the mouse deer. They're charming little fellows. You'll want to take them home with you, but you can't have them

By Frank Buck with Edward Anthony

Illustrated by Herman Rountree

THE animal kingdom, like the world of humans, has its midgets —miniatures that frequently are more interesting than the larger species to which they are related.

In the many years I have devoted to collecting living creatures of all kinds for the zoos and circuses I have encountered three animal midgets of outstanding interest. These are the anoa or pygmy water buffalo, the chevrotain or mouse deer, and the honey bear. Each a pocket edition of a larger species, they comprise a trio that has never ceased to fascinate me. Having discussed the honey bear in a recent article, I shall confine myself in these paragraphs to the other two.

Perhaps the most arresting single fact concerning the anoa is that he is the strongest animal in the world for his size. The smallest of the bovines—a full-grown male standing about three feet high and weighing not much over 200 pounds—this little-known animal is capable of prodigious feats of strength.

To give you an idea of how much of a pygmy the anoa is, let me cite that it is not unusual for the Asiatic water buffalo, of which he is a pocket edition, to attain a weight of well over a ton.

This tiny member of the buffalo family is brownish black in color, with a small white blaze on the throat. As the males grow older they get darker, eventually taking on a coal blackness. This does not apply to the females (who, by the way, rarely reach a height exceeding two and a half feet); these ladies retain their original color. The anoa's horns stand up straighter than those of the regular water buffalo and though much smaller they are nevertheless formidable weapons.

Nature Hides Her Freaks

About ten years ago I found myself preparing to leave for the Island of Celebes, a Dutch possession located due east of Borneo. This is the only place in the world where the anoa is to be found. I had an order for a pair of these odd miniatures from Dr. William T. Hornaday, then Director of the New York Zoölogical Park. Dr. Hornaday was ever on the lookout for the rare and unusual. A live anoa had never been seen in America and it was his ambition to add the first available specimens to the fine collection of bovines on exhibit in the famous zoo which he headed for so many years.

I accepted the order with misgivings. Whenever I am asked to bring to this country an animal that has never been seen on our shores my first reaction is, "Thanks for the compliment." My second is one in which my pleasure over the faith displayed in my ability to deliver the goods is suddenly submerged in a sea of doubts.

It is not that I lack confidence but that I am keenly aware of the difficulties attendant upon securing and delivering—alive—a little-known species.

Before leaving Singapore, my Asiatic headquarters, for Celebes I thought it wouldn't be a bad idea to determine just where on this big island (which is over 300 miles long and almost as wide at its widest point) the anoa made his home. Not until I started making my inquiries did I realize how little is known—even among the animal traders of Malaya—about these curious freaks. The first three men I consulted—real experts who had dealt in animals all their lives—all agreed that the anoa was to be found only in Celebes but each named a different part of the island as the creature's grazing ground. The fourth, who, it developed, knew nothing at all about the species, thought it best to give any old answer instead of none and advised me to try Borneo.

I resorted to a very old and simple method. On the way to Java, my first stop en route to Macassar, the principal port of Celebes, I made inquiries of everyone who looked sociable in an effort to find a person who could give me some reliable information. These inquiries yielded nothing. However, on the way from Surabaya, Java, to Macassar I learned from a Eurasian ship steward that there was a Dutch resident on the west coast of Celebes who, while traveling on the same boat, had mentioned a strange little animal—a sort of dwarf buffalo—that was to be found in his district. Everyone thought that this was an animal the Dutch resident had seen in his cups, and there had been much joking about it. The more irreverent passengers, according to the steward, pressed the Dutchman for information as to whether one could not also find in Celebes a pygmy rhinoceros—and a diminutive elephant that could be worn as a watch-charm. The resident finally silenced his hecklers by producing a picture of his midget buffalo, which, as described by the steward, convinced me that I would be taking no great chance in trying the West Coast first. I have run down fine specimens of all kinds on the strength of slimmer tips than this.

I put in at Macassar and from there made my way up the west coast on a small inter-island trading schooner. It developed on my arrival that the steward's information had been correct. The anoa was fairly well known on the West Coast and was believed to be moderately plentiful in certain districts about fifty miles inland. With half a dozen experienced native animal boys to help me, I set out for the interior.

How to Catch Anoas

After following several false leads and wasting three days in fruitless wanderings, we located the grazing ground of a herd of anoas. As there was no precedent for the method of trapping them, I decided as an experiment to build a big corral and try to lure some of the wary animals into it. The corral, built of three-inch stakes of bamboo, the strongest fencing material in that part of the world, covered an area of nearly half an acre and required several

(*Continued on page 28*)

The anoa, hitting the buck amidships with a tremendous butt, raised it right off the ground

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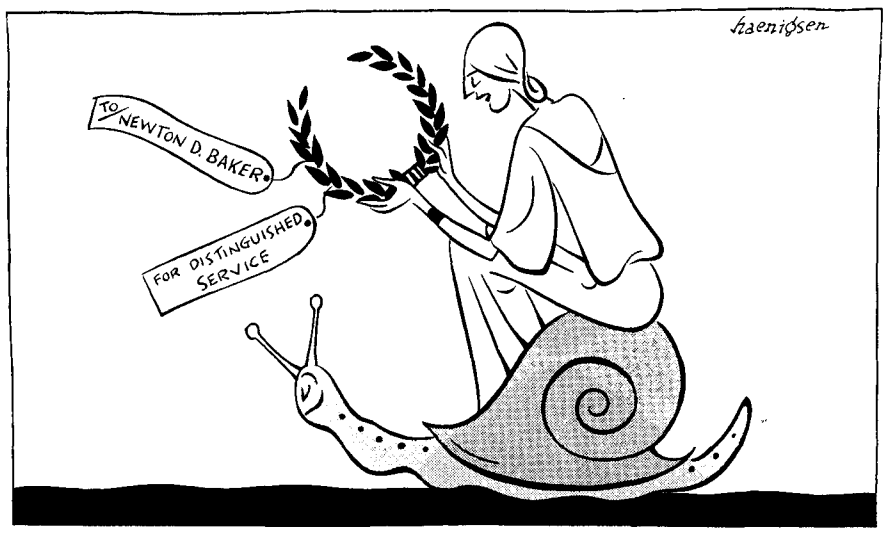

Post-War Hero

By the Gentleman at the Keyhole

FAME plays odd tricks with men's names. And with no one has it dealt more curiously than it has with Newton D. Baker of Ohio. Recently I was talking of Mr. Baker to a distinguished member of the bar in New York. He said: "If we were naming the three or four greatest lawyers in the country we should have to put Mr. Baker on the list." A few days later I read a review by an American general of General Pershing's book about the war. He called Mr. Baker the greatest of American secretaries of war.

Yet one has to go back only fifteen years or even less to recall that Mr. Baker as Secretary of War was one of the most derided of public men. I remember instructions from an editor, when this country was about to enter the war, to find out whether President Wilson would not, as a necessary step to make the preparations effective, get rid of his Secretary of War.

The whole Wilson cabinet suffered from detraction. It looks like a brilliant galaxy now in the light of cabinets that have succeeded it. But the chief organs of publicity then, as now, were Republican, and they regarded a Democratic administration as a crime against nature.

There were, however, special reasons for Baker's unpopularity. The European war was on—we had not yet entered it—and there was an influential war party in the United States. The Anglophile East wanted the United States to shake a martial fist at Germany. And if you want to know how Anglophile this country was you should read one of Major Archie Butt's recently published letters about the arbitration treaty with England proposed in the Taft administration.

Too Many Treaties

According to Butt, whose relations with President Taft were confidential, Secretary of State Hay looked on his treaty as one of those hands-across-the-sea things, a virtual *entente* with England.

When the French wanted a similar treaty with us Hay was annoyed. But when the Germans desired one too, Taft, Hay and the whole cabinet were disgusted. So in the early days of the European war there was a lively propaganda for an increased military establishment. Lindley Garrison, then Mr. Wilson's Secretary of War, joined the preparedness advocates. Wilson declined to support him and Garrison resigned amid a loud outcry from the pro-war party.

Baker succeeded him in the War Department. That is, he came in at the worst possible time, when a man who had been the hero of the richest, most influential, most socially prominent persons in the country had been forced out.

The loud voice of Theodore Roosevelt led the war claque. General Leonard Wood, a Roosevelt officer with his Plattsburg camps, always more or less insubordinate, contributed to the propaganda. Henry Cabot Lodge, the leading Republican, rich, socially important, an old friend of Hay's and an Anglophile, hating Wilson with extraordinary bitterness, spread a great deal of poison.

The Republican press took its cue from these men. So the new Secretary of War was sure of a bad reception, and he got it.

A Presidential Possibility

Economic prejudice also entered into the detraction of the new Secretary. Politically he belonged to a group about as popular in the East as the La Follettes have been. He had been an ally of Tom L. Johnson, the radical mayor of Cleveland. Like most liberals he inclined toward pacifism and the war party wanted a swashbuckler.

Mr. Baker was small in stature and that added to his disqualifications. He used very skillful English which smacked of books. And that made him remote. If you want to be accepted in politics, use negligent, everyday English which does not cut you apart from the average mass.

After the war he went into the practice of law in Cleveland. He soon came to be known as having one of the finest legal minds in the country. Success had the usual chemical effect upon his reputation. He came to be recognized as one of the greatest orators of the country. He was made a judge of the Hague Court, the international tribunal. Wilson's fame grew and his with it.

The war left no national heroes, the generals being all professional soldiers. So the decried Secretary of War is coming to be more than anybody else the hero of the war.

He is not an active candidate for the Democratic nomination for President next year, but he is one of the three or four men whose names are uppermost in everyone's mind as a possibility.

If the Democratic candidate does not come from New York, he is likely to come from Ohio, because next to New York, Ohio is the most important state for the Democrats to carry and because the strongest candidates live either in New York or Ohio. And if the Democratic convention goes to Ohio for a candidate, after a fruitless struggle over New York, Mr. Baker is its likeliest choice.

Four-Legged Midgets

Continued from page 27

days of hard work by myself and all my helpers. When it was done, I prepared the bait which I hoped would lure my prizes into the trap. Carefully I strewed along the ground leading to the corral's open swinging door a mash made of sweet potatoes, *padi* rice, tapioca root and green grass, a combination guaranteed to tempt any bovine. It took us two weeks to make our first catch—a fine, husky young male. Ten days later we landed a female. Our efforts during the next fortnight or so to pick up a few more specimens were unavailing. A drought had set in and the herd started migrating to better feeding grounds.

Our female pygmy gave us no trouble at all. She behaved like a lady. The male, however—who later became known as Little Tough Guy—resented his captivity and at regular intervals tried to do something about it. Head lowered, he would come charging at the bamboo fence, seemingly hopeful of butting it to pieces. At that, he succeeded in shaking loose some of the strong three-inch uprights, which, driven into the ground and lashed together with rattan peelings, formed the walls of his prison. This was quite a feat for so small an animal.

A Bantam Bully

The next step was to drive each of our captives into a native-made log cage, the approach to which was strewn with the same kind of mash we had used before. Hunger weakens judgment and our pygmies fell for the device again, the lady being quite docile—even seemingly perfectly content—about it. Little Tough Guy, however, didn't like his new home at all and lost no time in making it clear what he thought of cage life. Again he tried to butt his way to freedom, snorting furiously as he charged the logs that held him captive.

Little Tough Guy finally began to calm down. He remained restless and sullen throughout the journey back to Singapore but he had the good grace to leave off trying to batter his cage apart.

It hardly paid me to make the trip just for the anoas. Before leaving Macassar, which is the great shipping center for scores of small islands of the Malay Archipelago, I decided to pick up a number of birds for which I had orders. To Macassar, birds of all kinds—including the rarest and most valuable—are brought in by traders and this was a perfect opportunity to do a little shopping.

By the time I was ready to leave Macassar for Singapore I had assembled a remarkable collection that included fine examples of the yellow-backed lory, the Papuan lory, the racquet-tailed parrakeet (with its curious tail that resembles a tennis racquet), the eclectus parrot (the only species of bird known to science whose females are more highly colored than the males) and the Victoria crown pigeon, the largest and most beautiful member of the pigeon family.

In those days—several years before I established my sheds and shelters in the near-by suburb of Katong—I maintained a compound in the Orchard Road section of Singapore. Here I deposited Little Tough Guy, along with the other specimens I had brought out of Celebes.

Shortly after my return to Singapore I turned Little Tough Guy loose in a fenced enclosure at the compound that I used for grazing bovines, antelopes, deer and other grass-eating animals—a piece of ground covering about four acres. Then I did a job of lassoing on him. I got two separate nooses around his neck, three boys grabbing one rope and three grabbing the other. Each gang pulled its rope out straight until it was held taut at right angles with the animal's body. The two ropes, stretched out in one long line, prevented him from charging at anyone and enabled the boys to work him up and down the lot. The idea was to show him who was boss and to tame him down sufficiently so that he could be led out into this enclosure from his stall without a riot resulting each morning.

These boys succeeded only for a short time in manipulating Little Tough Guy in this fashion. Inside of fifteen minutes he was dragging all six of them all over the lot. It finally took ten boys weighing altogether about 1,200 pounds to hold his mere 200 pounds of bristling muscle.

After working with him for about two weeks we got Little Tough Guy to the point where he would submit—not too graciously—to being led out of his stall. This was not a regular box stall but one that was merely marked off by a few stout bamboo poles.

In one of the adjoining stalls I had a full-grown Indian nilgai buck, a fine specimen of this largest of all Asiatic antelopes. Little Tough Guy decided he didn't like this animal, which, with its doe, shared the fenced-in grazing ground with him. More than once, L. T. G., in being led out, would lower his head as he passed the buck and, edging over, try to get at him, much in the manner of a scrappy bantam cock looking for a fight.

My rowdy from Celebes was certainly willing to concede plenty of height and weight to the antelope, for this nilgai, in addition to towering over him—it stood five feet at the shoulder mark—weighed about 350 pounds. Little Tough Guy looked ridiculous beside him, almost giving the impression that he could walk right under the nilgai's belly.

The buck and doe discreetly kept their distance. They remained as far away from where Little Tough Guy was tied as the fences of the compound permitted.

The Buck Passes

One day as I was working around the compound I heard one of the boys frantically calling. Waving me toward the enclosure, he breathlessly shouted that the anoa had snapped his rope and was attacking the buck.

I made for the lot on the run and arrived in time to see the pygmy buffalo, head lowered, lunge at the antelope, which prepared, like the capable fighter he is when aroused, to meet the charge face to face. The anoa, to avoid the nilgai's formidable horns, swerved to one side and, hitting the buck amidships with a tremendous butt, raised it right off the ground.

The nilgai, in self-defense, prepared to do a little charging himself. It looked like a head-on collision between a big freight locomotive and a narrow-gauge switch engine. But the anoa swerved adroitly to one side as before, again striking the foe amidships but this time with terrific force. His horns buried themselves in the antelope's belly.

Then I witnessed one of the strangest sights of my whole career. The anoa, with the buck impaled on his horns, lifted the enemy straight upward—an almost incredible performance for so small an animal—and then shook himself free from his burden.

The antelope—while the cowering doe

(Continued on page 30)

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"Mobiloil è durabile!" That's the way the Italian motorist says "Mobiloil stands up!" In any country, in any climate, on any road, Mobiloil will always stand up. That's why Mobiloil is the world's leading oil.

. . *in Italy or Indiana* fidget at 10 . . . fly at 70

What does the ability of an oil to "**stand up**" really mean? Advertising claims? No! The ability to **stand up** must be built into an oil. "**Stand up**" is something you can prove in your own car.

Mobiloil will **stand up** in your engine mile after mile—whatever the pounding pace, whatever the road, whatever the climate. Mobiloil's rugged body will take the punishment of any driving you can give it, and take it **standing up.**

Mobiloil **stands up** because it's made, not found. The most modern lubricant plants in the world make Mobiloil. The most famous process—the Vacuum Process—refines it from specially selected crudes. Improvement after improvement has increased Mobiloil's ability to **stand up** under heat, under wear, under speed, under mileage.

Give the dealer who recommends Mobiloil credit for having your interest genuinely at heart. He has probably passed up the tempting extra profit on some other oil because he knows how unfailingly Mobiloil will **stand up** in your engine. See him today.

We invite you to listen to the Mobiloil Concert, broadcast each Wednesday evening at 8:30, Eastern Daylight Saving Time, from WEAF and 29 associated stations.

Mobiloil stands up

because it is Made . . not Found

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

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looked on—hit the ground like a sack of cement and stayed there, moaning. His belly ripped wide open, he lay gasping his last. Yet the anoa—battle-crazed—was all for making another charge by way of giving the thing finality. I came up in time to prevent this last brutal assault. With the aid of several boys I managed to get a new rope over the anoa's horns and we finally got the bantam-weight champion of the animal world back in his stall.

Ironically enough, a few days later I found Little Tough Guy cringing in a corner of his stall in abject terror. Not many yards away there was an open crate in which I had housed a porcupine. This harmless little fellow—he weighed exactly seven pounds—was rattling his quills in the manner characteristic of his species. L. T. G. trembled all over, his legs positively shaking as the porcupine went through these innocent maneuvers. The anoa was struggling to get as far away as possible from the placid little creature that so obviously filled him with fright.

This gave me an idea. Thereafter whenever Little Tough Guy got tough I placed a porcupine near him. Almost instantaneously I would get results.

Some months later I delivered Little Tough Guy and his female companion to Dr. Hornaday, who was delighted with having the first anoas ever seen alive in America.

I was glad to please the noted director of the New York Zoölogical Park but I secretly vowed never to handle another of those pesky creatures. I changed my mind, however, when Dr. Penrose, then head of the Philadelphia Zoo, decided that he also wanted a pair. I couldn't turn down so good a friend. The following year Dr. Penrose had his anoas. A calf was born to the female en route—and this I sold to Dr. Hornaday.

The only anoas ever seen in America besides these five are their descendants—and there haven't been many of them.

A Hero of Legend

And now for a word about the mouse deer, loveliest of all jungle miniatures, whose principal habitat is the Malay Archipelago. It is a tiny deerlike animal, which, full-grown, varies in height from about ten to twelve inches. It has a beautiful soft coat of a fawn color that sometimes borders on the reddish. Its little legs are no bigger around than a cigarette, its tiny cloven hoofs covering no more space than a dime. A timid creature, walking with queer, stiff-

Four-Legged Midgets

Continued from page 28

legged, tiptoeing gait, it seems positively unreal—the product of some poet's feverish brain.

Yet it is very real, as anyone who knows the Malay country can tell you. He is the "spittin' image" of the ordinary deer in all details except that the bucks of the mouse-deer family have no antlers.

You're a confirmed zoo-goer, you say, yet you've never seen a mouse deer? That's quite understandable. The Bureau of Animal Industry of the Department of Agriculture bars them as it does all other Asiatic ruminants as possible carriers of such bovine diseases as rinderpest and foot-and-mouth disease.

The mouse deer is the hero of Malay legend. The Malays—to whom he is known as Pelandok—endow him with a supernatural cunning. Their fairy tales are not concerned with physical prowess. Pelandok, the hero of all these brave tales, is a gallant knight who depends on outwitting rather than outfighting the foe. He never unseats a rival except with a mental thrust.

Some five or six years ago Pelandok figured in the events of a day that gave me a better picture of the Malay mind than anything that ever happened to me before—or since. I was walking along the tree-lined road that leads from Port Swettenham, principal shipping point of the Federated Malay States, to the village of Klang, about five miles away. My boys were at a temporary compound I had established on the outskirts of this village, looking after some tigers we had trapped in the neighboring jungles, and I was on my way to join them.

Unable to secure a horse-drawn *gharri* and not caring to travel by rickscha except when the distance is comparatively short, I decided to make the journey on foot. Having hoofed it between these points on several occasions, I can say with a fair amount of authority that this is one of the finest walks in the world. You make your way over a road that is perfectly shaded on both sides. It is built right on the edge of the jungle.

Halfway to Klang I ran into a *sati* man (vender of bits of charcoal-roasted meat) around whose portable restaurant a group of eight or nine Malays sat, characteristically, on their haunches. The *sati* man, Malay equivalent of our hot-dog vender, greeted me with a friendly, "*Tabek, tuan.*" (Good day, master.) The others, equally friendly, greeted me also; and as I was growing hungry I decided that this would be a good place to stop for food.

I squatted down with the others and ordered some food. The fellow got busy in regulation fashion. Taking a number of straws on which small bits of meat had been strung, he started preparing my meal. With one hand he held the meat over the charcoal, with the other he worked a fan by way of keeping the coals red hot. As each string of meat was cooked he handed it to me. I in turn dipped it into the common saucepan containing a fiery gravy and ate with my fingers in native fashion. As I finished each unit I placed the straw beside me so that when I had ended my meal the man could count them and know how much I owed him.

Jungle Yes-Men

The food was excellent and I kept saying, "*Kasi, lagi.*" (Give me some more.)

As I sat there on my haunches, dunking and eating, there reached my ears from the heavy jungle at our backs a gentle tapping, followed by an answering series of taps, like faint drumbeats—unmistakable signs of one mouse deer signaling to another.

"*Pelandok!*" cried one of the Malays.

"*Shah Alam di Rimba!*" (King of the Jungle World) exclaimed another. This is one of the many elegant names the natives have for the mouse deer.

Soon we were all animatedly discussing Pelandok—the man at the charcoal burner continuing to feed us what I had by now decided was the best *sati* I had ever tasted.

One of the Malays, growing quite emotional about the beloved mouse deer, unburdened himself of a ringing denunciation of the *harimau*, the *kuching*, the *serigala*, and the *rajawali* (the tiger, leopard, wolf and eagle, in other words) and all other species known to prey upon the mouse deer. I thought he would burst into tears as he went on to say what an outrage it was that this wisest and most heavenly of animals had no protection from these vicious creatures. The idea of their molesting *Che Salam di Rimba!* (Sir Peace of the Jungle, another one of Pelandok's fancy titles.) He that brings peace to the jungle—which is one of the mouse deer's time-honored rôles in Malay legendry—has a right to expect peace himself.

All the Malays nodded their approbation and I—seeing no harm in being a jungle yes-man—nodded too, only taking time out to yell once more, "*Kasi, lagi*"—for that *sati* was getting better and better and I meant what I said when I yelled for more. My fellow diners joined me in this cry and soon we were all eating again.

Idol Eating

At last, having downed all the food I could hold, I handed my straws—there were ten of them—to the journeying restaurateur and asked him, "*Berapa?*" (How much?)

"*Sapulph sen,*" he replied. (Ten cents—Malay money.)

I paid him and prepared to leave. As I rose to my feet and stretched I asked him a question about his *sati*. The meat had a finer flavor than any I had ever eaten. Curiosity impelled me to inquire, "*Apa daging sati ini?*" (Of what kind of meat is this made?)

"*Daging Pelandok, tuan,*" came the casual—and astonishing—reply, which, translated, means, "It is Pelandok meat, master."

The other natives were surprised to hear that I did not know all along that this was mouse-deer meat I was eating. They went on to tell me how I could always be sure I was eating genuine Pelandok.

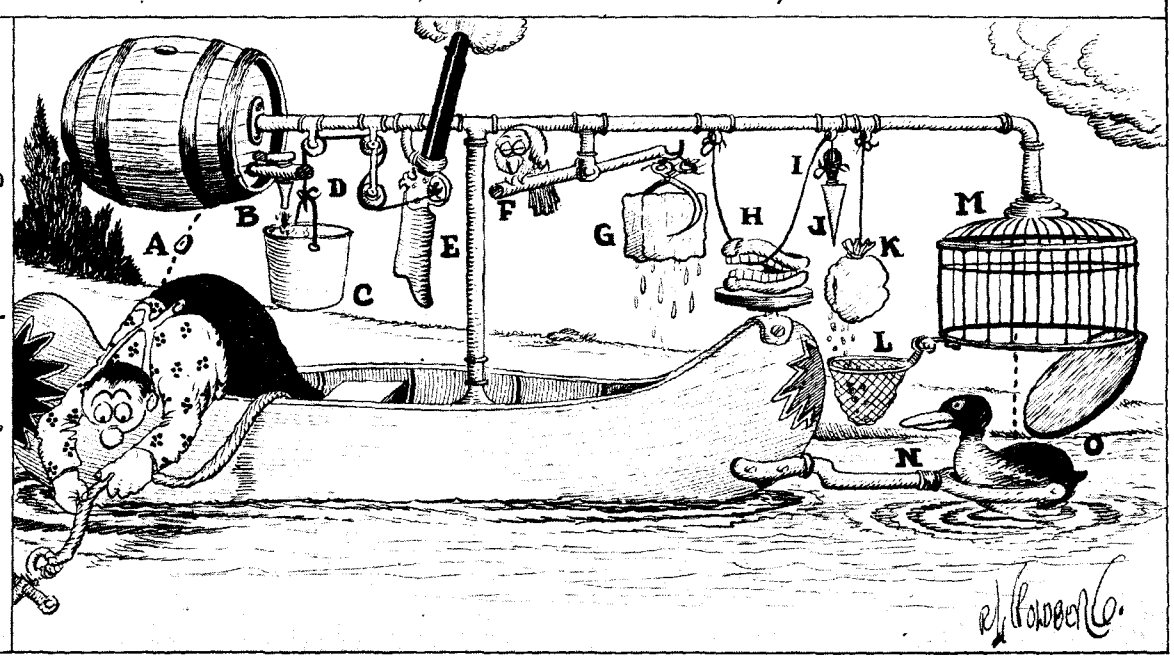
This story, better than anything else I could tell you, illustrates the attitude of the Malays toward the mouse deer, my favorite four-legged midget. They see nothing contradictory in their conduct. If you tried to point out the inconsistency of their ways they wouldn't understand you.

I went on my way and as I did I again heard a mouse deer tapping signals to its mate. And I vowed that I would make one more effort to get a pelandok into this country. The Bureau of Animal Industry sometimes issues special permits allowing ruminants to enter, as it did in the case of Little Tough Guy and my other pygmies from Celebes. The government, of course, has to be careful; but I have never seen a mouse deer that showed any signs of being a carrier of rinderpest or foot-and-mouth disease and before I leave for Asia on my next collection trip I plan to try that argument on someone in Washington.

The Inventions of Professor Lucifer G. Butts, A.K.

By RUBE GOLDBERG

PROFESSOR BUTTS TRIES TO FIX A LEAK IN THE BOILER AND WHEN HE IS RESCUED FROM DROWNING HE COUGHS UP AN IDEA FOR AN OUTBOARD MOTOR THAT REQUIRES NO FUEL. AS YOU REACH FOR ANCHOR, BUTTON (A) SNAPS LOOSE AND HITS SPIGOT (B) CAUSING BEER TO RUN INTO PAIL (C). WEIGHT PULLS CORD (D) FIRING SHOT GUN (E). REPORT FRIGHTENS SEA GULL (F) WHICH FLIES AWAY AND CAUSES ICE (G) TO LOWER IN FRONT OF FALSE TEETH (H). AS TEETH CHATTER FROM COLD THEY BITE CORD (I) IN HALF ALLOWING POINTED TOOL (J) TO DROP AND RIP BAG OF CORN (K). CORN FALLS INTO NET (L). WEIGHT CAUSES IT TO SNAP LATCH OPENING FLOOR OF CAGE (M) AND DROPPING DUCK INTO SHAFTS (N). AS DUCK (O) TRIES TO REACH CORN IT SWIMS AND CAUSES CANOE TO MOVE AHEAD. IF THE FALSE TEETH KEEP ON CHATTERING YOU CAN LET THEM CHEW YOUR GUM TO GIVE YOUR OWN JAWS A REST.



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Buy a wallet with that $3 you save

This is merely a suggestion. Spend the money any way you wish. But remember that Listerine Tooth Paste saves $3 yearly for each member of the family.

A million men choose this Tooth Paste

Listerine Tooth Paste gets results. It does its job quickly—thoroughly—permanently.

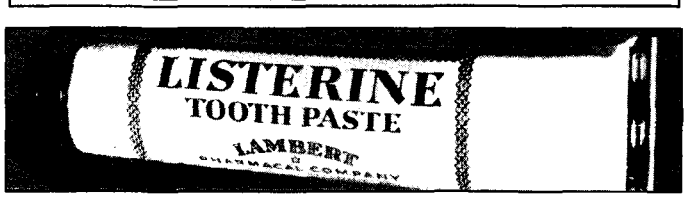
Tobacco stains disappear like magic. Tartar is removed in a jiffy, and discolorations from other sources soon vanish. The teeth whiten, the enamel acquires a lasting brilliance. Because the teeth are cleaner, healthier than ever before.

The cleansing agents in Listerine Tooth Paste are not like those in the ordinary dentifrice. They are hard enough to clean perfectly, and remove food particles from between the tooth crevices. But they are so mild that they can do no mischief to the all-important enamel surface. The refreshing effect of Listerine is also a characteristic of this dentifrice, made and sponsored by the makers of Listerine itself.

Switch to Listerine Tooth Paste for just two weeks. Then check up on every statement we make. You'll find that we put our case conservatively. Thousands have acclaimed its amazing qualities in more glowing terms than we would ever use.

This tooth paste sells for 25¢, just about half of what you usually pay for a quality dentifrice. The $3 you save each year is worth knowing about, and worth having, too. You can figure on an equal saving for everyone in your household. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

The makers of Listerine Tooth Paste recommend
Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes



25¢

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

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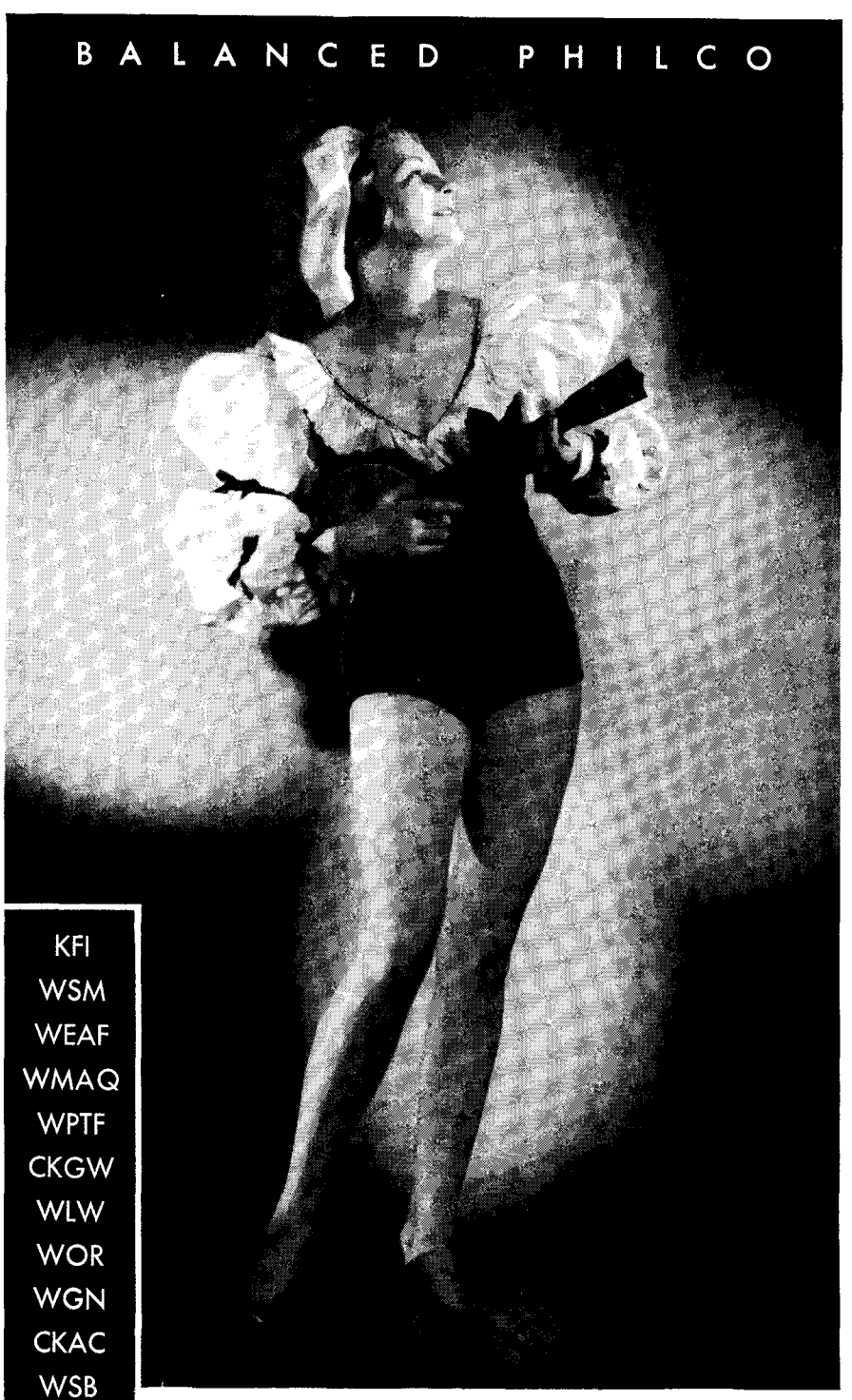
No matter where you live—
YOU NEED A BALANCED

Just as the picture above represents the *distorted* tone, the blurred reception of unbalanced radio—the "station strip" at left shows the gaps, the cross-talk, the overlapping of stations, increasingly found on ordinary sets, in crowded broadcasting conditions today



In the picture above you see the *undistorted* tone, plus selectivity, of every Philco Balanced Superheterodyne—true, clear, vivid, lifelike—each station distinct and separate, free of interference and cross-talk due to the exact balancing of all electrical units

·PHILCO·

WORLD'S LARGEST RADIO MANUFACTURER

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SUPERHETERODYNE . . .

to meet crowded broadcasting conditions

EXTENDING to every corner of the land, the crowded broadcasting conditions of today demand the selectivity of Balanced Superheterodyne to insure real radio enjoyment.

Philco sweeps into the discard all obsolete designs, all doubts in the choice of a radio whatever the price you pay. Philco alone builds Balanced Superheterodyne. Every set has balanced units. Every price is quoted with tubes. The whole range of radio value is covered with 7, 9 or 11-tube sets.

Philco alone can combine this modern miracle of Superheterodyne selectivity, Screen Grid power and Balanced-Unit construction to bring in faraway stations, with all the full, sparkling clarity of tone, which gives you distance with enjoyment.

Then as the supreme safeguard of Philco performance, each Philco radio cabinet has been designed and engineered into an acoustic masterpiece. For the first time radio cabinets attain a place with classic designs of furniture.

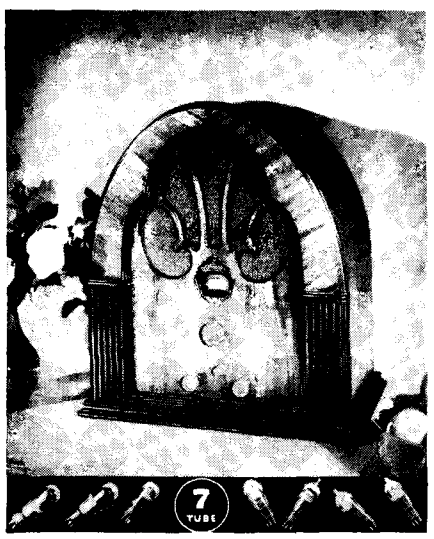
Greatest of All Radios

Most spectacular of all the amazing new Philcos is the great 11-tube Philco Superheterodyne-Plus—built and balanced to bring in more distant programs, with greater selectivity, greater beauty and clarity of tone, than any radio ever built, under like conditions of operation.

Here is a radio which makes the whole country like one big radio city, with numberless stations as true and clear as locals.

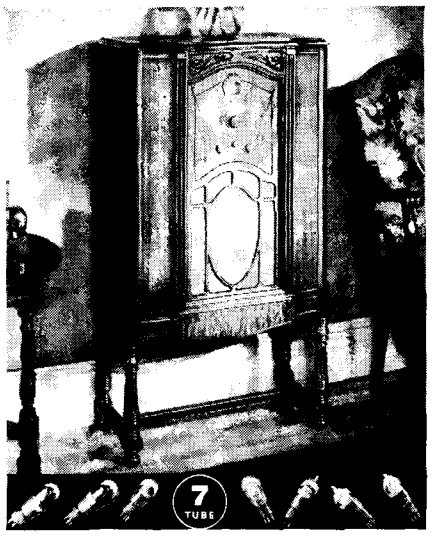
With Automatic Volume Control it counteracts "fading" and prevents the nerve shock of "blasting," when you tune past strong stations. Tone-control permits you to interpret programs with four degrees of tone quality, "Brilliant," "Bright," "Mellow" or "Deep."

See today, this finest of radios for which Norman Bel Geddes, America's foremost designer, has created cabinets of unique distinction. Convenient terms make it easy for you to own. Philco, Philadelphia, Pa. Philco Products, Ltd., Toronto, Canada.



COMPLETE WITH 7 TUBES $49.95

BABY GRAND Superheterodyne. Equipped with new extra power Pentode Tube. New Electro-Dynamic Speaker. American Black Walnut Cabinet; with richly figured Walnut Instrument Panel. Only 16″ wide, 17¾″ high. Tone-Control. Illuminated Station Recording Dial. Also in a 9-Tube BABY GRAND, $69.50, complete with tubes.

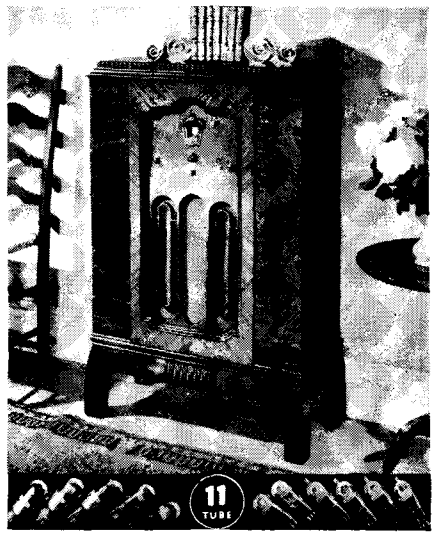


COMPLETE WITH 7 TUBES $65.75

HIGHBOY, exquisitely done in figured American Walnut and Quilted Maple. Hand-rubbed finish. Tone-Control, Electro-Dynamic Speaker, Illuminated Station Recording Dial; New Pentode Power Tube. Also in an All-electric RADIO-PHONOGRAPH, $110.00, complete with tubes.

COMPLETE WITH 9 TUBES $109.75

HIGHBOY, executed in figured Butt Walnut and Oriental Wood. Hand-rubbed lacquer finish. Four-point Tone-Control—Oversize Electro-Dynamic Speaker, Illuminated Station Recording Dial. Long Distance Switch, Two 45 Power Tubes, push-pull. Also a LOWBOY, at $89.75, complete with tubes.



COMPLETE WITH 11 TUBES $149.50

LOWBOY, by Norman Bel Geddes, leading designer, in American Black Walnut and Matched Butt Walnut. Hand-rubbed lacquer finish. Tone-Control, Automatic Volume Control, Oversize Electo-Dynamic Speaker, Station Recording Dial. Also in a HIGHBOY, at $169.50, a RADIO-PHONOGRAPH with Automatic Record Changer, $295.00, with tubes.

Prices slightly higher in Canada, Denver and West

PHILCO BALANCED TUBES BETTER THE PERFORMANCE OF ANY RADIO

7 TUBE 9 TUBE 11 TUBE

SUPERHETERODYNE RADIO

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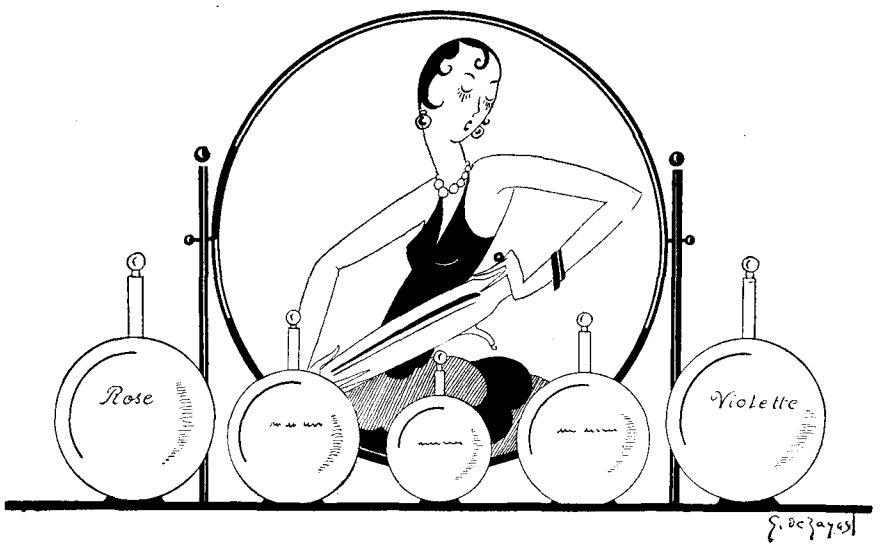


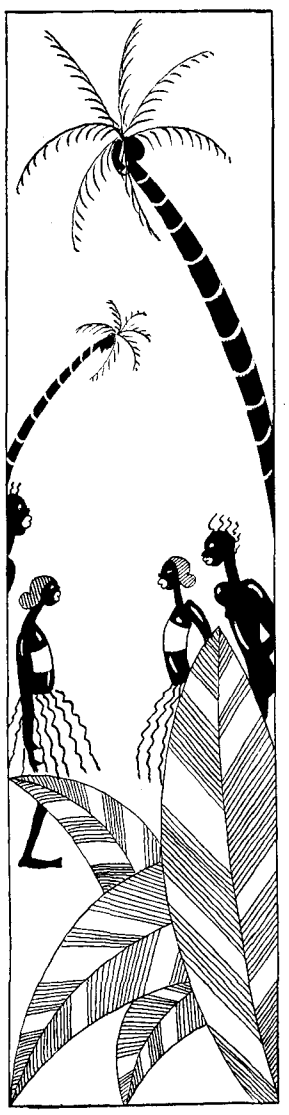
Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

The "Perfume Cocktail Bar," the latest fad of Paris, consists of a box of small bottles of perfume with spoons for mixing and also a chart which tells Madame how to blend an odor for any mood or occasion.

The Gemsbok, a South African antelope, never drinks water.

In Tahiti, largest of the French Society Islands, the natives still practice a systematized exchange of wives.—*By I. Benjamin, Philadelphia, Pa.*



Both male and female eels die after their first and only breeding season, but during this time the female produces about 10,000,000 eggs.

The Haus Vaterland, a cabaret in Berlin, has dining, drinking and entertainment of 8 different nations going on simultaneously in its one building each night.

The average child's vocabulary at one year of age is 3 words, at two years about 200 words, at three years 800 words, at four 1,500 words, at five 2,000 words and at six 2,500 words.—*By Mrs. H. C. Barker, Oscawana, N. Y.*

A survey made among nearly 800 American colleges shows that 46% of the men and 23% of the women are earning all or part of their expenses.—*By J. R. Arnold, Columbus, Ohio.*

Contact eyeglasses, thin shells of optical glass worn invisibly under the eyelids in contact with the eyeballs, not only are used to correct eye defects, but also to change the color of the eyes, a function which is making them popular with European women.

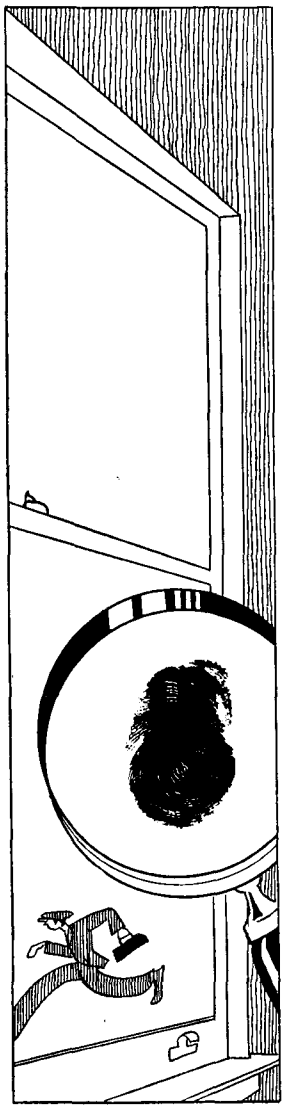
Soon you will see: Vending machines selling single cigarettes for a penny each, and billboards with human figures that will move their eyes and mouths, and "talk" with the aid of phonograph records.

New inventions: A rain-proof double-hooded "slicker" for rumble seat riders, an anti-aircraft gun that shoots more than five miles above the earth, a ten-key typewriter and a slow-motion movie camera that takes 40,500 pictures *a second!*

Pennsylvania and California are the only states today that are actively fighting the illicit sale of narcotic drugs and earnestly attempting to treat and cure drug addicts.

For the first time in the history of the United States, a conviction for a crime—a burglary in Pennsylvania—was based on a lone fingerprint on a windowpane, without any other evidence.

Collier's will pay $1 each for unusual facts accepted for this column. Give precise source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



Mules

Continued from page 18

served the railroad right. Only, about half the slats got ripped off of the cow crate, and those darn mules sallied out and lit for open country.

I looked up Shorty. He had got hold of some forty rod, and he was punishing it severely. I asked him why he hadn't rounded up his mules, and he said it was because he was discouraged. When they hit the bunk car, Shorty flew off the top and lit in some Fresno scrapers, and it discouraged him. I got that much out of Shorty before he went back to sleep on me. I woke him up again and tried to show him it was his duty to come and help round up the stock; but he said he'd resigned and guessed he would retire on the county. And that was all I got out of him.

WELL, I looked around New Ballarat, and I hired a fellow name of Slim Hinkle to help out, and me and Slim set out to round up them wandering harness canaries.

I suppose you realize, Mr. Sanders, that a twenty-mule team is made up of eighteen mules and two horses. Me and Slim found the two horses right off. But when it come to those eighteen mules—

Mr. Sanders, I went through hell making the gather of them mules. We couldn't find 'em.

"Slim," I says, "Ab Mackenzie is an impetuous man. If we don't get him back his leatherheads, he is sure liable to view this thing in an onfavorable light. We got to round up that stock if it takes us hours."

Hours, hell! It took us close onto a week!

In some ways them was the most stirring days of my life. What you don't realize, Mr. Sanders, is that a man gets somewhat saddle-sore, after he hasn't rode for a couple of years. It's only the last couple of days, Mr. Sanders, that I have so recovered that I can sit down comfortable.

And to make things worse, the grading outfit moved fifteen miles down the track after the first day, depriving us of the sole place for bumming meals. If ever men made a supreme effort in behalf of their brand, it was me and Slim after them mules. I want you to understand that distinctly, Mr. Sanders.

Because in the end we foozled. I have to own up to the truth. It ain't happened often, Mr. Sanders; there's very few times in my life that I've had to admit that I fell down. But finally, when we got word we would have to hook our cow cage onto the next freight, the mule chorus was still shy one tenor voice, valued at forty dollars.

"Slim," says I, "this lost jughead has busted my spirit. This is a good job, Slim—but you take it. Go ahead and ride to Coyote Wells on the cow Pullman, and explain to Ab Mackenzie that the seventeen mules we rounded back was probably the pick o' the lot."

"Not much," says Slim. "I'll help you load stock, but after that—eight dollars, please! I'm done."

And furthermore, our troubles had only begun. What you don't realize, Mr. Sanders, is that it's no child's play to load mules, especially in them little short cars they give you nowadays. You take a mule in a sitting position at the bottom of a steep plank, and you try to shoot him up that plank by hand, and I tell you, you'll find it very tiring, Mr. Sanders, in the course of a forenoon. I had kind of counted on talking the gang from the grading outfit into elevating them brutes up into the car, but wouldn't you know it, they was a long ways off by this time, like I said.

The worst of it was, those were awful big swivel-ears, Mr. Sanders. I never see such whoppers. Toward the end it got to be a bad problem to fit them things in there.

But we loaded 'em, Mr. Sanders; I'm proud to say we done it. I even kind of persuaded myself that Ab Mackenzie would maybe overlook the lack of that one other mule, seeing all the work I'd been put to about the rest.

Mr. Sanders, that hope was one of these holler shells. That train run the two hundred and fifty miles to Coyote Wells awful slow, but not by no means slow enough to suit me. The hour and the day finally come when I had to stand before Ab Mackenzie and state that I was one heavy-gauge jack rabbit shy.

"Mr. Mackenzie," said I, "frankly, I have went to work and fell down on you. Seventeen mules was every last mule I could dig up."

Mr. Sanders, what use is it to try to get sympathy and understanding from a wild-eyed Scotchman that is nuts about mules? I answer you that it ain't any use.

So there's the story, Mr. Sanders. You now know the whole thing of how come the Smoky Glory has fired its best twenty-mule jerkline man, me, and the railroad is suing Ab Mackenzie, and Ab Mackenzie has got one of his stubborn streaks and the whole end of the desert is tied up in a hard knot.

"TWENTY-MULE BILL," said Sanders after a short period devoted to thought, "I must say your story is unclear in the extreme. I can see how Mackenzie might have a case against the railroad, but exactly how can the railroad sue Mackenzie?"

"Why, it seems," Bill explained, "that this construction outfit, being out of commission at just the wrong time, tied up the line; and there was forty carload of melons that couldn't get through. And these melons, being tied up in the desert so long, they claim cost the railroad—"

"But how in time," Sanders demanded, "could the railroad construction outfit be put out of commission by the fact that Mackenzie lost a mule?"

"What mule?"

"You said you got out of New Ballarat with seventeen mules."

"Oh, yeah; that's right. But damn the luck! That was just the trouble. That construction gang can holler all they want, Mr. Sanders; but no man can say I ain't top champion when it comes to rounding up lost stock. You see, we was two hundred and fifty miles down the track, and them seventeen compressed mules was unloaded, and the car sent on, before we found out that Shorty had only had six mules in that cow crate to start out with."

"Six to start with, and seventeen to end up—look here—you mean you—"

"Mr. Sanders, am I supposed to be able to come up with a mule in the desert and tell who he belongs to just by reading his mind? And is it my fault if the construction outfit was the only other people around there using mules? It wasn't until this construction argument came up that I found out why I could never get hold of that last mule I thought I needed."

"Why?"

"Come to find out, I'd already accidentally picked up all the mules that construction gang had."

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The Greatest Invention in Snapshot Film since 1903

KODAK *VERICHROME* FILM

This entirely new-type roll film ... double-coated, faster, more sensitive to color, has completely changed the public's idea of what any camera can do . . .

An exclusive Eastman process gives the Verichrome negative a sparkling, ground-glass effect that brings out the detail.

PICTURE-TAKERS everywhere have quickly recognized this new film as the greatest improvement since Eastman introduced non-curling film 28 years ago.

Kodak Verichrome Film marks a new era of brighter, clearer snapshots. With a crispness of detail . . . a truthfulness of color values . . . never known before in simple snapshot photography.

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• • •

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Double-coated. Two layers of sensitive silver.

2
Highly color-sensitive. Especially to yellows and greens, which predominate in nature.

3
Halation "fuzz" prevented by colored backing on the film.

4
Finer detail in highlights, portions that represent light parts.

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Finer detail in shadows, portions that represent dark parts.

6
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7
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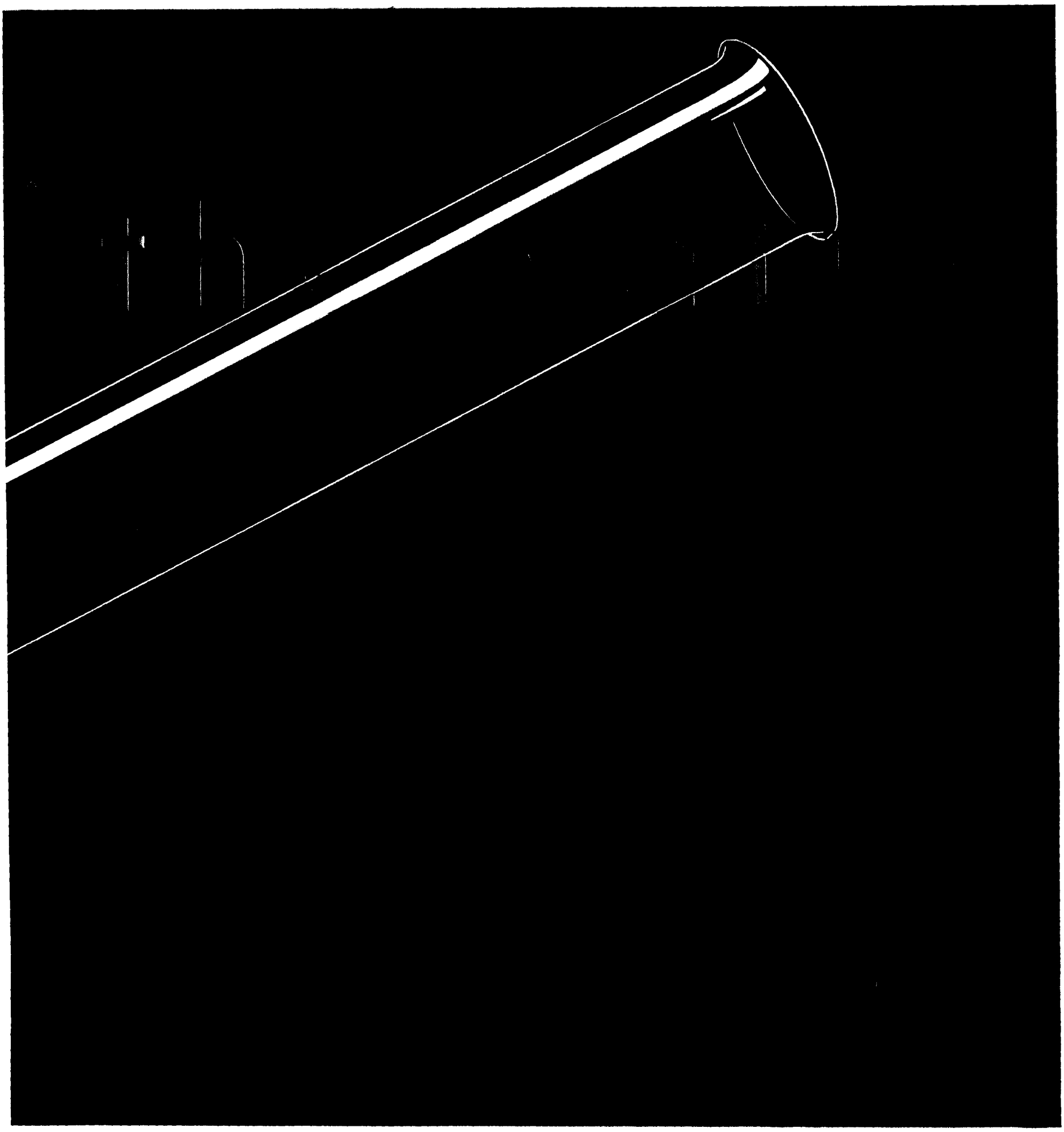

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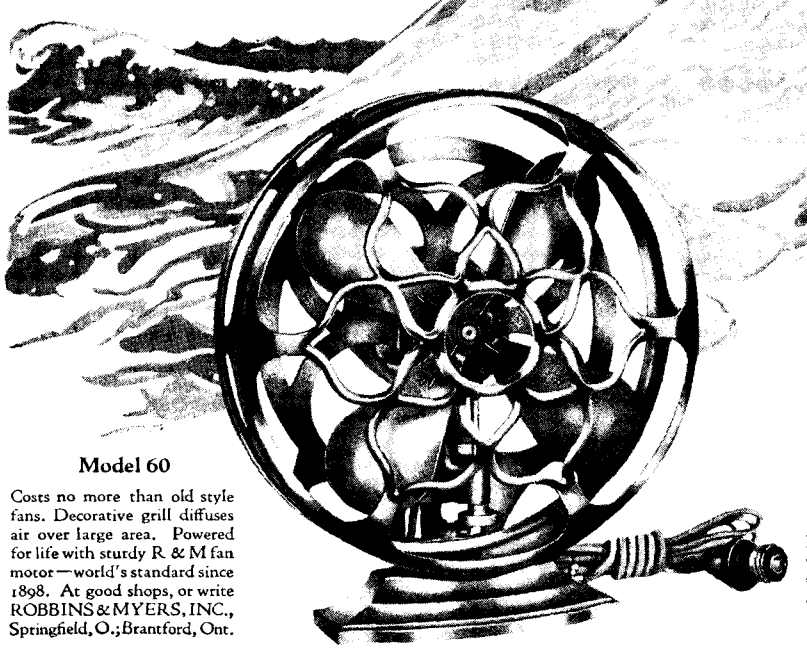

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Only $12.95 A. C.

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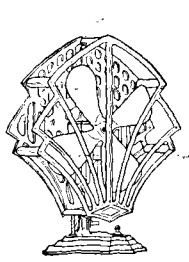

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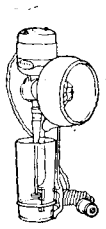

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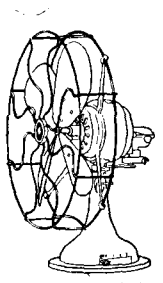
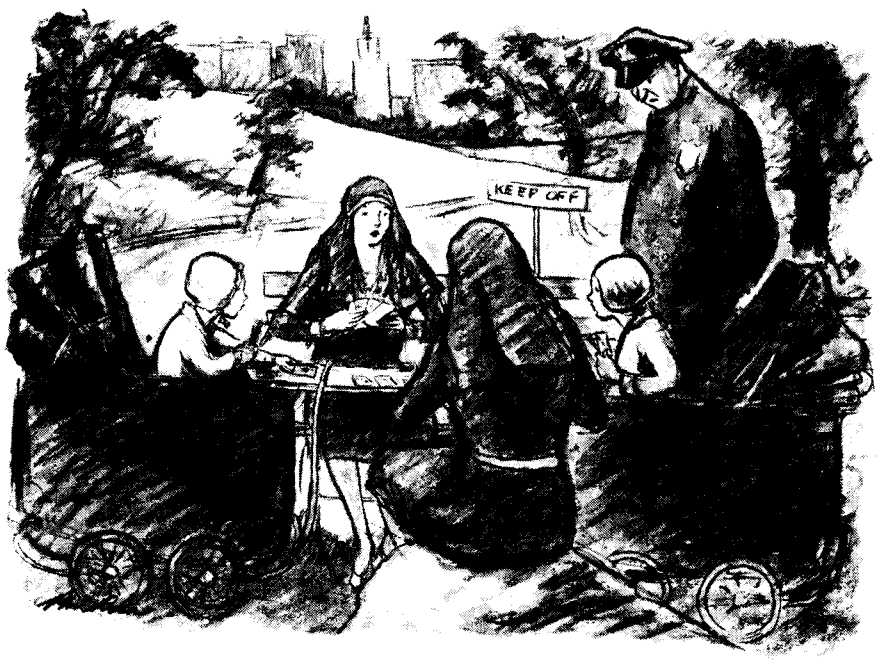


MOTORS, GENERATORS, HAND AND ELECTRIC HOISTS AND CRANES



How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Common Sense Contract Bridge

North
S. A-K-9-6-5-4
H. 7-4
D. 6
C. 10-8-7-3

West
S. Q-J
H. Q-J-10-6-5-2
D. J
C. A-K-J-9

East
S. 10-7
H. A-9-8-3
D. 10-8-7-5-4
C. Q-4

South (Dealer)
S. 8-3-2
H. K
D. A-K-Q-9-3-2
C. 6-5-2

THE above hand, which appeared in last week's Collier's, was played recently in a game of Contract; it illustrates a rather novel point of play.

South bid two Diamonds, West two Hearts, North two Spades, East three Hearts and West four Hearts, which obtained the contract.

South, after bidding two Diamonds, did not feel that he should advance his partner's Spades; his three Spades might prove of service, but he had announced six tricks for Diamonds and could not expect his hand to take that many with Spades the trump, especially with a Heart bid over him presumably making his King worthless.

In the play, North led his King of Spades to cinch the first trick and the fall indicating the advantage of a second Spade, he continued the suit, winning trick 2 with his Ace. North did not lead his established Spade Nine to trick 3 as both of Declarer's hands were out of Spades; he naturally selected his Diamond singleton in response to South's bid. The five Diamonds showing in dummy suggested the possibility that South might have seven Diamonds and West none; but North made the lead nevertheless, and hoped for the best. South, knowing from the lead of the Six that West had the singleton Jack, won with the Ace of Diamonds (a false card) and led the Deuce, hoping that West would be deceived and ruff with a small card, permitting North to over-ruff.

The ruse was too obvious; West, holding Queen-Jack-Ten in his own hand and Ace-Nine-Eight-Trey in dummy, ruffed with an honor to shut out North, or force the King if North had it. When North discarded, the Declarer could place the King of trumps in South's hand; consequently he led a Heart to the following trick and did not finesse. South's King dropped under East's Ace and Declarer made game.

South thought he was the victim of hard luck in losing his singleton King of trumps, when he had every reason to expect that a finesse would permit him to make it; but he had only himself to blame.

South's monkeying with the Diamonds could not deceive West unless that player was taking a nap, and South should have realized that West—the original Heart bidder—would be in position to shut out any trump held by North; also—and most important of all—that when North showed himself unable to over-ruff, the King would be marked in South's hand and West would try to drop it. Therefore South should not have tried to give North an over-ruff when the play could not succeed and would enable West to place the King. South should have led a Club to trick 4; West probably would have won the trick, led his Queen of Hearts and finessed. West could not be sure that North did not have another Diamond in his hand.

So unless West was quite brilliant in his deductions, he would have been called upon to decide the always troublesome problem of whether to finesse to catch a King when holding ten cards of the suit. As a general rule it is wise to do so. After second hand follows, only two cards of the suit are left in the adverse hands. When each adverse hand holds one of those cards, it is an even thing whether the finesse will win or lose. When fourth hand holds both of them, the King cannot be captured; but when second hand holds both of them, the finesse gains. So, if South had not betrayed the location of the King or Declarer had not correctly diagnosed the reason for South's shift of suit, he would have been apt to hold up his Ace and permit South's singleton trump King to win, which would have saved the game.

Next week's hand is given below; determine how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North
S. None
H. A-7-6-4
D. 7-6-4-3
C. A-Q-9-3-2

East
S. K-9-6-3
H. K
D. K-10-8-5-2
C. J-10-8

West
S. J-8-5-2
H. Q-10-8-2
D. Q-J
C. K-5-4

South (Dealer)
S. A-Q-10-7-4
H. J-9-5-3
D. A-9
C. 7-6

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It's Harder to Start from the Top

Continued from page 24

"I tripped, I suppose," said Norah. She got to her feet and went down with the boy in the elevator. Somehow she walked across to Lexington and up to the florist shop. A perky white hyacinth sat in the window in a tiny pot and for some reason or other she decided she must have it. Emptying her bag on the florist's counter, she said: "I don't know what that little flower costs, but I'm going to pay twenty-seven cents for it."

In the hallway before she gained her room she heard the telephone ringing violently. Her landlady bustled halfway up the stairs. "You'd better answer that, young lady. Somebody has been calling you all afternoon."

It was Betty Newlands. Betty wanted her to take her place at a dinner party that night, Elsa Cavendish's in the East Seventy-third Street house. "I've phoned Elsa and the man I was going with. They'll both be delighted. He'll stop by for you at eight." Norah didn't catch the name. The only thing she caught without possibility of error was the word, dinner. "Oh, it's so good of you, Norah. Dad has ordered all the Newlands to remain at home tonight for a family conference. I don't know what it means but it sounds ominous."

NORAH was ready at eight. She waited down at the foot of the stairs and almost at once a shiny town car drew up. A man, perhaps seeming taller in his opera hat than he actually was, got out and came to greet her. He smiled and murmured something as he helped her into his car, but Norah scarcely heard or noticed him. Her mind was occupied with other thoughts, thoughts of crème d'asperge, sole marguery, even hock cup and partridge. She only hoped that she would not disgrace herself consuming all the caviar sandwiches which would accompany the cocktails.

"May I take all this as a sign of your forgiveness, Miss Delano?" After her glance of inquiry he said: "Or don't you even realize we have met before?"

Norah had wondered why her back had begun to stiffen at the first sound of his voice. Now she knew. "We merely crossed on the same boat," she said. "We haven't met."

He leaned forward, pretending to peer out of the window. "It looks like snow, don't you think, Miss Delano?" That was the extent of their conversation until the car brought up in front of the Cavendish's old brownstone front in East Seventy-third Street.

Inside, in the warm, fire-lit library where Elsa Cavendish's guests, perhaps a dozen of them, were assembling, Norah could avoid her infuriating escort more gracefully. She knew Elsa and most of the others and so, apparently, did this Bob person. Furthermore, an observation which only fanned her own antagonism, everybody seemed to like him. Natalie Farley liked him extravagantly, and Norah herself, especially after her cocktail and three caviar sandwiches, admitted that he did seem somehow made of steel in a world where everybody else was made of putty. It was his strength when she herself was so weak that made her mad.

Elsa's beautifully appointed dinner table very nearly brought tears to her eyes. She said a few polite words to the man on her right about the rumored crash of the Newlands but for the most part she was conscious of nothing but a succession of delicious things to eat. "American food is pretty good after a dose of Europe, isn't it?"

That remark came from her left. Norah, caught *in flagrante delicto* reaching for the last bit of celery, flushed. "Yes," she said. "It is. And if you are going to keep tabs on how much of it I consume, you have a big task ahead of you." It was his turn to flush, and she added: "Why didn't you ask Elsa to place you somewhere else, next to Natalie perhaps?"

"Because I wanted to sit next to you. We have at least the bond of a healthy mutual dislike."

Norah had gained enough strength to be curious. After all, Beppo would never have made such a remark. "Why don't you like me? Because you are sufficiently blind to think my hair is red?"

"No. I told you why . . . on the boat. You're a bad type. You have too much pride and nothing to back it up with. I doubt if you have any mind above Paris gowns or any ability above arranging a social calendar and overdrawing your bank account. . . ."

"Thanks," said Norah. "Now do you mind if I eat my duck?" When they rose to return to the library for coffee, she couldn't avoid being left with him alone for a moment in a warm inglenook. "But didn't it strike you as strange, Mr. Whatever-your-name-is, to find such a person as you consider me living in one forlorn room over a florist shop?"

"To tell the truth, it did," he admitted. "What are you doing in New York?"

"Looking desperately for a job," said Norah, "to keep from starving."

"Really?"

"Really."

He took out his wallet and found a business card. "Take this card in to Miss Boyle tomorrow morning at nine o'clock and tell her I said to put you to work learning the files."

Norah took the card and read it. "Robert H. Harvester, Harvester-Brooks, Importers."

"I wouldn't work in the same building with you," she said, "if this were the only job in New York . . . and I think it is. . . ."

BUT the next morning she called on Miss Boyle, who ruled the gloomy outer office of Harvester-Brooks as though she owned the majority of its stock.

"Well," said Miss Boyle, after a scornful examination of Norah's determined little person, "I think the young man must be out of his mind."

Two months later, Mr. Robert H. Harvester called Norah into his office and put her to translating correspondence from his foreign suppliers. "It was really your linguistic ability that made me engage you, Miss Delano. Otherwise . . ."

"I didn't suppose," said Norah, "you wanted me just to look at . . . sir." That "sir" was so reluctant that he burst out laughing and gave her eleven more letters to have translated by five o'clock.

She didn't mean to antagonize him, but she couldn't help it. There was just something about him, even when she saw him coming into the office every day more drawn and haggard about the eyes and staying later and later after the others had gone. He said the wrong thing, and then she did, and then they both glared.

Mr. Harvester took Miss Boyle into his office with him as he passed through this morning. He settled heavily behind his desk and after a minute, al-

(*Continued on page 42*)

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THE GUARDIAN OF MOTOR CAR BEAUTY

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Collier's, *The National Weekly*

"Say it with bricks, Boys"

SCRIPPS-HOWARD NEWSPAPERS

MEMBERS OF THE UNITED PRESS . . . THE AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS AND OF MEDIA RECORDS, INC. . . . NATIONAL ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT

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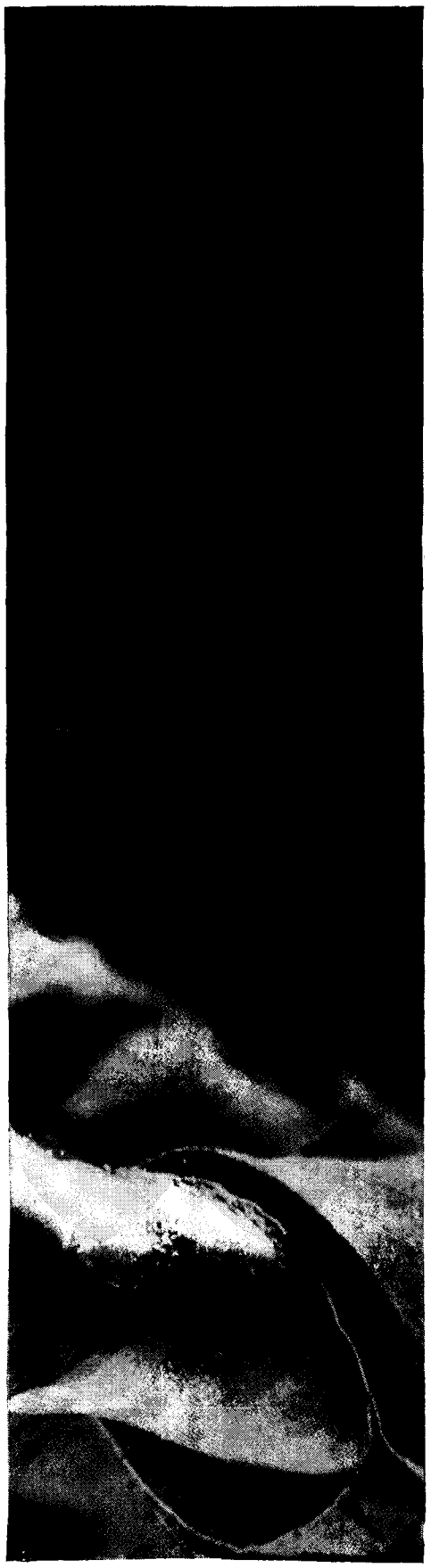
_ but the Scripps-Howard editor changed the war-cry to a peace petition



LITTLE DRAMAS IN THE LIFE OF A GREAT NEWSPAPER SYSTEM

"Say it with bricks, boys. Heave 'em at every cab you see, no matter who's in it . . ." harangued a ringleader of striking taxi drivers in a city where Scripps-Howard publishes a newspaper.

•

"Heave away"... the cab companies speaking . . . "we're holding out."

•

Leaving the public right in the middle. Between the two embattled factions. The target for the bricks. For not only were cabs smashed and burned and rolled off cliffs, but bottles and bricks were actually hurled at every passing cab . . . and its innocent passenger.

•

200 people injured!

•

Mob violence ablaze.

•

And still both sides refusing to arbitrate.

•

Now Scripps-Howard sympathizes with labor and its problems...but has no sympathy for sabotage and violence. Sympathizes with invested capital and its problems . . . but not with an obstinate, obsolete attitude. And fights both with equal vigor when innocent outsiders are caught between the overt acts of the two.

•

So the whole power of this paper was thrown into an impartial attack upon the tactics of strikers and owners alike.

•

Responding to the paper's editorial suggestion, the Mayor of the city ruled every taxicab off the streets. For six weeks the city went cabless.

•

And . . . brickless.

•

There is great persuasion in no profits and no wages. A practical demonstration of the truth of one editorial in the campaign . . . "The Public Has Rights." Owners and strikers came together and settled their disputes.

•

SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspapers seek no judge and jury role. They are newspapers, not reform bureaus nor arbitration boards. But a newspaper grows in exact proportion to the service it renders its readers. Not only in gathering the news, but in changing conditions that create news of danger to the public welfare and safety.

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And that explains the unique reader relation between Scripps-Howard and its circulation. For it was once wisely said that "a newspaper is simply a greater man." And these readers recognize this "man-in-print" as a loyal . . . and powerful . . . friend. And listen, accordingly, to all that he has to tell . . . and sell . . . in his news, editorial, and advertising columns.

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BALTIMORE . . . . . *Post*	INDIANAPOLIS . . . *Times*	BIRMINGHAM . . . *Post*	KNOXVILLE . . *News-Sentinel*
PITTSBURGH . . . . *Press*	DENVER . . *Rocky Mt. News*	MEMPHIS . . *Press-Scimitar*	EL PASO . . . *Herald-Post*
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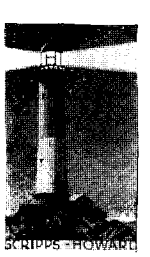

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most as if he were afraid to ask, said: "Is there anything from Milan, Miss Boyle?"

"I don't think so, sir. I'll ask Miss Delano."

He shook his head. "Things are very bad, Miss Boyle. I am not sure we can pull through. If we don't get that silk from Milan at our figure I know we won't. Tuliaferno wants a higher price and I can't pay it. Yet I can't get the silk anywhere else. If he ever finds that out, we're done for. Bring me the correspondence, Miss Boyle."

"I'll get it from Miss Delano, sir."

"By the way, how is she getting along?"

MISS BOYLE drew her shoulders together. "She won't last, Mr. Harvester," she said, and added with a meaning compression of lips—"men!"

"What do you mean, men?"

"Oh, there's a man named Milliken calling up every week to find out, so he says, how she's getting on. And awhile ago a handsome, blond, quite dignified gentleman came into the office and gave his name as Baron somebody. Miss Delano fairly shouted 'Tooner!' and jumped up and threw her arms around the gentleman's neck . . . right in the office, Mr. Harvester. Not more than a week passed before the same thing happened, this time with a person who said he was Lord Pickwick, or something of the sort. Miss Delano called him Dodo!"

Everybody else in the office seemed to like Norah and she had been to several employees' parties already, one over the bridge in Astoria and another somewhere on One Hundred and Eighth Street. "Oh, go ahead and drink it, Norah. Ed made it himself. Don't you think he's too divine? Mr. Harvester of course. They say he's got a regular place up in Westchester. When he looks at you with those eyes. . . ."

"What eyes?" said Norah. "I think he has a mean look."

And walking up Fifth Avenue at noontime from a five-and-ten-cent store near Fortieth Street, with her arms, like everybody else's arms, full of bundles, and all the shop windows full of red and green and Christmas things, and the air full of a jaunty, soft swirl of snow, she gained her third and best impression of New York. One had to be part of it to love it. She paused in front of a shop near Forty-second, and examined the array of men's things, ties, gloves, scarves, cuff links, embroidered handkerchiefs, all in their holiday boxes.

NORAH went in and bought a tie, a tie for an older man. "And I'd like also to find something for a . . . for a . . ."

"For a younger man perhaps?" suggested the clerk. "These links?"

Norah shook her head. She had her eyes upon a pair of white buckskin gloves which, as one familiar with such sartorial experts as her Dodo and Beppo, she recognized as right. She counted out nine dollars and a half for them without a whimper. "What size, you say?"

Norah had no idea what size. Cinema-like glimpses remained in her mind—his hand, a big, hard, brown hand, as it accidentally touched hers when he gave her the day's letters . . . his fingers resting for an instant on her shoulder after he'd held her coat the evening he made her stay late to work with him on the Cincinnati and Pittsburgh sales reports . . . and his clenched, white-knuckled hand the morning he threw that Portuguese swindler into the corridor.

When she reached the office and answered the buzzer call, she found Bob Harvester with his fingers jammed distractedly into his hair and she wished she'd taken a half size larger. "Will you shut the door and come here and sit down, Norah? I mean, Miss Delano. I've got to talk to somebody about this Milan business, or I'll go mad. Here's the latest letter. He says . . . he's the director of the artificial silk manufacturers' syndicate there, you know . . . he says he will give his answer in person in New York almost as soon as this letter arrives. He says his answer will depend on certain conditions as he finds them here, and I take that to mean he is dealing with my main competitor, Mercati Brothers. If Mercati can pay more for the contract than we can, we're sunk . . . that's all. I'll be the only Harvester in three generations to let this business down."

"You won't let it down. Don't worry. I'm perfectly sure they will sign a delivery agreement with you for another three years."

"But you don't realize whom we have to deal with, Norah . . . one of the richest, shrewdest, hardest men in Italy."

"He never seemed so hard or shrewd to me," said Norah. "Just a little too violently romantic, that's all."

He stared at her. "You know Prince di Tuliaferno?"

"Of course. But I don't call him that. I call him Beppo. And I know he will sign the contract because I wrote to him two weeks ago and asked him to."

BOB HARVESTER had one more flare left in him. "You what? You wrote . . . over the signature of this firm?"

"No. I wrote over my own signature on my own blue notepaper. I just said: 'Dear Beppo, I am personally interested in Harvester-Brooks.' That is all I said except that I said: 'and if you don't do exactly what Mr. Harvester wants, I shall never tango with you again or teach you any more English.' And I told him there was no other place in the world you could get that much and that kind of silk and that I didn't want him to be a pig about it." She waited a minute. Something terrible seemed to be enveloping them both. "Why, what on earth is the matter?"

"Nothing," he said finally. "Nothing is the matter. You made a valiant little effort to help me, that's all. It wasn't . . . precisely the sort of information I wanted di Tuliaferno to have, however. Would you send Miss Boyle to me as you go out, Norah?"

Miss Boyle was with him nearly two hours. She emerged pale and with her lips in a hard line and went straight to her typewriter. Presently she brought some carbon copies to Norah. "You'd better file these, Miss Delano. Also, you'd better read them."

Norah glanced through the copies. One was a call for an emergency board of directors' meeting. "I have inadvertently allowed Tuliaferno to learn our urgent need of the Milan silk contract and it is quite certain he will not renew except at his own ruinous figure. Our hope of pulling through the difficult period therefore . . ." The second sheet was the brief, formal resignation of Robert H. Harvester as president and general manager of Harvester-Brooks.

NORAH went blindly into his office. She found him with his head in his hands but he jumped up at once, as if ashamed to be caught like that, and stood scowling at her. "Well? What do you want?"

"I came in here to ask you not to send those letters."

"Why not? What's the use of waiting for the inevitable? Where are you going?" Her turning away had an air of finality which he noted at once. "Are you leaving here? For good, I mean?"

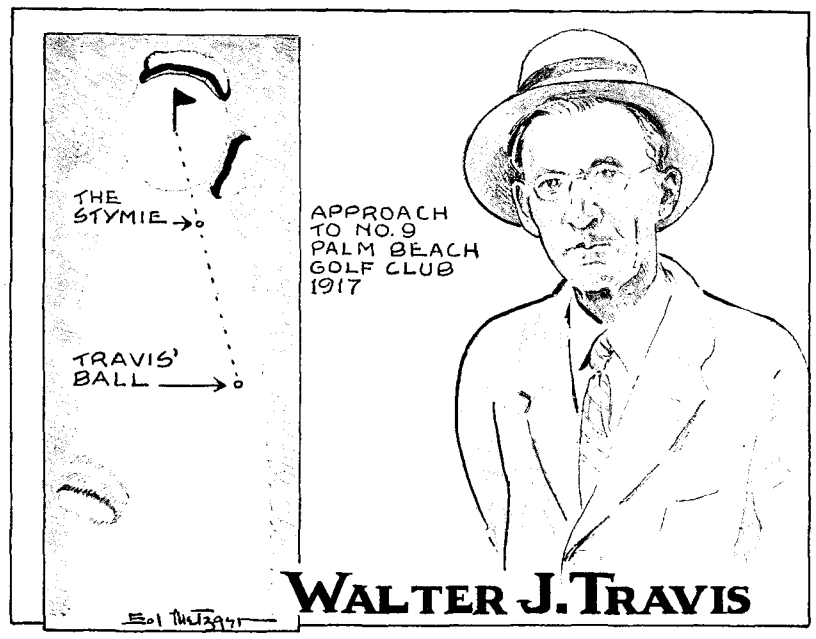
"No," said Norah. "I'm not leaving . . . unless you fire me. I'm not the sort who quits . . . even if you are."

"Get out!" He almost shouted at her but she didn't move. "Nobody can call me a quitter in my office. You're fired. Get out!" Still she didn't move and he crossed the room towards her, white with rage, and with bitterness and despair. He took her by the shoulders and shook her violently until she was limp. "Will you go when I tell you to? You confounded, red-headed little vixen . . . you. . . ." He stopped shaking her and

(*Continued on page 44*)

It's Harder to Start from the Top

Continued from page 39



The Swan Song of Travis

By Sol Metzger

WHEN golfers rave about the 40-footer Jones clucked into the last cup to clinch the 1930 open; when old-timers sing of the marvelous touch of Ouimet at Brookline in 1913; when they speak in awed tones of the uncanny skill of Armour and of Farrell on the greens at Oakmont and Olympia Fields—as I say, when they solemnly aver that the like of such magic was never known before, my mind pictures a dour old man of fifty-seven, gray as the ash of his ever-present cigar, singing his swan song to his goddess of golf with a putt of such unerring accuracy as to be almost past belief.

The scene was the Palm Beach Golf Club. The event, the 1917 South Florida championship. The player, the late Walter J. Travis, known as the grand old man of the game.

This putt came at a fitting time, too. It occurred in the semi-final round of Travis' final competitive appearance before he defeated Reginald M. Lewis, 3 and 2, for the title—as gritty a fight as ever was waged against the depressing odds of a recent serious illness that left him wan and weak.

May I digress for a moment to speak of Travis' remarkable career? He first swung a golf stick when thirty-six. Four years later he was National Amateur champion. Thrice that title and once the British was his.

I first saw him on a practice green. He would stroke a ball to a selected spot, and others at the first. A hand might span the resulting cluster. This he practiced. In matches the cup loomed so large in comparison that his confidence in holing was supreme.

Hours of mornings he so spent. Asked why he did not play instead, as was his custom afternoons, he told me, "I never do until I can no longer keep off the course. Then I keenly enjoy each shot." What better way to avoid the curse of overgolfing?

Golf was akin to a religion with him; putting a ritual; practice a delight. His game, started before the days of country club pro's and of slow movies of stars in action, was developed by analysis. The one aid was the writings of earlier masters. Yet no tips were accepted until proved by the acid test of long practice.

Of slight physique, his forte had to be the short game. Oddly, putting last yielded its mysteries. One day came its secret. First, determine the line. Second, stroke the ball along it to the cup. Each passing star since has hewed to this theory.

His greatest putt, as I have stated, came in the semi-final round of that championship match at Palm Beach, his farewell to golf. Both he and his opponent were short on their seconds to the 342-yard ninth, Travis forty yards, the other five. His opponent's ball laid him a stymie.

Run-up shots over flat Florida fairways, matted with Bermuda grass, are putted to sand greens. The old man, as would any putter, figured there was no possibility of striking the ball 105 feet ahead. The thing to do was to forget it, to go for the pin. But so perfect was his line that his ball hit the other, dead center, knocked it upon the green and followed to the edge itself to be stymied again.

Never has there been another putt to match it! Never was there his equal on the greens!

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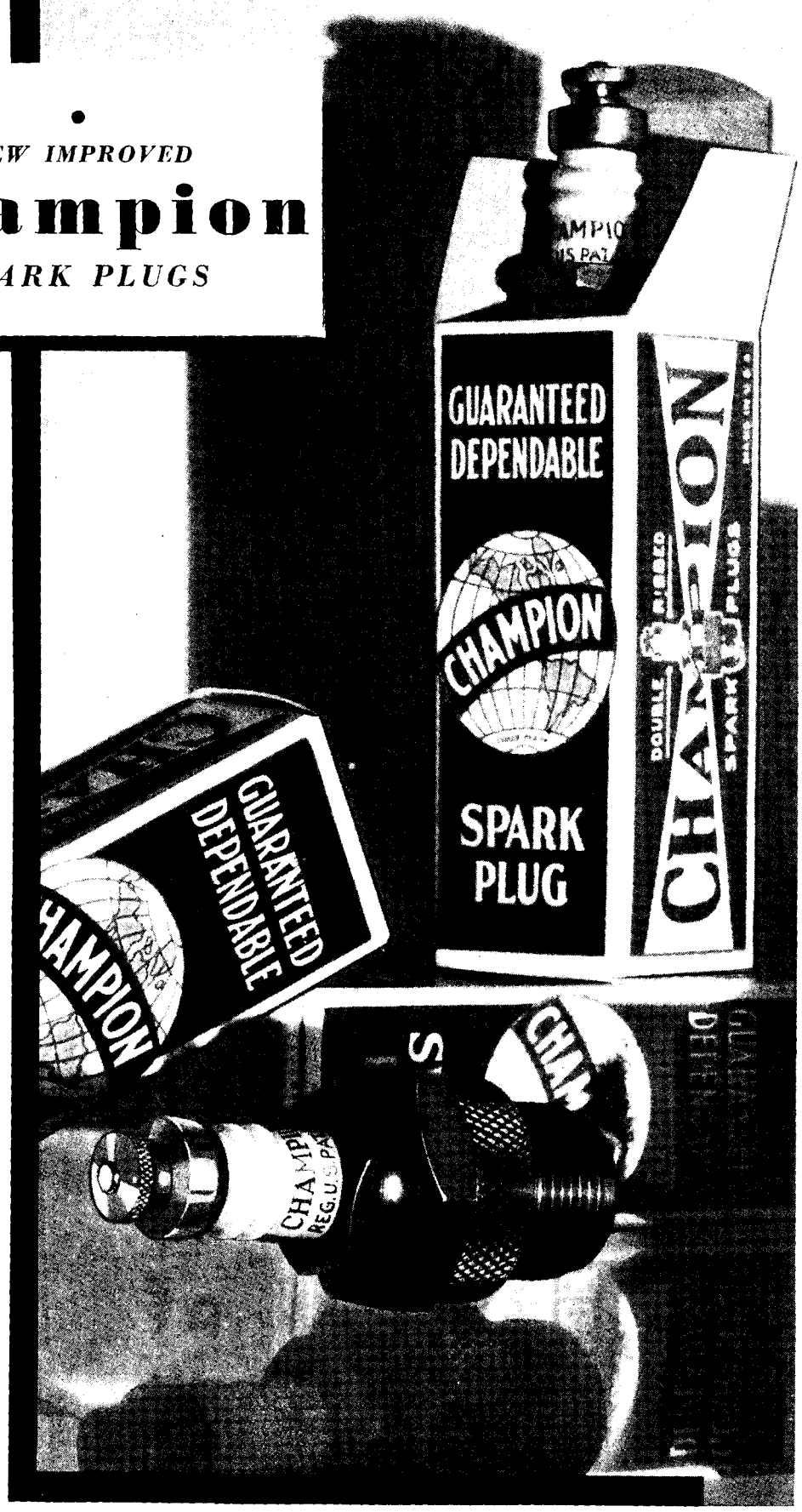

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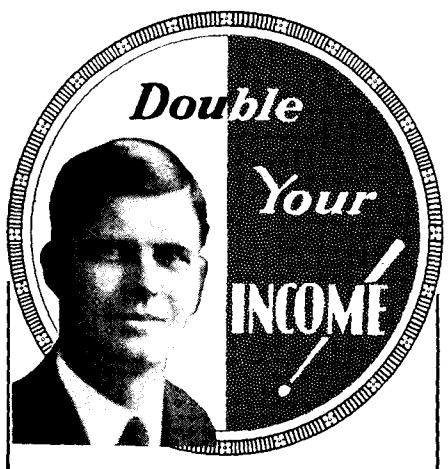

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It's Harder to Start from the Top

Continued from page 42

stared down at her with bewilderment driving all the anger from his eyes. Then he picked her up and folded her in his arms. "Good lord, my dearest child, what are we doing? What is this?"

Norah was not giving answers to anything. There was no answer to anything. She had just put up her arms, closed her eyes, drawn a deep breath, and that was that. There would never be anything or anyone else. She waited until he kissed her. Then she slipped from his arms and ran out of the room, out of the office with her hat and coat in her hands, ran all the way home so that she could do what she must do quickly and without counting the cost.

AS SHE dashed up the stairs towards her now cherished little room, she heard the telephone ringing in the corridor. She thought she knew who it was; for her search of the morning paper had been rewarded with the item she sought: "Prince di Tuliaferno has arrived from Milan and will stop at the St. Clair."

But it wasn't Beppo who answered her weak hello. It was R. G. Milliken and he wanted her to say when she would lunch with him, at the Bankers Club, the Plaza, the Ritz, or any damned place she cared to name. Delano-Milliken Fire Clay Products had been that day dismissed by the receivers as sound, solvent, and back on the road to prosperity. "I made a trip and came back with a suitcase full of orders! We got the bank behind us again. You're not as rich as you were, Norah, but you've got a little. Your shares are worth something . . . and so are you, Norah."

Norah was glad, glad for the sake of her father's name and for the sake of old man Milliken. For herself it didn't matter much. As soon as the excited old fellow rang off, she took a slip of paper from her bag and called the number of the St. Clair Hotel.

"Noramina! *Carissima! Bella! Bella!*" The receiver burred in her ear with the fervor of Beppo's Italian. "I come for you, Noramina. I am sick on the sea . . . *mio Dio* . . . eight day. All for you. And I do not find you. Speak with me. It is Beppo."

With his ebony stick and his rimless monocle and his dashing opera cape, Beppo was no small sensation on Lexington Avenue. Norah left the telephone in the corridor ringing insistently and went down the steps to meet him. She had watched for his coming; the door-bell did not work. A curious group looked on while he kissed her fingers, almost to the bone, and while his dark eyes devoured her from her bright head to her slippers. The clamor of that telephone was still audible down on the street.

"We shall have dinner at Luigi's Beppo, and then we shall find some place to dance, but you'll have to wait a little; I didn't have time to dress." When they went in the telephone had stopped ringing.

As their taxicab crossed Madison Avenue in the maze of traffic, a white, tense face was framed for an instant in the square of the window. Norah drew back into the darkness with a little unnoticed gasp.

"Listen to me, Noramina. No . . . but like so." It had been going on, it seemed to her, for hours, the same thing over and over. They had arrived at a small table on the warmed and glassed-in roof garden, a gay pageant of dancers, the strumming and muffled drumbeats of a subdued dance band, all aloft and isolated in the hazy, purple night . . . like an illuminated gala boat on a deep, slow river.

She wished Beppo was not so proud of his English. "Listen just to me, Noramina. I take you away from this city which is only for slaves. You work . . . bah! . . . that is horrible! I take you away with me to Milano."

"But I could not leave my poor friends unhappy, Beppo. They are unhappy because they cannot get your Milan silk. You are unhappy, you say, because you cannot have me. You have silk and I have me. Let's trade."

Beppo gesticulated and expostulated in Italian. "Ah, in a few month she ruin you, this New York. You speak of business. I speak of lof." She watched his eyes narrow and harden again. "I tell you these thing are not for girls, Noramina. It is matter for millions of lira. . . ."

"Gold?" she said. Her fingers touched her hair absently. "It is apparently more valuable gold than the gold of old Perugia, Beppo. Or have you forgotten that?" She followed the direction of Beppo's gaze and saw a short, dark but imposing little man talking to the headwaiter. It struck her that he was not unlike Beppo in some subtle way.

"Ah! That is Signor Mercati, Noramina, who is why I have come to New York. With him I have a big business maybe."

"But I thought you came just to see me, Beppo." She was trying to remember where she had heard the name Mercati recently. Was it Bob Harvester's competitor? Beppo excused himself for a moment and joined the other. Then someone came rushing to her from the dance floor.

"Norah! Where have you been all these weeks?" It was Betty Newlands. "Dad's not going broke after all and a crowd of us are celebrating. Come on over to the apartment with us after this. With whom? Prince who? Well, bring him along!"

Beppo returned to her, seeming preoccupied and pensive, like one whose plans must be remade all of a sudden. Presently he said: "Now what is it you wish from your Beppo, Noramina? That he give again the contract to your Mr. Harvester-Brooks? Well . . . for you I do that. For my little Noramina, and she go with me back to Milano and be princess. There is the very nice ship that sails . . ."

"She sails tomorrow night," said Norah, wondering what had brought about this sudden agreement. "I shall be ready."

BETTY and her friends swooped down upon them, saving the moment. They were all delighted with Prince di Tuliaferno. Going out downstairs through the lobby of the hotel, Norah stopped and darted into an alcove. Ahead of them, across the end of a long corridor, a figure had passed, just a glimpse, just a manner of walking which she recognized.

At the Newlands apartment they made a lion of Beppo and his reacting good spirits quickly let out that he was taking a princess back to Milan. "Norah!" They gathered around her. "She's going to have a castle on Lake Maggiore!"

Norah sat listening to them and smiling. Then she jumped up and made an excuse to slip back into Betty's bedroom so that, just for a moment, she could be alone and try to bear it.

A maid came for Betty. She went into the entrance foyer. "I just ran in for a minute, Betty. I'm not dressed or anything but . . ."

"Bob! Good lord, come in and have a drink. You're as pale as a . . ."

"Is Norah here, Betty? I've been trailing her all evening."

"Of course she's here. Both of them. Isn't it grand? Norah the Princess of Tuliaferno? She's sailing tomorrow for Milan."

Bob Harvester said nothing for a long time and then finally—"I thought that was the idea. Only she's not." He followed Betty into the living-room, his eyes darting about for Norah, acknowledging introductions to the few there he didn't know. "But do you know Prince di Tuliaferno?"

Somehow, standing there beside him, Beppo lost part of his glamour.

"We have not meet before," said Beppo, "but we meet soon again." The two of them had a moment aside. "I come to your business in the morning, Mister Harvester-Brooks, and we fix up our little matter quick . . . just like so."

"Well, hardly as quick as that, Tuliaferno. Harvester-Brooks may go on the rocks for it but our original offer to you was final . . . and it didn't include any extras in the way of princesses. Norah is going to stay in New York, contract or no contract."

The two men's eyes met for a long moment of comprehension. "Ah," sighed Beppo, at last, "you Americans, you are hard . . . but you are better than that Mercati who is a swindle and a liar. I come to your business in the morning just the same, Mr. Harvester-Brooks. You know, that Noramina, she make a fine princess. But I think she have a little too much in the what you call noodle to make me a good Italian wife."

NORAH threw back the windows of Betty's bedroom and stepped out upon a balcony which ran the length of the entire apartment. It was not a cold night and she took a few steps outside to the corner. Suddenly, in three directions as far as she could see, the expanse and majesty of an illuminated New York lay spread beneath her. A billion lights gleamed, like stars in a dark, purple, nether firmament. Incredible monoliths came stark white and beautiful from the shadowed depths.

Norah's fingers touched her throat, as if to discover what had gripped her there; for she knew what she saw was real and not the phantasmagoria of some future piercing dream. She knew it was not pretty and that it was hard, conceived for a mighty utility, but she beheld its beauty which was like no other. She knew it was life, and that it was her life, and she lifted up her arms to it in farewell, speaking in Italian, as if already in the rôle her sacrifice would force her to play, "*Addio . . . addio . . . bello mondo, addio.*" The windows behind her opened slowly but she did not hear. She heard only the great bass-note murmurous roar which was the answer to her call.

She let fall her arms and reached back to steady herself against the wall. Her fingers touched the fabric of his coat, into which he was enfolding her.

"Put me down," she demanded. "I did not call you. I was talking to something else." Later, quite a while later, she said: "It's so bright up here. Does it ever get really dark in New York, Bob?"

"Sometimes," he said. "Sometimes just before the dawn."

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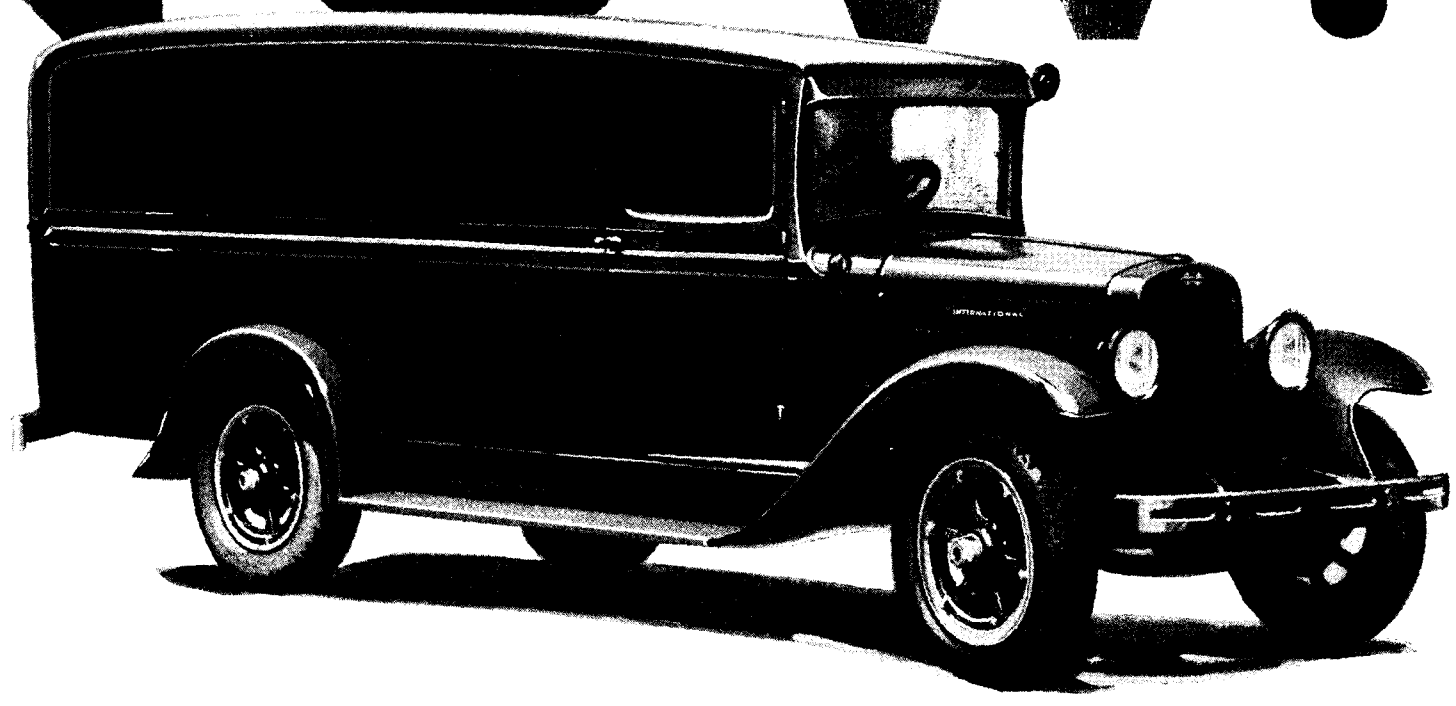

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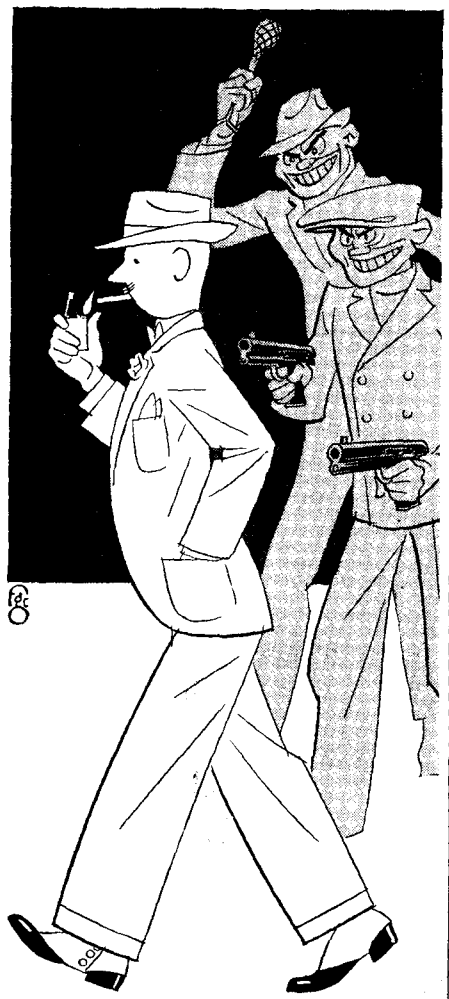

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Unlucky Alfonso

Continued from page 11

memory of the generation in which it occurred.

But that was not to be the end of the day. The head of the procession had already reached the palace. What had happened to delay the king and queen? Presently the truth was known; and soon after, the royal couple arrived, stained with blood but uninjured, and proceeded inflexibly with the appointed ceremonial.

It was not enough to appear at the palace windows to reassure the anxious crowd. The king must take an open motor car and drive out unguarded and almost alone among the multitude of his subjects, to receive their tributes of loyalty and thankfulness that he had been delivered from an appalling peril. This was the spirit which was to animate his bearing in all times of danger.

Why Spain Was Neutral

I first had the honor of meeting him when I visited Madrid in the spring of 1914. He bade me to luncheon, and afterward he talked with great freedom and intimacy in a small cabinet near by. I had come to Madrid to play polo, and in this way we met several times. One day he asked me to go for a drive with him in his motor car, and we made a long excursion towards the Escorial. Here the conversation turned on the anxious state of Europe. Presently the king said, abruptly:

"Mr. Churchill, do you believe in the European war?"

I replied, "Sir, sometimes I do; sometimes I don't."

"That is exactly how I feel," he said. We discussed the various possibilities with which the future seemed loaded. His deep regard for England was evident in everything he said. Although nearly twenty years had passed since I had accompanied the Spanish forces in Cuba, he presented me with the war medal for that campaign before I left Madrid.

No one could be surprised that Spain preserved a strict neutrality in the great struggle of Armageddon. The historical barriers between Spain and the allied and associated powers were not to be surmounted. The deepest bitter memory of the Spaniard is the Napoleonic invasion and the agony of the Peninsular War. Even after a hundred years there could be no unity of sentiment between France and Spain. Gibraltar, though a faded cause of irritation, still plays a part in Spanish thought.

But the real hatred was for the United States, and the final loss of the last remnants of the Spanish colonial empire left an aching void in the breasts of a proud race. The aristocracy were pro-German. The middle classes anti-French. As the King said, "only I and the mob are for the Allies." The best that could be hoped for was that Spain should be neutral in the struggle; and certainly she prospered by her abstention from it.

The king told me of the other attempts upon his life. One in particular I remember. He was riding back from a parade when an assassin suddenly sprang in front of his horse and presented a revolver at barely a yard's distance. "Polo comes in very handy," said the king, "on these occasions. I set my horse's head straight at him and rode into him as he fired." Thus he escaped. In all there were five actual attempts and many abortive plots.

The acquaintance I made in 1914 with him has been renewed on his many visits to England, and always he has made me feel a sense of his vigilant care for the interest of his country, and his earnest desire for the material welfare and progress of its people.

The autograph of King Alfonso is a truly remarkable symbol. Experts in handwriting profess to find in it deep resources of firmness and design; it certainly possesses style. Yet few sovereigns can ever have been less pompous. The gloomy, solemn etiquette of the Spanish court has in its late master produced a modern democratic man of the world, moving easily and naturally in every kind of society.

To separate the king from the man, and public functions from the pleasures of private life, was always Alfonso's wish and habit. It has been observed that this prince, the head of all the grandees in Spain, was himself most often photographed in polo kit, flannels or unconventional garb. The man and the scene were rich in contrasts.

Nothing could rob the king of his natural gayety and high spirits. The long years of ceremonial, the cares of state, the perils which beset him, have left untouched that fountain of almost boyish merriment and jollity. When I met him on one of his recent visits to London he had come straight from almost the gravest political crisis of his reign. He spoke of this with simple modesty and a kind of imperturbable selflessness. But what seemed to fill his mind was the St. George's by-election then at its height.

The placards on the houses and motor cars; the political excitement of his many friends in Mayfair; the exertions of the press lords; the society canvassers and orators of both sexes—all the hubbub and chatter aroused his genuine interest. It seemed great fun and a game in which he would like to participate. He enjoyed prowling about incognito and seeing and hearing for himself.

The King and the Man

His conversation, grave or gay, is pervaded by a natural charm and lighted by a twinkling eye. King or no king, no one could wish for a more agreeable companion, and sure I am that his popularity in the United States, were he to visit there, would be immediate and lasting. He has a great liking for England and English ways, and this would translate itself very readily into an appreciation of American life and society. Certainly no figure could be less tragic, more seemingly care-free than the astute statesman, harassed monarch and hunted man.

There was recalled to my memory, as I watched him, the officers home on leave from the trenches of Flanders, happy in the family circle, dancing joyously at ball or cabaret, laughing at the comedies at the music halls without apparently a trace upon them of the toils and perils from which they had come but yesterday and to which they would return tomorrow.

The present troubles in Spain have come slowly to a head. Their origin lies in the breakdown of the parliamentary system through its lack of contact with realities and with the public will.

Parties artificially disciplined and divided produced a long succession of weak governments containing few, if any, statesmen capable of bearing a real responsibility or wielding power adequate to the occasion. The long, desultory warfare in Morocco—the legacy of centuries—gnawed away at Spanish contentment like an ulcer, with stabbing pains of disaster from time to time.

There was not among Spanish politicians that strict convention which is a bond of honor in all parties in Great Britain to shield the Crown from all unpopularity or blame. Cabinets and ministers fell like houses of cards and gladly left the king to bear their burdens. He did so without demur.

Meanwhile, the war with the Moors dawdled on and the public grievance grew. It grew even in spite of the riches and prosperity which neutrality in the great struggle had brought to Spain. The obstinate, strong and intractable forces of the Church and Army, and the almost independent institution of the artillery corps, confronted Alfonso with another series of problems of the most perplexing character, which acted and were reacted upon by the sterile confusion of the parliamentary machine.

Only very great patience, skill and knowledge of the Spanish character, and of the factors at work, enabled him to tread his way through the kind of situation which Mr. Bernard Shaw has illuminated for modern eyes in the witty scenes and dialogue of The Apple Cart. Our Fabian dramatist and philosopher has rendered a service to monarchy which never perhaps could have been rendered from any other quarter. With his unsparing derision he has held up before the Socialists of every land the weaknesses, the meannesses, the vanities, and the follies of the trumpery figures who float upwards and are borne forward upon the swirls and eddies of so-called democratic politics. The sympathies of the modern world, including many of its advanced thinkers, are powerfully attracted by the gay and sparkling presentation of a king, ill-used, let-down, manipulated for personal and party ends, yet sure of his value to the mass of his subjects, and striving not unsuccessfully to preserve their permanent interest and to discharge his duty.

How does Alfonso XIII stand as a king, and how does he stand as a man? These are the questions which we must ask when a reign of thirty years of conscious power has come to its close. The end was bitter. Almost friendless, almost alone in the old palace of Madrid, surrounded by hostile multitudes, King Alfonso knew he had to go. An epoch had closed.

History Will Tell

Are we to judge him as a despotic statesman, or as a limited constitutional sovereign? Was he in fact the real ruler of one of the strongest and oldest branches of a European ruling family for nearly thirty years? Or was he merely an engaging polo-playing sportsman, who happened to be a king, wore his royal dignities with easy grace and looked for ministers, parliamentary or extra-parliamentary, to carry him pleasantly forward from year to year? Did he think for Spain, or did he think for himself; or did he merely enjoy the pleasures of life without thinking too much about anything at all? Did he govern or reign? Are we dealing with the annals of a nation or with the biography of an individual?

History alone can give decisive answers to these questions. But we shall not shrink from pronouncing now that Alfonso XIII was a cool, determined politician who used continuously and in full the whole influence of his kingly of-

(Continued on page 49)

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Yet you'll meet me in the thick of a Broadway crowd"

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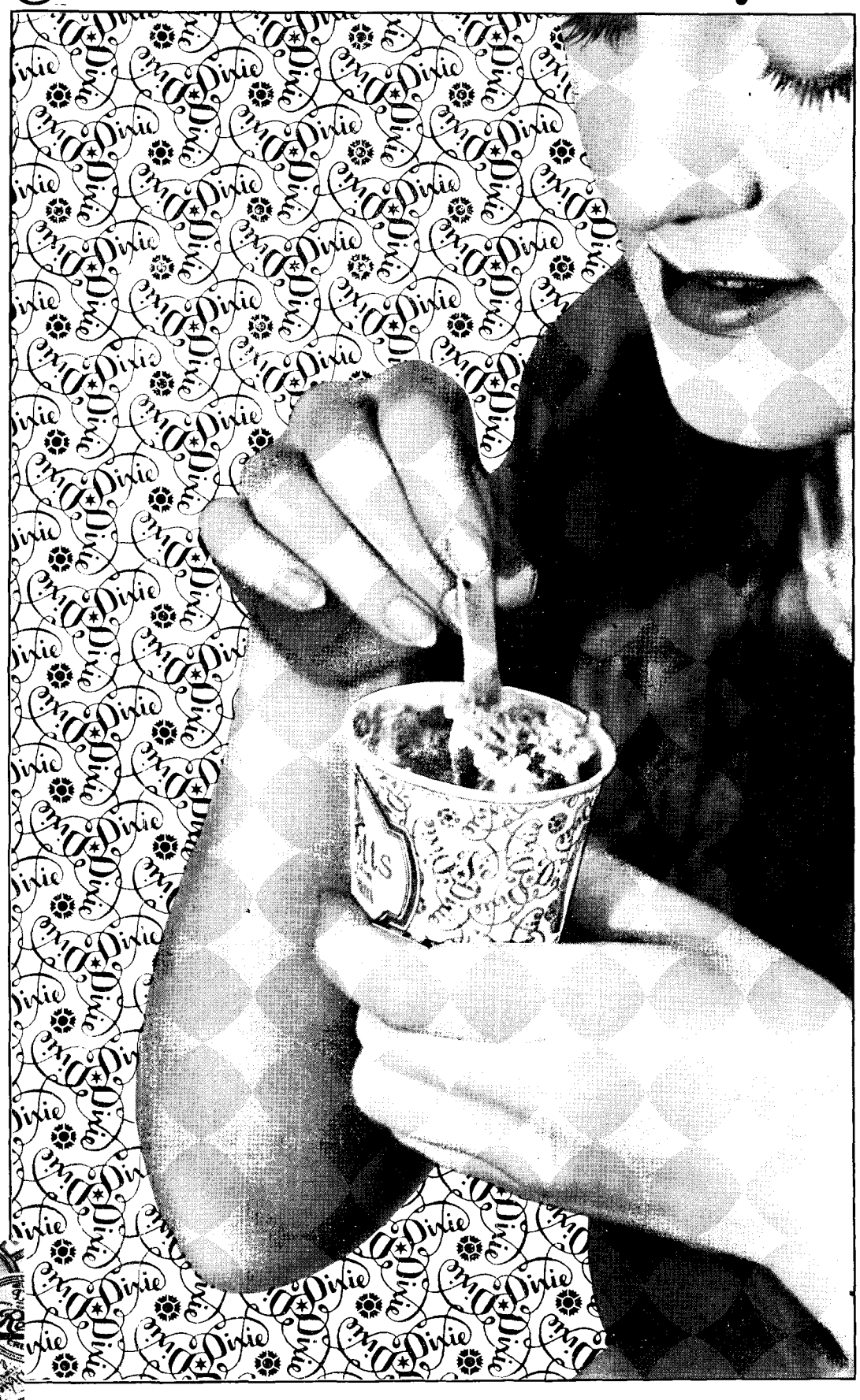

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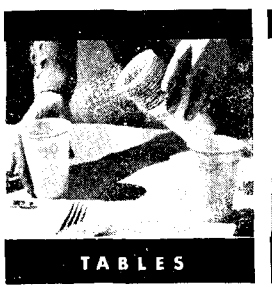
TABLES

PUBLIC LOCATIONS

PICNICS

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Unlucky Alfonso

Continued from page 46

fice to control the policies and fortunes of his country. He deemed himself superior not alone in rank, but in capacity and experience, to the ministers he employed. He felt himself to be the one strong, unmoving pivot around which the life of Spain revolved. His sole object was the strength and fame of his country.

Alfonso could not conceive the dawn of a day when he would cease to be in his own person identified with Spain. He took at every stage all the necessary and possible steps of which he could be aware to secure and preserve his control of the destiny of his country and used his great powers and discharged this high trust with much worldly wisdom and with dauntless courage. It is therefore as a statesman and as a ruler, and not as a constitutional monarch acting usually upon the advice of ministers, that he would wish to be judged, and that history will judge him. He need not shrink from the trial. He has, as he has said, a good conscience.

Facing the Crisis

The municipal elections were a revelation to the king. All his life he had been pursued by conspirators and assassins; but all his life he had freely trusted himself to the good will of his people. He had never hesitated to mingle in crowds or to travel alone, unguarded, where he listed. He had found many friends in every walk of life and always, when recognized, ovations and respect.

He therefore felt sure that he had behind him the steady loyalty of the nation; and having labored continually and faithfully in its service, he felt he had deserved its affection. A lightning flash lit up the darkened scene. He saw around him on every side widespread, general and, it seemed, almost universal hostility, and especially, hostility personal to himself.

He gave vent to one of those arresting utterances, wrung from him in this memorable period, which show the force and quality of his comprehension of life, "I feel as if I had gone to call upon an old friend and found that he was dead." It was indeed a withering episode. Explain it as you will—the hard times all over the world, the political incapacity of the monarchist party, the drift of the times, the propaganda of Moscow—it was without disguise a gesture of repulsion, piercing to the heart.

Everyone has been struck by the contrast between the fierce, sullen aversion of the Spanish people for their king and his immense popularity in the great democracies of France and England. At home all scowls, abroad all smiles! Sovereigns accused of despotism and driven from their thrones have been wont to receive asylum in foreign lands; but never before have they been welcomed with widespread, spontaneous demonstrations of regard and approval among all classes.

How shall we explain it? The Spaniards, to whom democratic institutions carry with them the hope of some great new advance and amelioration, regarded Alfonso as an obstacle to their progress. The British and French democracies, who already enjoy all these advantages, are disillusioned. They regarded the king as a sportsman; the Spaniards knew him as a ruler. The articulate forces in France, Britain and, we doubt not, in the United States were more attracted by the character and personality of King Alfonso than by the character and personality of the Spanish people. They were surprised that that nation had not liked such a sovereign. The Spanish people had a view of their own; and that is the view that must prevail. Alfonso would not wish it otherwise himself.

Men and kings must be judged in the testing moments of their lives. Courage is rightly esteemed the first of human qualities, because, as has been said, it is the quality which guarantees all others. Courage, physical and moral, King Alfonso has proved on every occasion of personal danger or political stress. Many years ago in the face of a difficult situation Alfonso made the proud declaration, no easy boast in Spain, "I was born on the throne, I shall die on it."

That this was an intense personal resolve and rule of conduct cannot be doubted. He has been forced to abandon it, and today in his prime he is an exile. But it should not be supposed that this decision, the most painful of his life, was taken only at the last moment, or under immediate duress. For more than a year past he had let it be known that as king he would not oppose the settled will of the Spanish people, constitutionally expressed, upon the question of republic or monarchy.

After all, would any modern king wish to reign over a people who did not want him? If the general election throughout Spain by a large majority had produced a strongly republican *Cortes*, it was understood on all sides that a Constituent Assembly would have come into being. Then in the most formal manner the king would have laid down his powers and placed himself at the disposal of the government desired by his former subjects.

It was not to be. The actual crisis came suddenly, unexpectedly, upon a false issue, as the result of mere municipal elections into which the fundamental questions ought never to have entered—elections, moreover, at which the forces favorable to the monarchy had made no preparation for effectual political action. The crisis came attended by every circumstance of violence and affront. By his bearing throughout this odious ordeal, King Alfonso proved that he rated the welfare of his country far above his personal sentiments or pride, and even more above his interests.

A Faithful Servant

The issue was unfair, the procedure injurious. The means of armed resistance were not lacking; but the king felt that the cause had become too personal to himself to justify the shedding of Spanish blood by Spanish hands. He was himself the first to raise in the palace the cry of "Long live Spain!" He has since achieved another remarkable pronouncement: "I hope I shall not go back; for that will only mean that the Spanish people are not prosperous and happy."

Such declarations provide us with the means of judging the spirit of his reign. He made mistakes, he made perhaps as many mistakes as the royal or parliamentary rulers of other great countries; he was as unsuccessful as most of these have been in satisfying the vague urges of this modern age. But we see that the spirit which has animated him through all these long years of difficulty has been one of faithful service to his country, and he has been governed always by love and respect for his people.

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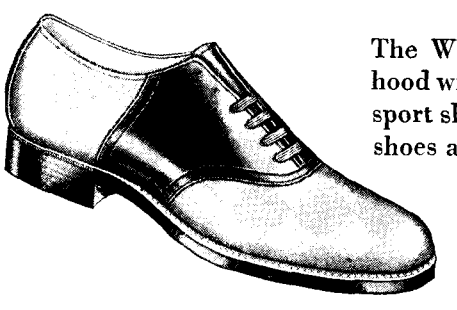

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The Blond Hussy

Continued from page 13

front gate and strode across the roadway where he took up his station behind a great tree.

A few minutes later he saw his father and mother framed in the front doorway. Mr. Jones gave his wife a farewell kiss full on the mouth and Wilbur winced again.

Mr. Jones turned down the street and Wilbur, waiting until he had reached the corner, followed him stealthily, on the other side. His quarry's destination seemed to be the Riverdale section, where the more fashionable folk of the small city resided.

THREE blocks farther on, Wilbur saw his father turn through an opening in a closely trimmed boxwood hedge behind which was a spacious white stucco house—a big roomy house with a sun parlor and gayly striped awnings. Wilbur slowed his pace until he saw his father pass through the front door. Then he darted across the street. The smart gray car was parked at the curb.

He slipped through the opening in the hedge and slid across the lawn behind a graceful syringa bush. He peered cautiously from behind this screen toward the house, but it availed him nothing. There were lights inside, but the shades were down. Maybe some of the windows were open. With his heart beating a wild tattoo he tiptoed across the lawn; a noise at the door startled him and he darted behind a sheltering rosebush.

They were coming out—his father and the blonde. He caught a glimpse of her. She was in black now with a turban edged with white. She was pretty—there was no gainsaying that—pretty in a fragile, Dresden china sort of way.

"If anyone calls, Mary," she was saying, "just tell them that I won't be back until quite late."

"Doesn't she suspect anything?" he heard his father ask.

"I don't think so," she replied, "but even if she did it wouldn't matter. She's the soul of discretion."

For a moment Wilbur was tempted to make a dramatic appearance then and there and spoil this brazen and unsavory rendezvous, but his feet seemed glued to the ground and he felt a sudden sinking, a sense of hollowness in his stomach that made any heroics impossible. In a daze he heard the sputter of the engine, the cough of the exhaust and then a steady rumble as the gray car sped down the street.

He slowly emerged from his hiding-place and tramped forlornly across the lawn. He'd have to make inquiries as to who the lady was. An untidy-looking policeman was strolling toward him, swinging his nightstick.

"Can you tell me, Officer," he inquired, jerking his thumb over his shoulder toward the white house, "who lives in there?"

"Mortimer Johnson—say, what's the idea? Planning a little porch-climbing?"

Wilbur ignored this jibe.

"You don't mean *the* Mortimer Johnson?" he inquired breathlessly.

"I don't know whether he's *the* Mortimer Johnson or *that* Mortimer Johnson or *those* Mortimer Johnson," replied the policeman with heavy sarcasm. "Who the hell are you—a reporter or something?"

"Me? No, I'm not a reporter. I'm just a plain citizen seeking information—just a plain citizen, Officer."

"He's nuts, I guess," muttered the policeman inelegantly as he watched Wilbur's rapidly retreating form.

That young gentleman, returning home with long, impulsive strides, was in a swirl of emotions. Mortimer Johnson—this was more than he had bargained for. He'd never seen Mr. Johnson, but he'd heard of him. Who *hadn't? He was the big steel man from* the East who headed the company which had taken over the mill down the valley two years before. Stories about him had been common gossip ever since he moved into the town. A dangerous man—a forthright person—a born leader—why, if he ever got wind of what was going on he'd probably shoot Henry Jones on sight.

Wilbur's poor trusting mother was still entertaining the Jacksons when he got home. He slipped through the hall unheard and went upstairs to his room. The situation demanded concentrated thought and careful preparation. He pulled down the shades, divested himself of his coat, collar and tie, moved a chair in front of the bureau mirror and began a hesitant monologue.

"I come to you, madam, in the name of common decency, as the humble spokesman of a little household that is trembling on the brink of ruin."

He was on the twenty-fourth lap wher he heard the screen door slam noisily. He looked at the clock and saw that it was a little after midnight. So the errant spouse had returned. He sprang up and turned out the light. A few minutes later he heard his father ascending the stairs.

WILBUR remained in bed in the morning until he was sure that his male parent had departed for the office. A meeting with him would be impossible until after he had averted the menace which hung over the little home. He hesitated, upon arising, as to what to wear, but finally decided on white flannel trousers and his blue serge coat. Mrs. Jones, accustomed to a certain careless abandon in his morning attire, was a little disturbed at his appearance when he entered the dining-room.

"Why, Wilbur," she remarked, "you're all dressed up."

She came toward him and laid a light hand on his shoulder. "Whatever is the matter with you, dear?" she inquired anxiously. "There's something on your mind—I know it. Tell Mother—please."

He felt the cool hand stray up to his cheek and linger there. He turned a little and kissed her fingers. She threw her other arm around him and held him close. For a moment he was a little boy again and not a man burdened with a hateful duty.

"Poor boy," she murmured.

"Poor, dear Mother," he whispered.

"What is it, dear—what is it?"

He straightened up and disentangled himself from her embrace with a quick movement. He realized with a start that he had almost gone soft. This was no time for softness; there was work to be done—a man's work.

"It isn't anything I can speak about," he said with an attempt at careless indifference. "That is, I mean to say I can't speak about it *now*. Maybe—maybe in the years to come—but not now—not now."

When he had kissed her good-by and had swung through the gate and down the street with long strides she stood on the porch and gazed after him until he disappeared in the distance. He was still moving rapidly when he vanished from her sight.

He found that the faster he walked the easier it was to forget the mission on which he was bound and he certainly wished to forget it. When he came in sight of the white stucco house he slowed down and he was positively dawdling when he came in front of it.

He wiped his forehead with a damp handkerchief and pressed the button at the side of the door. He heard a bell ring in the depths of the house and he felt that he was lost. A trim maid opened the door.

"Is—is Mrs. Johnson in?" he stammered.

"I'm afraid not," she answered and began to shut the door.

He put his hand out to hold it back.

"Maybe you think I'm selling magazines or something," he spluttered. "This is something personal—something important—it's—why, it might be a matter of life and death."

"Life and death," she repeated. "You don't mean that Mr. Johnson is—wait a minute."

He held the door ajar as she hurried down the hall and disappeared in a room near the end. His knees were shaking and he leaned against the jamb for support.

The maid appeared again.

"Come right in," she said. "Mrs. Johnson will see you at once."

He closed the door behind him and followed her through the hall. She stood at the door of the room from which she had emerged and pointed inside. It was a small breakfast room flooded with sunlight. Flowers were everywhere—roses, carnations, crimson peonies. A dainty table between the windows bore a silver coffee urn and behind it sat Mrs. Mortimer Johnson.

She looked incredibly lovely. A lyric shell-pink negligee slightly open at the front revealed the merest hint of the soft curves of an exquisite bosom and a slanting shaft of sunlight lay almost jauntily upon her golden hair. A troubled smile was upon her face and in the depths of her blue eyes there lurked a vague suggestion of fear. Wilbur, looking into them, forgot the honor of the family for a fleeting moment and there came back to him from the far-off days of childhood a flashing memory of the picture of the fairy princess in a book that he had loved when he was a little boy—The Princess Marigold.

"Thérèse said it was a matter of life and death," she said anxiously. "Has there been an accident?"

"Well—no—that is—well, what I mean is—not yet."

"*Not yet?*" she echoed. "Is there going to be one?"

"I GUESS not—that is, I *hope* not." She gave a little gasp of puzzled amusement.

"You're—why, you're the queerest person I've met in a long time," she remarked. "What is it you want to tell me?"

"I come to you, madam," he began huskily, "in the name of common decency, as the—"

"In the name of common decency?" she interrupted, incredulous. "In the name of common decency—why, my dear young man, this must be something serious indeed. Hadn't you better sit down?"

"No, thank you," he murmured. "I'd rather stand. I come to you, madam, in the name of common decency as the—"

"But you said that before."

"I know I did, but—well, that's the beginning—I come to you in the name of common decency as the humble

(*Continued on page 52*)

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The Blond Hussy

Continued from page 50

spokesman of a little household that is trembling on the brink of ruin. I—"

He saw her push a chair toward him and he dropped into it.

"My dear boy," she said with gentle tenderness, "you're all wrought up. What is all this nonsense about common decency and the brink of ruin? Please tell me. I'll try to understand."

He looked at her miserably.

"It's hard," he murmured, "because—because you're so beautiful."

"Thank you," she murmured. "That's very pretty and very knightly. And now what is it all about?"

He huskily cleared his throat again.

"It's about my father," he began. "Please don't see him again."

"Your *father?* Who *is* your father?"

"Henry Jones—I'm his son—Wilbur."

"Mr. Jones' son—oh, good gracious—this is *most* unfortunate—*most*—"

"Please—please don't see him any more," he went on. "It would break my poor mother's heart if—well, if the worst came to the worst. She trusts him so. Nothing like this ever happened to him before—there was a chorus girl once a long time ago before he met my mother, but his father put a stop to that monkey business. He told me all about it once. Please don't see him any more."

MRS. JOHNSON looked fondly at him. "Then you know all?" she inquired.

"Everything," he replied solemnly. "I've seen you motoring together several times and I followed him last night."

"Not really?"

"Oh, I know it was sneaky and all that and—well, my better instincts told me that it wasn't right, but—well, I just couldn't stand it—my poor, unsuspecting mother and everything. If you knew how she believes in him you'd understand. You've got to promise never to see him again before I leave this house."

"Oh, but I *must* see him again," she put in quickly. "Just once more."

"I'm sorry, but I can't allow that."

"But you don't understand. I must see your father—tonight. I'll promise that it will be our last meeting and—well, there really isn't any reason why *you* shouldn't be there, too. There won't be any harm in it if *you're* there, will there?"

"Well, no, I suppose not," he replied reluctantly.

"Do you know where the Carlton Arms hotel is?"

"You mean that summer place over near Amityville?"

"That's it. You drive over there in your car—it's only twenty miles—and be in the little reception room off the lobby at nine o'clock tonight. Your father will come in and wait for me. You can give him some excuse and you'll be there when I meet him."

"Oh, sure," he stammered. "Tonight at nine—the Carlton Arms."

"You're a good son," she murmured, "and a charming young man."

The door closed behind him and he stumbled down the porch steps. Well, *that* was over. My goodness—no wonder his father had fallen so hard. Dangerous? Say, she could give Sappho and that girl in Three Weeks and almost all the scarlet women in all the French novels that ever were written cards and spades. Whew! He wiped his forehead and his neck and his wrists. He was clammy all over. "Charming young man," she'd called him. He smiled a self-satisfied smile as he passed through the hedge.

Wilbur reached the Carlton Arms at eight-thirty in the family car, which he had calmly appropriated late in the afternoon. The hotel was a rambling structure set on rising ground which overlooked one of the most beautiful valleys in the state. It was an expensive and somewhat exclusive summer hotel which catered to prosperous middle-class guests from Chicago and its environs and just now, after the dinner hour, the lobby was alive with feverish activity.

Wilbur, sprawled in a wicker chair, was a little puzzled at the selection of a place like this for a romantic tryst. It lacked glamour and intimacy. He wondered how he'd explain his presence to his father. He was conjuring up a number of fantastic explanations when, looking out of the window, he saw the erstwhile wrecker of homes walking up the driveway in the gathering dusk. He didn't look particularly happy. In fact he looked decidedly annoyed. Wilbur wondered if he'd heard anything.

Henry Jones' jaw dropped with alarming suddenness when he found himself looking into the somewhat disturbed countenance of his only son.

"What in the name of Aunt Fannie's hatrack are you doing out here?" he inquired sharply.

Wilbur squirmed under his close scrutiny.

"Waitin' for Billy Morgan," he lied glibly. "He told me to meet him out here at eight-thirty. We were goin' to a dance somewhere around here, but he hasn't shown up."

"Oh, he hasn't, eh? Well, the next time you take that car out before dinner without asking my permission I'll slip you something you won't forget. I had to come out here in one of those damned busses and I'm sore all over. You leave that car here and take a taxi when Billy shows up. If he doesn't come you can drive me back home."

"All right," Wilbur grunted.

His father didn't seem in the least disconcerted and he was making no effort to shoo him away. He couldn't quite make it add up.

"What are *you* doing out here?" he inquired after a pause.

"Important appointment. It'll be all over in a few minutes. Hello, here they are now."

He pointed to the door leading to the lobby. Wilbur turned to see the Princess Marigold approaching. She was demurely dressed in a reticent sports suit and she was flanked by two strange men, two rather ordinary-looking men in ill-fitting clothes. Henry Jones sprang up to meet them.

"IT'S all over," said one of the men. "Caught with the goods. Had another letter all ready to mail when we closed in. We got all three of 'em. The lady here was in at the finish. Couldn't keep her away. Pretty nervy, wasn't she, Bill?"

The other man nodded.

"You said it," he remarked. "Never turned a hair. Well, I always said that there's some times when dames—pardon me—I mean women—ladies, that is—has got more nerve than most men. The sheriff made the pinch, of course."

Wilbur, unable to fathom the significance of these cryptic utterances, was looking at Mrs. Johnson. She was positively radiant.

"Well, that's over," she said smilingly. "They wanted me to keep out of sight, but after they got in I had to take a look. They're just youngsters, you know, really. I felt a little sorry. So good of you to come. I really had you out here for moral support. I'll look in on you in the morning. It'll be quite safe *now*. Why, who's this?"

She looked inquiringly at Wilbur as if she had just noticed him. Henry Jones, following her glance, motioned to his son to rise.

"*It's quite all right,*" *he said quickly.* "It's only my son. He happened to be here by a strange coincidence. This is Wilbur Jones, Mrs. Johnson."

That unfortunate young gentleman blushed furiously as he held out his hand. Her eyes were dancing.

"Delighted, I'm sure," she said. "I hope you're a very discreet young gentleman. I don't want it to get out that I was here. I've got relatives who wouldn't approve of it. They've got old-fashioned ideas about what they call common decency. I'm sure you know what I mean."

He mumbled something inarticulate. Why did she have to rag him and what was it all about? He was still in a daze as she turned to say good-by to his father.

"I'm taking our friends in need back to town in my car. Would you care to come along?"

"No, thank you," replied Henry Jones. "I've got my own car here."

Another flashing smile and she was *gone. Henry Jones looked at his watch.*

"It's after nine," he remarked. "Billy's probably stood you up. Better come along home with me."

WILBUR wasn't able to find voice until they were streaming along the Riverdale road in the still summer air.

"Will you please tell me what that was all about?" he inquired earnestly.

"I shouldn't, but I will. I suppose the whole town will know about it tomorrow. That's a very plucky young woman, son. She staged a raid right under the noses of several hundred snoopers and got away with it. And she was in at the kill, too. Cool as they make 'em."

"A raid? I don't understand."

"Blackmail. A gang has been sending threatening letters to her husband. Wanted a little trifle of thirty thousand dollars. She got hold of the first one by accident and kept the news from him. He's got a big business deal on and she was afraid he'd be worried. He's a pretty ruthless sort of a person when he gets started and she thought maybe he'd go gunning for these fellows himself. Opened all the other letters that came and she's been receiving telephone calls, too. Came to me to get some private detectives on the job and advise her. They traced the crooks out here and staged this little party tonight. I'm glad it's all over. She's been consulting me on the highways and byways of the whole county in that gray car of hers. Afraid she'd be traced going to my office. Gosh, I hope nobody saw us. Don't breathe a word of it to your mother. She can't abide blondes."

"I won't," replied Wilbur solemnly.

"Yes, sir," replied Mr. Jones presently, "she's a nervy little woman all right. Didn't act on impulse. Waited for three days before she came to me and actually talked to one of those birds on the phone. We had something pretty tangible to start with. That's a good thing to remember, son. Never act on impulse. Wait till you've got the goods."

"You said it," responded Wilbur earnestly. "Wait till you've got the absolute goods. If you don't you're liable as not to—why, you're liable as not to make an *unforgivable* mistake, a perfectly *terrible* mistake."

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Drilling for Trouble

Continued from page 15

foreign countries. Now that's what I'm interested in. I'll even go farther than that. I'm interested in putting an embargo on foreign oil.

"We've asked Congress to do that for us and Congress refused. I reckon Congress was right. We were told that to embargo oil would be a violation of treaty obligations. Maybe it would. But listen, fellows, as sovereign states Texas, Oklahoma and the rest of us haven't got any treaty obligations, while on the other hand we have got the right to control business within our own boundaries.

"That's what I propose that we do. Of course we'll be polite about it but let's pour it to 'em in this fashion. We'll ask President Hoover to ask the big oil companies, in his kindly way, just to curtail their importation of oil to the tune of about fifty or sixty million barrels a year—which would allow us to open up that many more of our own wells—and then, just to be sure that these heavyweights say yes, when the President pops the question to 'em, we'll go back to our respective states and mix up a little medicine.

Swinging a Club

"It'll be this kind of a dose. We'll introduce bills in our respective legislatures providing that in the event any corporation violates its agreement regarding oil importation a receiver shall be appointed to close up its business, sell its visible assets and distribute the proceeds among the stockholders.

"I guess that'll hold 'em for a while."

It did. Four or five days after the Fort Worth meeting I asked Governor Sterling, in Austin, what had come of it and he replied: "Everything's going to be all right. Right here on my desk I have wires from several of the major oil companies stating that they will voluntarily agree to restrict imports."

"But is it voluntary?" I said. "Aren't they doing it because you are all swinging a club at them in the shape of a threat to cancel their charters to do business in the oil-producing states?"

"No, no. Not at all," replied Governor Sterling. "Their agreement is purely voluntary."

Alfalfa Bill, however, doesn't agree to that voluntary part of it, because when it was announced by Secretary of the Interior Wilbur that an agreement had been reached which included all the big domestic oil corporations, with the exception of the Standard of Indiana, as well as the Royal Dutch Shell and the Pan-American Petroleum companies, he said: "I thought they'd come around. There's no other way out for them. But we won't stop; we'll go right ahead with our bills providing for cancellation of the charters of any importing oil company selling its wares in our states in violation of these agreements."

Now of course this attitude of Governor Murray's is almost revolutionary. In effect he is placing the sovereignty of his own state and its right to control foreign corporations doing business therein above and outside the authority of the Federal Interstate Commerce Commission and is asking other oil-producing states to do likewise.

But can Alfalfa Bill make such legislation as he proposes stand up? That remains to be seen in case his bills pass in various states and a test comes up, but as the situation is at present it must be admitted that something has caused the major oil companies almost to fall over themselves in the haste with which they acceded to President Hoover's request.

And now Alfalfa Bill has gone a step farther. He has proposed an interstate compact among the seven oil-producing states to set up an Oil States Advisory Council. Each state will enact the same kind of conservation and proration laws and the regulation of output in all of the states will be adjusted to a centralized program through the supervisory efforts of the Advisory Council, acting as a kind of liaison commission.

Another interesting angle to this proration fight is that Harry F. Sinclair is not going along with the rest of the heavyweights but is aiding and abetting the independents in their battle for free and unlimited production. Again, however, there seems to be a bug under the chip. Mr. Sinclair's motives are not just exactly what one would call disinterested; the thing that has caused him and his huge organization to fly to the help of the oppressed independent is that he sees, at this writing, a chance to buy a lot of cheap oil and as he happens to have a lot of empty storage he naturally wants to fill it up. The probabilities are that he won't be able to do it out of the east Texas field because the Texas Railroad Commission and the State Proration Committee are decidedly against him on the ground that he is not only encouraging waste but that his action will also break the price of oil.

They have therefore devised a rather unique temporary solution of the problem by which they claim the field will be automatically forced to prorate itself. It works like this: This new field is not served by any adequate pipe-line but is dependent on the railroad to get its oil out. The Humble Oil Company, however, which has acquired large holdings there, was feverishly laying pipe and had gotten its ten-inch line within about ten miles of the Kilgore field when suddenly, about the first of March, it quit work. As usual, there was a reason. A bill, which has since become a law, was suddenly introduced into the Texas legislature controlling pipe-lines and forcing them to take oil ratably from anyone offering it for transportation.

To Annoy Mr. Sinclair

The Humble Company didn't like this. What they were building a line for was their own oil, and hence when they found themselves threatened with becoming a common carrier, with the rate-making power taken out of their hands, they suspended operations.

This left transportation up to the railroads and here again the law was invoked to prevent anyone from getting away with anything. The proration committee dug up an old Texas statute which says that railroads cannot play favorites; cannot contract to take one shipper's shipments in preference to another's and must divide all shipments among the offerers of all cargoes.

"This development," said Mr. Robert R. Penn, chairman of the proration committee, "is of the greatest interest to the oil industry generally because it spells defeat for Harry F. Sinclair in his effort to break down proration and thus destroy the price structure in order that he may fill his empty tankage with cheap oil. He has failed in his efforts to buy cheap oil in Oklahoma City and is reported to have announced that he would get it in east Texas. This means that he will have to take his share of the railroad outlet, which

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is only 50,000 barrels per day, and no more."

Thus the discovery of the east Texas field has kicked up quite a commotion. As already pointed out it has, in a period of depression, animated a large body of crooks; stirred several governors into revolutionary action; drawn a long statement from the President of the United States; put an embargo on foreign oil; affected the production of Venezuela and Mexico; caused an alliance to arise between Texas and its old enemies, the Eastern corporations, and brought about a break between Harry F. Sinclair and the other heavyweights in the oil game.

The East Texas Grab Bag

It has done this because, as stated in the beginning of this article, somehow or other the idea seems to prevail throughout the entire oil fraternity that there is more oil in east Texas than in any other one locality on earth, and naturally everybody interested in the business is trying to let himself in on the ground floor. Some will succeed, of course, and some won't. A few independent operators may survive the struggle and stay in the game; the smarter ones will cash in for a million or so and quit, and the rest—because it is almost inevitable that the major companies will eventually control the situation—will keep on until, rewriting the history of the oil business, they go broke.

In the meantime east Texas, which is that portion of the state that represents the Old South in habits, manners and culture, is literally writhing with excitement. Never before have its people seen or even thought about so much money as is being poured in on top of them. Everybody is getting a benefit. An old Negro landowner to whom a question was put replied: "Yassah, Boss, yassah, all us niggahs done been escrowed already."

An attorney who was approached regarding his business said: "It's booming. We've got all we can do and then some, straightening out land titles. Many of the families you see living on farms in this oil belt have been right there on that identical land since before the Civil War. Deeds were filed carelessly or maybe not at all. Mentally giving up all share in a worthless family patrimony, many heirs have gone out into the world to seek a living elsewhere. They left years and years ago, maybe hoping never to come back again, but now they're doing it—with their hands out and looking for a cut-in on the family fortunes. All sorts of claims and counterclaims are being filed and all kinds of family skeletons are being dug up. A man, for instance, who thinks he owns the oil rights in a piece of ground he's been living on for two generations suddenly finds that he doesn't when a couple of young men, children by his first wife, about whom he hasn't thought for thirty years, walk in and say 'Hello, Dad.' It's not a happy reunion, of course, but it makes money for us."

Then there are the big, old-time, country houses. Their owners have changed character and are stepping out after the cash. It's really pathetic. Built fifty or sixty years ago, these houses, with big, wide verandas around three sides of them, sit far back from the road, and a year ago merely to pass by and look at them was to get the feeling of a drowsy, comfortable, carefree life and to sense the culture that comes with a leisurely, calm and unperturbed existence. But that's all gone now and it will never come back. Today the front yards of these old homes are cluttered up with all kinds of automobiles; off to one side some noble trees have been cut down to make way for an oil derrick while even the old house itself has a queer, uncanny and distorted look. Its wide verandas have been boarded up, partitions have been put in, and a dozen rooms, renting at high prices, have been added to the establishment.

The same unhappy change has come to the towns. Tyler, Marshall, Longview and Henderson, having resisted progress for the past three decades, are now seething with it.

The traffic question has become a problem. In the towns, of course, where they are not used to it and where amateur traffic cops are trying to handle the situation, it is just a tangle that a man gets out of the best way he can, but out on the highways and on the cross-country roads there is a real difficulty. Drilling machinery, pipe, and rig-building material is heavy cargo which the roads were not built to carry. Huge trucks, loaded to capacity, bog down right in the line of travel.

This condition, more than anything else I saw, is well calculated to ruin the age-old piety of east Texas. In short, the whole situation is one that in a way carries with it a tinge of pathos. A serenity of existence that has endured for more than three generations is being completely and wholly upset, and, as one old gentleman said to me, "Is there enough money in the world to pay us for the things we are losing?" To be sure there isn't. This old gentleman, along with many like him, belongs to that favored class, found nowhere else except in the South, to which money doesn't mean happiness. It does seem a little rough, doesn't it, that these serene old people, now in the sunset of life, having always had enough to live on without worrying, should suddenly find themselves threatened with great wealth?

They don't like it; at least some of them don't; it annoys them to have to talk to perfect strangers about such weird things as leases, royalties and drilling contracts. So far as they are concerned the editor is right: when you strike oil you let loose Hades.

But how is it with their children and their grandchildren? Now that's different. These two generations are getting a great kick out of the whole thing. They are going to buy automobiles, dinner coats and evening gowns and begin to step out. That isn't all they are going to do, however. Throughout the entire section there seems to be a determination to transform what is now a boom into a substantial, permanent prosperity.

Riding the Oil Wave

They realize, or at any rate, those people down there in east Texas really believe, that they are sitting on top of the world's greatest single store of wealth and its greatest single source of power. Running true to Texas form, they are going to try to conserve that power and that wealth for generations to come, and with that end in view they are already preparing to turn the wildcat improvements that have sprung up everywhere into permanent institutions.

Their efforts will probably be successful, and a man doesn't have to be either a prophet or the son of a prophet to forecast the result. In ten years from now the country will be one of tank farms instead of cotton farms; the air, instead of carrying with it the odor of the pine trees, will reek with the stench of the refinery; everybody'll be living in a hurry, and—who'll want to go there?

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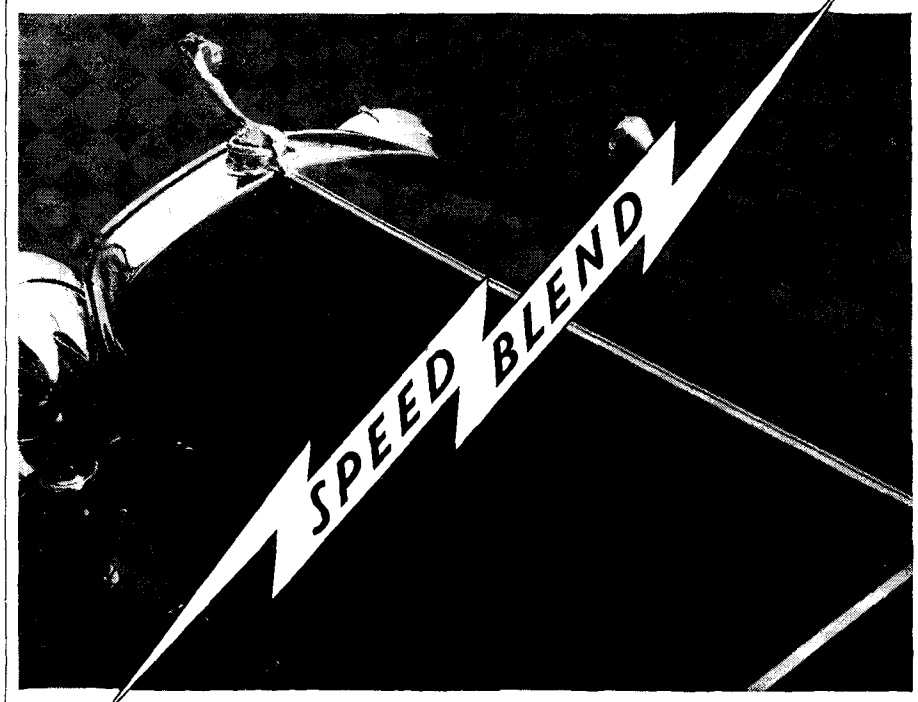

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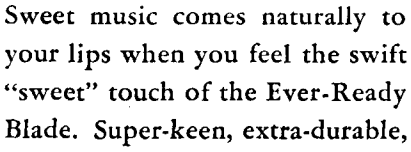

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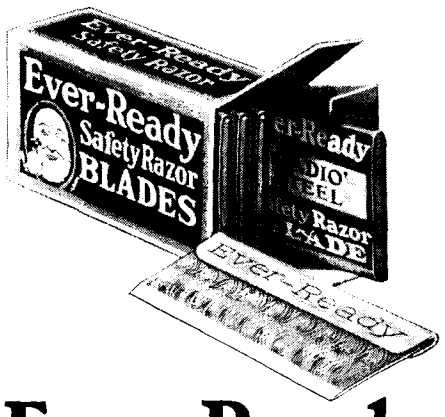

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The Mark of the Monkey

Continued from page 9

were blazing, now; his interest was intense. He got to his knees beside me.

"I have found three," I went on, "here and here—look! And there's a fourth!"

Nayland Smith suddenly sprang to his feet.

"And you will find a *fifth*," he said slowly, "you will find a *fifth*. . . ."

I looked—and it was true!

"It's the Mark of the Monkey!" he whispered.

"Smith!" I said sharply, and grasped his arm. "If you know how this dog died, for heaven's sake tell me, because I have never seen a similar condition in all my experience."

"I don't suppose you have, Petrie," he returned, and looked at me in a weary way. "Does the arrangement of the marks suggest anything to you?"

"Certainly! They resemble those which would be made by the grasp of a very small hand. . . ."

"Such as the hand of a monkey?"

"Exactly."

"That is why this thing is called the Mark of the Monkey."

"But what *is* it?"

Nayland Smith shook his head.

"It is known in Nepal as the Hanuman Death, and is reputed to come to those who excite the anger of the Sacred Monkeys."

"But this purple froth?"

"I cannot account for that. Hitherto I have seen only one victim of the Hanuman Death or the Mark of the Monkey, as it is known in Burma. Although the man had evidently died in convulsions, the same purple stuff was present. But here, in England, what the devil does it mean, Petrie? You are sure it's poison?"

"I could swear to it. And this," I brushed the purple dust from my finger, "is the medium used."

NAYLAND SMITH began to examine the hut with close attention.

"The dog didn't find it here," he said. "He ran in from somewhere else. Look at the trail of saliva."

I had already noted it, and merely nodded.

"He was poisoned, therefore, somewhere else, but presumably somewhere not far away."

I agreed.

"Therefore, the outstanding fact is this: that the dog died from some unknown poison, yesterday evening, at approximately four miles from his temporary home." Smith tugged at his ear and stared at me almost fiercely. "What is the curious point that occurs to you?"

"That anyone," I replied immediately, "who desired to poison the dog should take the animal four miles to do it."

"Right!" said Smith. "Any explanation?"

"An obvious one," I replied. "That the body should not be found."

Nayland Smith stepped out of the hut and stood looking about him; then:

"I object to 'obvious,'" he returned. "The widest and deepest mire on Dartmoor lies three miles nearer to the cottage and is more accessible in every way." He looked at me. "Any other suggestions?"

"No!" I confessed, blankly. "Your objection—and now others occur to me—leaves me defeated. So does the purpose of such a cruel, useless outrage."

"That's *my* difficulty," Smith snapped. "I think I can get over the other."

"What?"

"It doesn't matter, now, and I may be wrong, but the significance of this lies not in how it was accomplished, but why it was undertaken. The minor point we must endeavor to clear up first. Work back, Petrie," he directed, "towards the quarry. I'll take the other route towards the mine."

"But what am I looking for?"

"Purple powder," he jerked. "Any trace of it, anywhere."

I set off. For fifteen or twenty minutes I searched in vain. Presently, hot and weary, turning and looking back, I saw Nayland Smith coming to rejoin me.

"Any luck?" I challenged.

He shook his head savagely.

"What now?"

"Back to the quarry, as fast as we can get there—I'll think on the way."

We retraced the path by which we had descended, exchanging never a word until we had reached that point on the top of the quarry from which we had had our first glimpse of the stone huts. Here we paused for a moment . . . and suddenly Smith's muscular grip dug viciously into my arm. It was needless for him to speak.

Silhouetted against the blazing sun, so that details were indistinguishable, a figure was moving over the slope below!

Even as I saw him he disappeared in the direction of the huts. Smith pulled me back from the crest, and:

"Quick!" he said. "I only hope we weren't seen!"

He began to race down the slope at a tremendous pace, and, at last, exhaustedly:

"Where on earth are you going?" I demanded.

"We *must* know who that was!" he returned. "It may be unimportant or it may mean everything. I only wish there were a shorter route. And, by Jove! I believe there is. Look!"

He pulled up suddenly, pointing.

A mere goat track it showed, steep and boulder-strewn, but clearly leading in the direction of the prehistoric settlement. And so, perilously, we descended by it and presently approached, from the rear, the hut in which we had discovered the dog.

By mutual instinct we pulled up, and stood still, listening. There was no sound. Then, side by side we circled around the stone building and peered in. . . .

The body of the dog had disappeared!

We had lunched at the Quarry Inn. My companion was strangely taciturn.

"This thing is worrying you, Smith," I said. "And you didn't come here to worry. After all, the dog may have found some poisonous thing out there on the moor. . . ."

"He did!" Smith snapped viciously. "But he was led to it. Whoever threw his body into the mire—for that is no doubt where it went—is hiding his tracks." Suddenly, he stood up.

"What now?" said I.

"Over to the cottage."

IT WAS about two o'clock, daylight-saving time, when we reached the cottage occupied by the Marsburgs. Mrs. Ugglestone admitted us.

To Smith's first question—which I admit astonished me: "Any news of the dog?"—Mrs. Ugglestone replied that Miss Marsburg, herself, Mr. Marsburg and Mr. Pine, assisted by men from the local moor farm, had searched all the morning, but nothing had resulted. Miss Marsburg and Mr. Pine had driven into Exeter about twelve o'clock, as the young lady had a lunch appointment there. Mr. Pine was staying the night in Exeter, Miss Marsburg was coming back to dinner. Mr. Marsburg had lunched at home and had gone out only twenty minutes before with his cases and apparatus as usual.

Nayland Smith shrugged his shoulders, thanked the old lady, and we walked down the short path, through the gate and away from the cottage.

He was silent again for a long time.

"You seem disappointed, Smith," I said.

He glanced at me sharply; and:

"Not disappointed, Petrie," he said, "but puzzled—very badly puzzled. I'm going to lock myself in my room, with a pint of our host's excellent beer, my pouch and pipe—and *think*."

"You didn't come here to think," I reminded him.

"Nevertheless, that's what I'm going to do. . . ."

And so, knowing that no words of mine could move him from this resolution, I found myself with the afternoon on my hands. I wandered about rather aimlessly, surveying the moor from many points and hoping for a glimpse of that shining helmet which rendered

(*Continued on page 58*)

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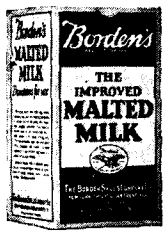

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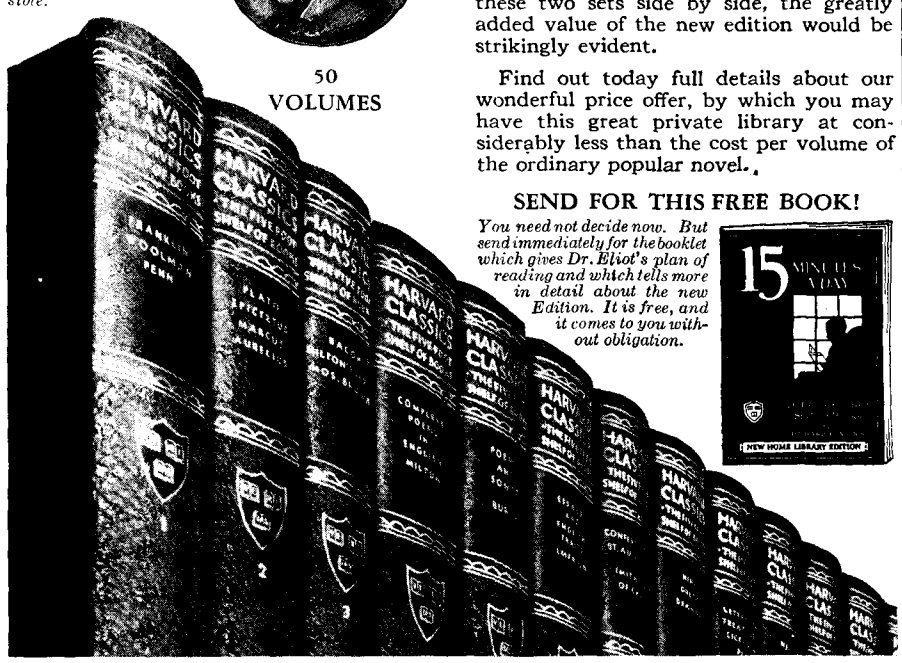

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The Mark of the Monkey

Continued from page 56

the movements of Henry Marsburg conspicuous for miles.

But I never had a glimpse of him. Then, about half past six, ascending the hillside towards the Quarry Inn, I saw a black and red roadster speeding along the road below. The bare arms and bright blue hat of the driver told me that it was Isola Marsburg returning to dinner at the cottage.

Back in the Inn, I found Smith. We dined alone in the little parlor, having an excellent meal. Smith and I sat outside the Inn afterward, smoking our pipes. My reflections presently led me in an obvious direction, and:

"This Mark of the Monkey, Smith," I said abruptly. "Was this strange form of death confined to the natives?"

"Yes," he murmured disinterestedly, obviously pursuing another train of thought—"to the natives."

THEN, as though galvanized, he sprang to his feet and:

"My God!" he cried, "My God! *Now I know!*"

"What do you know?" I asked blankly, rising.

"I know that there was one victim of the Mark of the Monkey who was *not* a native! And I know tonight that a human life is at stake."

"Whose life?"

He became silent, gripping my shoulder hard. . . . And listening, I heard it —the sound of rapid footsteps, growing ever nearer. Then I thought I detected short, sobbing cries.

Nayland Smith leaned upon me so heavily that I glanced anxiously at him in the dusk.

"Petrie," he said, "God forgive me—I'm too late . . . I'm too late!"

And into the patch of light cast by the open doorway, Isola Marsburg came stumbling!

She was deathly white; her heavy-lidded eyes were wild. She staggered forward and collapsed at our feet. . . .

"Sir Denis," she whispered, "Sir Denis!" and then clutching at me—"Dr. Petrie. . . . My father . . . went out today, as usual, and . . . he hasn't come back. . . ."

"She has fainted," said Smith. He spoke hoarsely. "Get Mrs. Sheldon—quick!"

By the time that I had revived the poor girl and persuaded her to remain in the motherly care of the good landlady, a barman had been dispatched on a bicycle to Princetown. His instructions were to ring up the hotel in Exeter at which Mr. Pine was staying, speak to Mr. Pine in person, and tell him to return to the cottage immediately. Henry Marsburg's big car was garaged there, and he could do it within the hour. This, and to advise the police that a man had disappeared upon the moor. Then, with a grimly set face, Nayland Smith set out, and:

"We shall find him at the stone huts beyond the quarry! I told you I was too late."

We skirted the sheer cliff of the quarry, followed it down to the path bordering the tract of mire. Smith had an electric torch. He began to search feverishly, right and left. Night insects whirled about the light and presently came a distant rumbling of thunder. We came out of the artificial amphitheater of the quarry without having made any discovery.

Next, the prehistoric huts were examined. Without result. We pressed on.

"Here's the old mine," said Smith harshly. "I explored part of it this morning, but not all."

We pushed on feverishly. Suddenly, by the light of the torch, I saw a cave-like gap in the hillside.

"The main shaft," said my friend, moving the ray to right and left. "My God! *There he is!*"

At the entrance to this prehistoric burrow Henry Marsburg lay, his gray head huddled on a bed of some kind of fungus—of a vivid purple color! And as the light of Smith's torch moved farther into the opening, I saw that specimens of the thing grew there—monstrously.

A sort of purple haze lay over the body of the dead man. A glimmering of the truth came to me. These unclean things growing in the tunnel belonged to the genus *Lycoperdon*—the giant puffball which breaks at a touch. Into this place the dog had burst—and found his death. Marsburg in his enthusiasm had touched one of the things and shared the fate of the dog.

"Good God!" said I, "these things don't belong to England?"

"They don't!" My friend's voice grated harshly. "They belong to Nepal —though they occur sometimes in Burma. Broken by the unwary traveler and their dust inhaled, they evidently produce what is called in those parts The Hanuman Death, or the Mark of the Monkey. *Look!*"

He stooped, directing the light of his torch upon Marsburg's face.

On the throat were five small purplish marks!

We were halfway back to the Quarry Inn. Securely tucked away in my pocket was a small amount of the purple dust, wrapped in a handkerchief.

"I have sacrificed the life of a clever and worthy man," said Nayland Smith, breaking a long, gloomy silence.

"For heaven's sake," I replied, "be reasonable! How could you conceivably know that a species of fungus, hitherto not met with in England, had sprung up—no doubt as a result of the tropical heat of the last few weeks—in a suitable location in Devon?"

Nayland Smith made no reply and we tramped along for some time in stolid silence, in fact until the dim lights of the Quarry Inn became visible through the darkness. Then, suddenly:

"If the dog was led up to the quarry," he began, "it is only reasonable to suppose. . . ."

HE NEVER finished the sentence. He stood still—listening. And presently I heard that which he listened to —the throb of powerful engines on the Exeter road. . . .

"Petrie!" Smith snapped. "You are hot and tired—so am I. Can you run?"

"I can try."

"Then run!"

With no idea why we ran or where we ran, nevertheless I set out and, Nayland Smith making the pace, we raced over uneven ground to the Marsburg cottage in what I suppose was fairly good time.

It was all in darkness. Mrs. Ugglestone had probably gone to join Isola at the Quarry Inn. The door was closed, but the kitchen window was open.

"Quick!" Smith panted—"in you go!"

I reached up, pushed the window up to its full extent and climbed in onto a kitchen table, Smith following. He scrambled onto the floor beside me.

"Into the front room," he panted.

We stumbled into the room, Smith flashing the light of his torch upon the floor before us. I could hear, dimly,

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the approach of the big car, now no more than half a mile distant.

I found myself once more in Henry Marsburg's extemporized study. Smith flashed his light about rapidly, particularly examining the littered table, and, suddenly:

"Ah!" he whispered. "What's this?"

I looked over his shoulder. The light of the torch rested upon a large-scale map of Dartmoor, partially opened upon the table. A pencil ring was traced around one of the squares to which my friend's eye had been automatically drawn, since, as I knew, he had a similar map at the Inn.

And within this ring in cramped characters was written: "Entrance to main shaft."

SMITH shut the light off and we stood in utter darkness.

"Do you understand, Petrie?" he asked. "In that square lies the old mine-working—and the writing isn't Marsburg's! Back into the kitchen, quick! Don't make a sound."

Together, we stole into the kitchen.

The big car pulled up before the cottage. There came a dead silence.

Followed one of those breathless moments in which I heard the sound of a key inserted in the lock and knew that someone had entered by the front door. There was an interval, the scratching of a match; then a dim light. The man who had entered had lighted the oil lamp on the table.

Smith, nearer the door, craned forward and looked in. Only by an effort could I obtain a glimpse of the room. I saw enough. Mr. Pine, in evening clothes and wearing a soft gray felt hat, was thrusting the Ordnance map into a pocket of his jacket. Suddenly Smith relaxed; he stepped out into the room.

"One moment, Dr. Gwalia," he said.

Pine swung around like a man stung by a snake.

"Who the devil are *you?*" he asked coolly. "A burglar?" I made my appearance behind Nayland Smith. "Hello!" said Pine. "Two of you!"

"Two of us, Dr. Gwalia," Nayland Smith confirmed grimly.

Pine stared as if puzzled; and then:

"Of course!" he exclaimed. "You are Sir Denis Nayland Smith and this is Dr. Petrie. I'm afraid you rather startled me. You may perhaps explain why you address me as Dr. Gwalia?"

"Your request is very easily complied with," Nayland Smith replied. "You wore a beard and mustache in those days, but you were known as Dr. Gwalia in Rangoon in 1912. I was assistant commissioner of police at the time, and the death of your wife, a very wealthy woman, came under my notice. She died, Dr. Gwalia—continue to smile if it pleases you—of what was known in India as the Hanuman Death, or the Mark of the Monkey. My department was advised, but was helpless. You left Burma, taking your wife's fortune with you."

"Bah! this is madness," Pine murmured. "I am an American citizen, and my name is John Randolph Pine."

"The handkerchief, Petrie," said Smith.

I handed him the tied-up handkerchief which I had been carrying, and he opened it upon the table before Pine. So opened, it disclosed a little mound of purple dust.

As the Eurasian's eyes rested upon it, I witnessed such a change in his expression as must have told the truth to the purblind. He glanced towards the door by which he had entered. But Nayland Smith, who had been edging all the time in that direction, now stood squarely in the opening.

In that sudden silence, I heard the patter of footsteps, and Isola Marsburg entered the room.

"John!" she cried. "John! Thank God, you have come back!"

She threw her arms about the man, clung to him.

He kissed her and then set her gently aside, one arm around her shoulders.

"You have surprised our secret, gentlemen," said he. "The lady you know as Miss Marsburg has been my wife for the past three months."

Followed a moment of silence which seemed to me vibrant, then:

"Miss Marsburg," said Nayland Smith, "my job is a very unhappy one. But I must do it."

He turned his eyes again upon the Eurasian doctor.

"The past comes back to me," he went on. "You possess, I believe, an unusual power over reptiles, animals and children. It was suspected that this power extended to women."

Isola Marsburg watched the speaker dumbly, in a state which I knew to border upon hysteria.

"You left Burma with a moderate fortune and evidently went to the United States. Miss Marsburg is her father's only heir and this was a prize indeed. I suggest that what has happened tonight was in your mind from the first hour that you entered the service of Henry Marsburg. The accomplishment of your plan was delayed. But the conditions which you found upon Dartmoor during the great heat which we have experienced in the last two months gave you new hope. I am inclined to think that you have a correspondent in India or in Burma from whom you recently obtained spores of a deadly species of puffball. You cultivated this thing in a suitable spot upon the moor, the continued high temperature favoring your plan. It grew rapidly, fungus fashion. You experimented upon the dog."

"What!"

The word came as a whisper from the girl. Nayland Smith, ignoring her, went on.

"The poor brute, infected with the poison, ran away. You didn't discover his body until the following morning. You recognized, then, that the Devon-raised fungus was deadly and consigned the body to the mire. This morning, before leaving the cottage, you advised Mr. Marsburg of an extraordinary discovery you had made in the old mine on the moor, and marked the spot on the map, with a note as to the exact location of the growth. Something disturbed your usual presence of mind—possibly the necessity of preventing Miss Marsburg, your wife, from meeting her father before your departure and learning of the quest on which you had sent him—the quest which ended in his death. . . ."

A LOW moan drew my attention from the blazing eyes of Dr. Gwalia and the iron profile of Nayland Smith—and I saw Isola Marsburg as she fell back upon the sofa.

Distant voices reached my ears as I hurried to reach the girl. "The police from Princetown," said Smith.

A horrible cackling laughter drew me sharply about.

Dr. Gwalia, known as Mr. Pine, had buried his face in the purple-stained handkerchief.

As I turned and Smith stood staring, the Eurasian tottered back, wavered for a long moment and crashed to the floor.

A red-faced police sergeant came running into the room, to stand stock-still in the doorway, a man petrified.

Nayland Smith stared at Isola Marsburg, unconscious on the sofa, and:

"Poor soul," he said. Then, glancing at the writhing man on the floor: "Poetic justice, after all, Petrie . . . the Hanuman Death."

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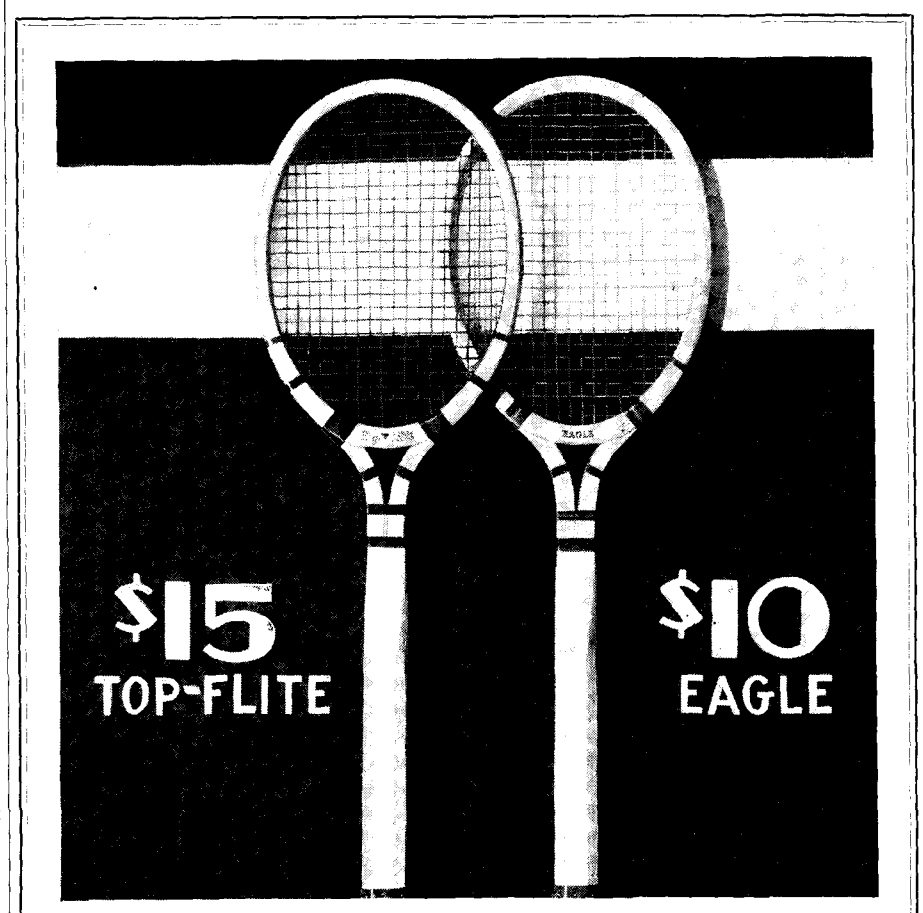

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The Wrong Wife

Continued from page 17

indicated that he had a mind. Brainy men—who are also honest, and Grady was patently that—do not ask for private conversations without good reason. He glanced at the crimson stenographer.

"If you'd excuse us, for a moment, Miss Searles—"

"A time will come, sweetness, when there are no secrets between us," said Grady, "but at the moment—"

The stenographer tried to frown; she tried to flounce; she succeeded merely in bestowing upon Grady a melting smile. Cordova shook his head slowly. In his four months' acquaintance with the pretty Miss Searles she had never been anything but efficient, businesslike, and if amorousness was in her heart it certainly never showed in her work. Grady was certainly a fast performer.

As the door closed upon the graceful figure of the stenographer, Cordova turned to his visitor:

"You said a little while, Mr. Grady?"

"That's all, Mr. Cordova. The Banner is interested in the Drovers and Builders matter."

"The Banner's interest can be satisfied by sending one of its bright young men to the trial," said Cordova.

"The Banner will not forget that hint, Mr. Cordova," grinned Grady. "But in the meantime—"

"And in the meantime the official in charge of the people's case will remember that cases are not tried in the newspapers, but in court," said Cordova.

"Meaning that about the Drovers and Builders you have just exactly nothing to say, eh?"

"Meaning just that," replied Cordova.

"Fair enough," said Grady. "I may use up a column or so explaining that you said that much, but that's okay, eh?"

"I am not your city editor," said Cordova.

"That makes another half column," laughed Grady. "Well, how is the fishing down in Maine, Mr. Cordova?"

"I don't fish," said Cordova.

"And you don't bite, either," chuckled the reporter. "Well, how's my great and good friend, Daniel Carmichael? Incidentally, I trust that Mr. Martine and Mr. Grenfell are enjoying their usual good health?"

CORDOVA leaned back in his chair. Slowly he extracted a cigarette from a case. With equal deliberation he lighted it.

"Go on," he said quietly.

"I wouldn't speak when it's your turn," said Grady. "Is the senator having good luck with his fishing?"

"Better, I hope, than you are," answered Cordova.

"Oh, I'm doing pretty well, Mr. Cordova," said the irrepressible Grady.

"Landed anything?" asked the other.

"Haven't got that far. But there's something on the line," said the newspaper man. "Didn't run into my friend, Jeb Stone, did you, while you were at Warumkeg?"

"Is Jeb a friend of yours?" asked Cordova.

"I hope so," replied Grady.

"Then you must be all right," said Cordova.

"Oh-ho? So you know Jeb that well, eh? Then you've been to Warumkeg before?"

"No, but—a friend"—Cordova found himself coloring faintly as he so described Deborah—"seems to think a lot of Jeb's judgment."

"Thanks for the compliment," smiled Grady. "Jeb's okay. Off and on, when the Banner thinks the senator may have something on his mind that he'd like taken off, I'm sent down to Warumkeg, so Jeb and I have hit it off together a few times. Well, what did the senator want with you?"

"How did you know I was down there?" asked Cordova.

"Carmichael's a fairly big shot, isn't he?" countered Grady. "Whatever he does, whoever visits him—the Banner likes to know all about it. We were tipped off that you went down there, and so—"

He paused invitingly. But Cordova merely stared at him.

"Well?" said Grady.

"Well?" said Cordova.

The newspaper man rose easily to his feet.

"No spik Eenglish, eh? Well, some other time. I'll be seeing you, Mr. Cordova."

"In the courtroom?" suggested Cordova pleasantly.

"Or right here—unless you're one of those men that forbid their stenographers to have gempmum frien's call at the office?"

"My most rigid rule," said Cordova.

"Then I'll have to hang around outside waiting for her," said the reporter.

"I'll tell her that," said Miss Searles' employer.

"I'd rather you let me surprise her," said Grady. "Well, so long, Mr. Cordova. Always cultivate this friendly attitude toward the press. It gets you so much."

"Wait a minute, Mr. Grady," said Cordova. "Suppose you come right out with it. What do you want to know?"

"Whether you're a sap or not, if you must have it," replied Grady.

"Well?"

"I don't think you are," said Grady. "I guess you're just young."

Cordova colored.

"You wouldn't mind explaining that remark, would you?"

GRADY shook his head. He smiled gayly.

"Not in the least. Not if you'll just tell me all about your visit to Carmichael."

"And if I tell you that there's nothing to tell?"

"Always a gent," said Grady. "I'll pretend to believe you."

Cordova frowned.

"I wish I knew exactly what you were driving at, Mr. Grady."

"And if I knew, Mr. Cordova, maybe I wouldn't be hanging around here asking you questions. Well, so long. I'll be back again. Oh, just one little question, Mr. Cordova. Do you think you'll get a conviction in that Drovers and Builders matter?"

"I wouldn't prosecute if I didn't think so," said Cordova stiffly.

"Then Carmichael didn't call you off, eh?"

Cordova rose and glared at his interviewer.

"Will there be anything else, Milady?"
"No, Hilary—Scram!"

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"No one can call me off any case," he said.

"No?" Grady grinned widely. "Well, we live and learn, Mr. Cordova."

The pretty Miss Searles did not reenter the office immediately upon Grady's departure. Incidentally, when, ten minutes later, she did appear, her flustered embarrassment had in nowise diminished. But during those intervening ten minutes, Cordova was a victim of a vague uneasiness.

Certainly there was nothing unreal about Grady of the Banner. That young-old face, with the humorous lines about the eyes, and the wise curl to the lips, was as actual as life itself. (Provided, of course, one's philosophy accepts life's actuality.)

Nevertheless, his interest, his hint, his innuendo, brought back to Cordova that queer feeling that he was taking part in matters that were not happening. To banish this, he plunged into work upon Miss Searles' return, and that young woman's state of titillation did not prevent her from being the efficient machine she always was.

CORDOVA marveled at the manner in which the young woman was able to dismiss a sudden heart interest and take up the routine of work. Of course, her brief acquaintance with Grady had not seriously aroused her emotions, but they had been stirred. And how many men, with a new interest acquired, could instantly forget it if there were need of temporary forgetfulness?

Up to last Friday, the papers concerning the Drovers and Builders were plain, matter-of-fact instruments. This note was a note; this statement was a statement; this account was an account. But today each document seemed invested with something shadowy; he found himself poring over notes that could have only one meaning, trying to figure what cryptic thing lay behind.

This was, of course, absurd, and he realized it, but recognition of absurdity does not always mean dismissal of a thought. In desperation, finally, he dropped the Investment Trust matter, and turned to some minor matters of office routine. Shortly after noon he went to lunch at a little Italian place on Center Street, where the spaghetti and company were apt to be excellent. Several of his associates in the district attorney's office were there, and he joined them. But he found his mind wandering, was unappreciative of the wit and uninterested in the gossip.

Back at his desk, he took up again the Drovers and Builders matter, and was able to concentrate a bit more intently than in the morning. He was in the midst of dictation when his telephone rang. Miss Searles answered, put her hand over the mouthpiece and whispered to him.

"Mr. Ganley," she said. "Mr. Charles Ganley."

Cordova pursed his lips. Then he took the telephone.

"Yes, Mr. Ganley," he said.

"I wonder if I could see you, Mr. Cordova," said the ex-president of the Drovers and Builders.

"I am in my office between nine and five, Mr. Ganley," said Cordova stiffly.

"But I don't want to come to your office," said Ganley. "Would it be possible for you to drop in at my apartment?"

"It would be possible, but I can see no reason for doing so," replied Cordova.

"Could I drop in and see you at your home?" persisted Ganley.

"Mr. Ganley," said Cordova, "you are under indictment for a serious affair; I am the attorney prosecuting the case against you; anything you may have to say to me must be said in the presence of witnesses and must be said in my office."

He hung up brusquely, annoyed with Ganley and almost equally annoyed with himself. Ganley was no fool; Ganley couldn't hope to persuade Cordova, by bribery or threat, to drop the prosecution. Then why should Ganley try to make furtive appointments with him? Once again Cordova felt that sense of unreality.

His afternoon's work was desultory, hampered by a sense of incompletion for which he still could not account, and he welcomed Miss Searles' five-to-five bustling and deprecating coughs. He smiled at her departing figure. Efficient though she was, he knew that her day did not end at five; it began. Well, that was as it should be, he found himself musing. Women were not made to slave; they were meant for gayety, joy. He blushed, called himself an ass for permitting the remembrance of a little blonde so to change his outlook on life, and descended to the street.

The June day was too hot to make him dare the subway, so he stepped into a taxi and ordered the driver to take him to the Mallet. Along Center Street, to Lafayette, to Union Square, to Fourth Avenue, and finally to Park, he rode, hatless, drinking in the breeze created by the car's motion. But he felt hot and dusty as he entered his club.

The Mallet was thronged with bridge and backgammon players. Poor, hard-working men, who could only spend from Friday to Sunday night with wives and children at Southampton or Newport, and must slave at unwelcome tasks in the hot city during the remainder of the week.

There was Ted Cusing.

"There's a swell burleycue on One Hundred and Twenty-fifth. What lonesome married man wants to go there with me?"

There was Simmy Caswell.

"Any big-hearted gentleman feel like motoring out to the Ocean Beach Club for an evening of mild whoopee?"

And a dozen others like them, with similar plans to banish the loneliness caused by their loved ones' absence. Four or five invitations were tossed to Cordova, but he smilingly rejected them all.

Also he rejected several offers of cocktails. He was no prohibitionist, but he was holding a position which might at any time require him to prosecute someone for violation of the liquor laws, and he could not in decency, he felt, drink.

AS HE stood watching a backgammon game, a man touched him on the shoulder. He turned to meet the smiling eyes of Randall Burney, a man of middle years, who carried them jauntily. He was of excellent family, and a lawyer of the sort that figures in the newspapers frequently. His practice was perfectly legitimate, but not the kind that Cordova would ever covet. Aged millionaires who wrote incautious letters; unsavory divorce cases. These comprised Burney's practice. Nevertheless, because he was a man of culture and charm, and because he had never violated the law or strained the ethics of the Bar Association, he was received everywhere. As a matter of fact, Cordova liked him, and respected his great ability, although slightly contemptuous of the uses to which that ability was put.

"Dining here?" asked Burney.

"Hadn't given it much thought," said Cordova.

"Family in Europe, and I find myself at a lot of loose ends," said Burney.

Cordova hid a smile. If rumor had any substance of fact behind it, Burney found plenty of consolation for his loneliness.

"Shall we dine together?" went on Burney.

"Why not?" said Cordova easily.

(*Continued on page 62*)

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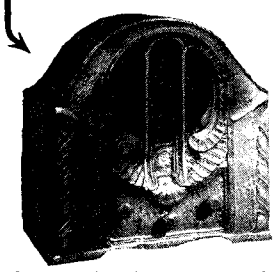

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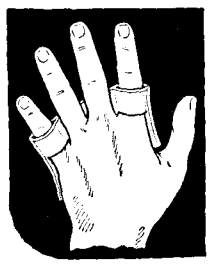

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(Continued from page 61)

"Theater later?" asked Burney.

Cordova shook his head.

"Thanks. No. Some work to do—" he felt himself redden. The "work" was a letter to Del Carmichael.

"Too early now?" inquired Burney.

Cordova shook his head. Together they walked into the summer dining-room, an open porch, which, though it faced the rear of an apartment building, nevertheless had a plot of grass in the center of which tinkled a little fountain.

BURNEY ordered with the care of a gourmet, and Cordova, who never cared what he ate, nodded acquiescence to each suggestion. They talked through the clams and the jellied chicken, of trivialities, but as Burney mixed the salad dressing, he uttered a careless remark that Cordova received with a nonchalance that was only outward.

"How's the senator feeling these days?"

Burney was applying garlic delicately to the edge of the salad bowl, and he did not look up to note the effect of his question.

"The senator?" Cordova's inflection was a triumph of noncomprehension.

"Carmichael," said Burney. "You just got back from his camp, didn't you?"

"Of course," said Cordova. "Why, he seems all right."

"What does he think of business?" asked Burney.

"Why, I don't know," answered Cordova.

"Just talked politics, eh?" laughed Burney.

Cordova shrugged.

"Just generalities," he said.

Burney, satisfied at last with the dressing, spooned the lettuce leaves around in the bowl. He looked up innocently.

"A man could do himself a lot of good, in a business way, if he had Dan Carmichael's inside knowledge and general insight into conditions."

"I suppose he could," agreed Cordova.

"As brilliant a man as this state has produced in my generation," said Burney. "If voters had any sense, didn't listen to demagogues, he'd make a great President. But he's too tied up with Wall Street ever to become a popular idol."

"I suppose so," said Cordova.

"What does he think of the political situation in this city?" Burney was persistent.

Cordova shrugged again.

"I really didn't ask him," he replied.

"Sorry. Didn't mean to be curious," said Burney.

"But I am," said Cordova. "How did you happen to know that I'd been down to his camp?"

Burney frowned. He pursed his lips.

"Hanged if I know who did mention it," he said. "Someone—I think it was in the club here—spoke of it. I didn't pay much attention to it. I wonder who it could have been? Why, was it a secret trip?"

"Evidently not," said Cordova.

"But meant to be?"

"Why, no," replied the younger man. "I suppose scores of people visit Mr. Carmichael during the course of a summer."

"Oh, of course," agreed Burney.

He switched the subject, with easy tact, to other matters. And when they parted, shortly after dinner, Cordova had almost forgotten Burney's interest.

Almost, but not quite. Grady of the Banner; and now Randall Burney. Still, Daniel Carmichael was a man of great *importance*. It was natural that a newspaper should watch his every move, scrutinize his guest list. But Burney, that lawyer whose practice had to do with the seamier side of society—well, what did it matter?

He walked to his apartment and was admitted by Webbing. His outer clothing replaced by thin pajamas, Cordova sat himself down before a desk and picked up a fountain pen. He wrote upon a sheet of note paper, and then surveyed his work:

"Dear Del."

What a stupid thing not to have ascertained her first name. "Del" was too utterly familiar. But, when you stopped to think about it, you couldn't begin a letter with her first name. He crumpled the sheet, inking his hands of course in the process, tossed it in the wastebasket and began again:

"My dear Miss Carmichael."

He gnawed the end of the pen and ran his fingers through his hair. So long a time had elapsed since he had written to a girl. Not since he was sixteen, a good dozen years ago. Oh, he'd dropped them lines, asking them to this or that, or thanking them for that or this, but a *letter*—no. And as he emphasized the word he knew that he had omitted a word that should have preceded it. A love letter. That was what he was about to write.

But how could he? As a matter of fact, he was rushing matters a bit by writing so soon. It was crude, schoolboyish. He put down the pen, and walked away from the desk. But unless he wrote to her he could not expect to hear from her, and hearing from her was the second most important thing in the world. The first most important was seeing her. He sat down again.

"Dear Miss Carmichael." The "My" was too formal. "Just a line to thank you for your hospitality, and to tell you how much I enjoyed my visit. You can't comprehend how hot and dusty the city seemed after being away from it. If I were a generous person, I would wish that you might not be compelled to leave Warumkeg until the hot months are over; but, being selfish, I do hope that shopping, or something, brings you to New York in the not too distant future. I add the hope that in the event of that coming to pass, you will let me know, that we may take in a theater. My kind regards to your cousin and to Mr. Carmichael. Yours sincerely."

HE SIGNED it and read it over. He sneered at the accomplishment. A letter that any schoolboy might have written; a letter devoid of wit or gayety or interest.

Well, damn it, what *could* you say to a girl you'd just met? You couldn't sit down and write her that you loved her. She'd think you insane, or—worse—crassly ignorant.

Or would she? If she were big enough, understanding enough. . . . He picked up the pen again and wrote.

"Dearest Del: I fell in love with you the moment I saw you. I have written a stupid note which I enclose. But this letter is the one I want to send and will send. If I could fall in love with you at sight, why couldn't you fall in love with me at sight? A thousand reasons why you couldn't run through my mind, and only one reason why you could. That reason is because I may have been born to be the most fortunate man in the world. Am I?"

Deliberately he signed his name, folded both notes and thrust them into an envelope, which he addressed to Miss Del Carmichael, Carmichael Camp, Lake Warumkeg, Maine. He blotted the envelope and sealed it. Then, leaning back in a chair, he contemplated what he had done.

A girl whom he had met only two days ago. Oh, not that he doubted the permanence of her effect upon him. But suppose she resented his crudeness, his impetuosity? Well, in that case, she'd tell her uncle, and Carmichael would, of course, withdraw his offer.

Damn his offer. To be mayor, to be President, to be anything without sharing that anything with Del Carmichael, was too dreadfully drear a prospect. For that matter, Carmichael ought to know that his recently acquired protégé was a man of swift impulse, not a sober, plodding young attorney. If Carmichael didn't care to back a man of Cordova's type, then the sooner he found it out the better.

But suppose, caution warned him, that he lost Del by a schoolboyish impetuosity?

But a man couldn't make love as he built a bridge, or as he prepared a lawsuit. Oh, perhaps some men could, but not Richard Cordova. If impetuosity would frighten Del away, then she'd be frightened away a little later, the first time he saw her again.

He rang the bell. Webbing appeared.

"Mail this letter for me, will you, Webbing?"

The servant took the envelope and started out. He paused at the door.

"Will I be needed any more this evening, sir?"

Cordova shook his head.

"Wherever your fancy listeth, Webbing—there may you go."

"Thank you, sir."

THE servant left the living-room. Cordova heard him in the pantry. He heard him in the kitchen. His movements ceased to be heard. Webbing was now in his room, changing his clothing. Now he could be heard again. He was opening the door off the kitchen; the door slammed behind him. He would be taking the servants' elevator—or perhaps walking down the few flights of stairs to the street.

In another moment he would be in the front lobby. In still another he would be on the street, advancing toward the mailbox on the corner. There was still time to telephone downstairs and ask the operator to stop Webbing. . . .

He reached for the instrument.

"Oh, operator, this is Mr. Cordova speaking. Yes. My man, Webbing—I just sent him on an errand—would you ask him to speak to me, please?"

He waited, perspiration on his forehead, for the operator to reply. It took her only the fraction of a second to make response, but in that infinitesimal space of time Cordova died the death.

If the letter weren't stopped, Del Carmichael would receive it day after tomorrow. She would read it. She would be aghast, angry—worse than these—she might be scornfully amused.

Why, he barely knew the girl. She had every right to feel affronted that a man, on such brief acquaintance, dared to write her of love.

"Sorry, Mr. Cordova, Webbing went through here over a minute ago—if you'll wait?"

Cordova, in agony, waited. A minute later the operator spoke again:

"He got away too fast, Mr. Cordova; I didn't see him on the street."

"Thank you," said Cordova. He hung up, depressed, hating and cursing himself.

And as his profanity awoke mild echoes in the room, Webbing, on his way to keep tryst with the lady of his desire, talked to himself.

"I wonder," he said, "what that name stands for? Deb? I never heard it before."

For Cordova's handwriting, unfortunately, was not the clearest in the world. The letter addressed to Del Carmichael might very well be thought to have been meant for her cousin Deborah. Which was exactly what, two mornings later, the Carmichael butler *did* think.

(To be continued next week)

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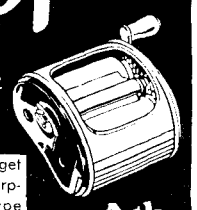
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Protection

Continued from page 21

There was a protracted silence. Then Louise said:

"I want to talk to you."

"All right," said Harworth. "I'll listen."

"I've had a terrible time," said Louise, "I've been half out of my mind."

Harworth shifted uneasily.

"Why?"

Louise lowered her eyes. He felt a sudden impulse to get up and cry: "Marry me! I've got plenty of money. I'll look after you. You'll never have to worry again!" Instead, he sat, very uncomfortable, shifting his feet.

"Oh, everything's gone wrong," said Louise. "It was Arthur mostly. He was always so depressed, and when he was drinking he'd always talk about what a failure he was. Then he'd say he was going to kill himself. I had that hanging over me all the time."

HARWORTH didn't know what to say. He offered her a cigarette, which she accepted, then he took one and they lit up. Louise smoked in silence for a moment. Then she said:

"Didn't Arthur's accident seem a little peculiar to you?"

Harworth hesitated.

"It wasn't any of my business."

"I'll tell you the truth. I've had it on my mind for a long time and it's been a terrible burden. I shot Arthur."

Harworth stared at his cigarette.

Louise continued:

"It was the most horrible thing that ever happened to me."

Harworth began to watch Louise and finally he came to understand that her calmness was a pose, a mask. Underneath she was near the breaking point. Her face was pale and drawn beneath the make-up. Her eyes were a little too bright.

"Well," said Harworth, trying to be matter-of-fact, "things like that happen. It's dangerous to have a gun around. I keep mine locked up."

"But," said Louise, the corner of her mouth twitching slightly, "I'm not sure it was an accident."

Harworth cleared his throat and glanced off across the room.

"We'd been drinking," said Louise, "and Arthur had one of his spells. I tried to quiet him and reason with him. But it wasn't any use. Then I put him in my room and told him to go to sleep. I'd stood so much from him; he never gave me any peace."

Harworth glanced up at her, then looked away swiftly. Her face was twitching, and he could see that she was making a great effort to keep calm.

"I came in here, in this room, and tried to quiet my nerves, but I was furious. Arthur called to me and I went back to the bedroom. He had a revolver in his hand and said he was going to kill himself. Well, I didn't know what to do. I tried to talk to him, but he kept saying it wasn't any use living. So I took the gun away from him. Then he began to swear at me and call me names. He didn't mean it. He was drunk, but I had been drinking, too. Suddenly the gun went off and Arthur fell. . . ."

Harworth glanced at her. Her face was ghastly.

"He looked at me," she said. "It was the strangest look I ever saw. Then he said: 'Why did you do that, Louise?'"

"But," said Harworth, "it wasn't your fault. It was an accident."

"I don't know if it was. I don't think it was."

Before Harworth could say anything she put her hands over her face and burst into tears. She cried violently and hoarsely, the tears running through her fingers.

Harworth, appalled, went over to her.

"You mustn't feel this way. It was just an accident. You've got to forget all about it."

"Yes," said Louise, sobbing, "I've got to."

Harworth lifted her from the chair, then sat down, holding her on his lap. She said nothing; she didn't even look at him, but sat with her head on his shoulder and her hands over her face.

Harworth sat in a daze, holding her carefully. He felt absolutely no desire for her; he wanted to protect her, he wanted to make the world easy for her, she was so frail. He thought about Molina's little boy and how tranquil it had made him feel to hold him on his lap. With Louise it was the same.

The room was very still; he heard the clock ticking in the hall. Gradually the sobs subsided and presently Louise took her hands from her face and looked at him. Her face was red; she was blushing.

"This is awful," she said. Then she smiled slightly. "You must think I'm a terrible fool. But I couldn't stand it any longer. I had it on my mind from morning till night."

"Feel better?"

"Yes," said Louise, then she got up quickly and left the room.

Harworth got up and walked about the room. He was still a little bit dazed. Had this really happened? Had he sat in that rather ordinary-looking chair holding Louise Joyce on his lap? He remembered when he had first seen her at Robert Joyce's and how she had looked at him and how he had wanted to pull her toward him!

"She's the most wonderful woman in the world," he said, glowing. He recalled how close her face had been to his; how delicate her complexion was; how her breasts had moved under her blouse.

Suddenly he felt a violent desire for her and began to walk up and down, cursing. He didn't want to feel that way. She was something beyond this ordinary lust. Helen, Lily? It wasn't the same. He wouldn't let himself believe it was the same.

IN a moment Louise came back. She had combed her hair and powdered her face. She smiled rather shyly, Harworth thought. His mind was in confusion, there was a buzzing in his ears; he took one step toward her, threateningly, then shouted:

"Why don't you marry me?"

Louise started back, astonished by Harworth's violence, dismayed by his contorted face.

They stood looking at each other. Harworth grew pale. He'd thrown it away. He'd thrown his chance away by his lack of self-control. But Louise said:

"Why not?"

Harworth stared for a long time. Then the color began to come back into his cheeks, his face lit up; and suddenly, to the astonishment of Louise, he jumped up into the air and waved his arms.

"Hurray!"

This was too much for Louise. In a flash she saw Harworth as she had first seen him: with a monocle in his eye, bowing like a Prussian officer; a very cold, too correct, distant young man.

She smiled, then she laughed; in a moment she fell into a chair gasping,

(*Continued on page 64*)

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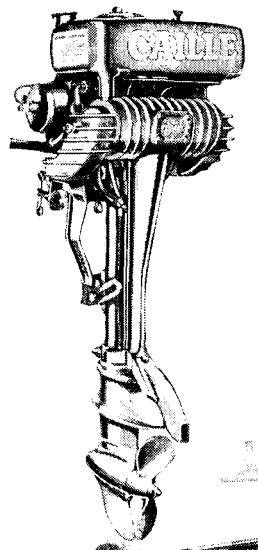

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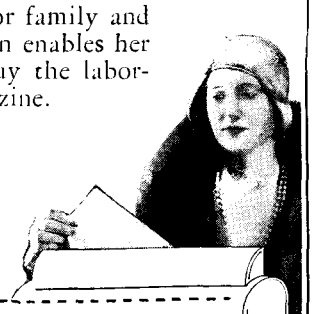

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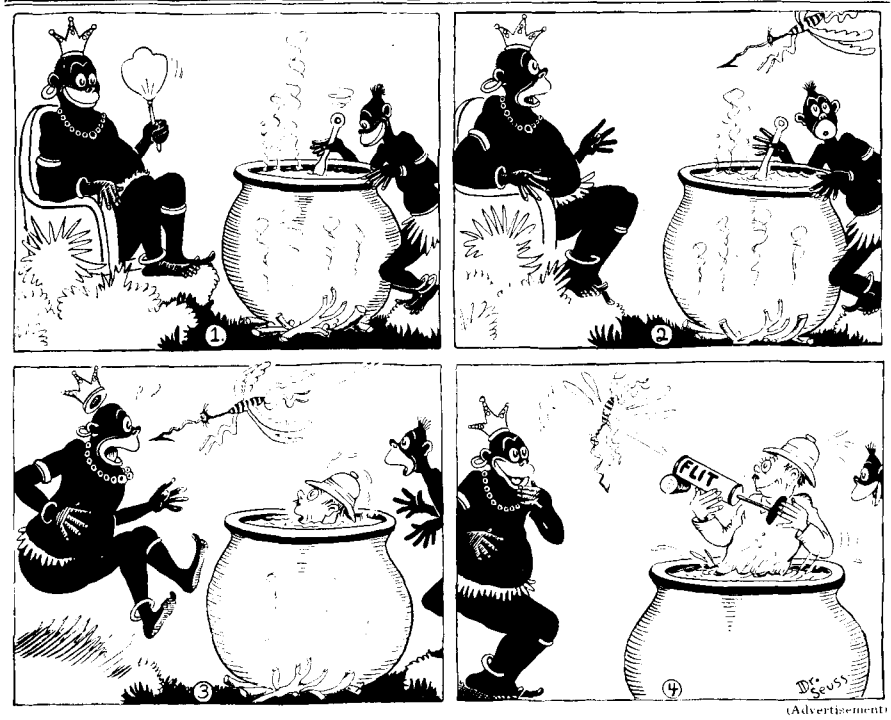


(Advertisement)

(*Continued from page 63*)

laughing and crying at the same time.

Harworth stood looking at her with his mouth open.

"If you could have seen yourself," said Louise.

Harworth stared, then his face fell.

"You were joking."

Louise was suddenly serious.

"I wasn't joking," she said.

Harworth came across the room and bent over her chair. Louise kissed him.

HARWORTH was pacing up and down the room pulling at his hair and Stein was sitting up in bed shouting at him:

"Call your broker! Tell him to sell! The market's gone crazy. Don't be a fool!"

"August," cried Harworth, "I can make a million dollars if I sit tight. That copper stock may go sky high."

"Damn you! Do what I tell you. You stand to make five hundred thousand dollars! Have you ever seen that much money! Have you ever heard of that much money!"

Harworth stared at Stein, who was pale and trembling; his grizzled hair was standing up all over his big head.

"You're getting married, ain't you? You want to buy a big house, don't you? Sell! Sell!"

Stein fell back with a groan. Harworth said nothing.

"I give up," said Stein.

Suddenly Harworth turned and went out the door, shouting over his shoulder:

"I'll call Magnussen."

Stein groaned.

Harworth called half a dozen places before he found Magnussen, who seemed to be drunk and insisted on being facetious. He told Harworth that he and Helen had decided to get married again, that they were sailing for Europe soon, and that the reason they were getting married again was because they wanted to comfort each other in their old age. Then he laughed and congratulated Harworth on his engagement to Louise. "I always knew Louise would make good," he said. Then he laughed.

Harworth gritted his teeth and asked Magnussen what he was going to do about his holdings.

"Why," said Magnussen, "I'm going to hold on. I've made a fortune already and so have you, I think."

"On paper."

"Well," said Magnussen, "that's where most fortunes are. On paper. I'm going to hold on tight. Maynard says the market hasn't any top to it, and he knows. He's in heavily himself, anyway!"

"You think it's safe to hold on?"

"Nothing's safe in this world."

Then Magnussen invited Harworth and Louise to see them off on The Century and Harworth accepted and hung up.

He didn't know what to do. He sat at his desk running his fingers through his hair and biting a pencil. Maybe it would be best to play safe, now that he was getting married. On the other hand Maynard, who was supposed to know, was hanging on, gambling on another big rise. Harworth knew that if he sold now and there was another big rise, he'd regret it till he died.

He got up and walked around the room for a while, then he said:

"Here goes!"

He took a silver dollar from his pocket. He had made up his mind to let the coin decide: heads, he'd sell; tails, he'd hold on. He smiled at the idea. When he was a young fellow he used to make every decision this way. He had a firm belief in luck; he had very early observed the tremendous part played by chance in all successful undertakings. His reasoning was simple; some men were lucky, some were not. He was one of the lucky ones.

He tossed the coin. It came heads. Without giving himself time to think he hurried to the phone, called his broker and told him to sell everything he had.

Then he rushed in and shouted to Stein:

"I've sold."

Stein sat up and said:

"Thank God. Now I'll have an easy mind. Give me my medicine and get the hell out of here."

TWO days later the bottom fell out of the market. Stocks tumbled to nothing; there was an orgy of frenzied selling and many suicides.

Harworth read the extras with a feeling of satisfaction. He had won; he was rich!

The day of the big crash he called Louise:

"Darling," he said, "did you see the papers?"

"Yes," she said; "Bob lost thousands of dollars. He's half crazy."

"Magnussen lost a fortune."

"What about you, darling?"

"I lost every cent I've got."

He heard Louise laughing.

"Don't you believe me?"

"Of course not."

"I made half a million. I'm going to buy you that house in Lake Forest, and a limousine and all the diamonds you can wear."

"Darling. Buy my dinner tonight."

"O. K."

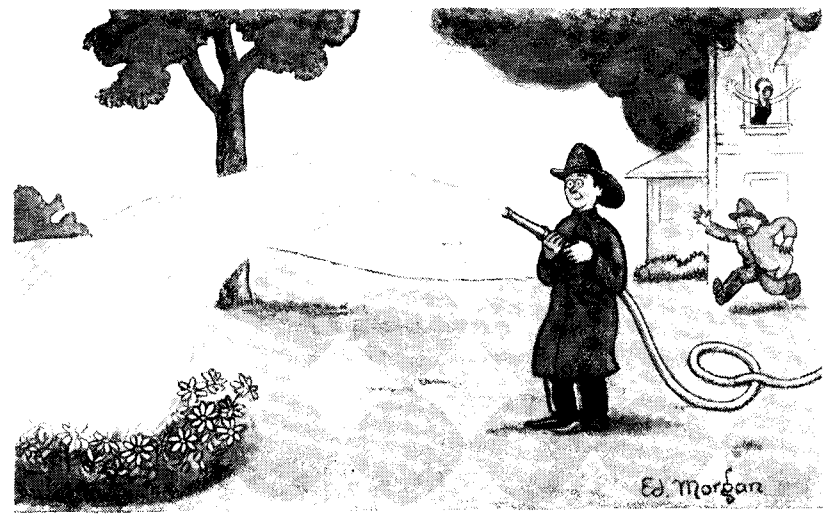
"Don't say O. K. Say something nicer."

"What?"

"Do I have to tell you?"

A red-cap took Magnussen's baggage.

"Where you located?"



The fireman who had a weakness for gardening

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Magnussen took his tickets from his pocket.

"Car 175; drawing-room A."

"That'll be in the third section," said the red-cap; then he picked up the bags and went through a door into the train shed.

Harworth was standing looking at Louise, who was talking to Helen. He was astounded by the change in Louise. She looked ten years younger; she had lost her air of uncertainty, of timidity. Helen looked a little faded in comparison.

Robert Joyce stood tapping the floor with his cane and from time to time pulling at his small blond mustache.

Magnussen turned.

"Well, here we go," he said.

"What a relief," said Helen.

"We won't be far behind you," said Louise, smiling. "We're going to Europe in January, aren't we, Frank?"

"Yes."

MAGNUSSEN put his hand on Harworth's shoulder.

"Lucky man. What's your formula? Do you carry a rabbit's foot?" He turned to Joyce. "Bob, Harworth and I bought the same stocks. He makes Lord knows how much and I lose more than I can afford to lose."

"What about me?" demanded Joyce, smiling slightly.

"Well," said Harworth, "I haven't got any formula. But I'll tell you something. I tossed up to see whether I'd sell or hold on."

Magnussen laughed and Joyce stared at Harworth.

"I'll remember that," said Magnussen. "That's the best way after all."

Two reporters had been standing at a little distance looking at Magnussen; now one of them came over.

"Excuse me," he said, "but aren't you Mr. Richard Magnussen?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm from the Examiner. Will you confirm a rumor for us?"

"Maybe," said Magnussen, smiling.

"All right. Did you and Mrs. Magnussen get married again?"

"We did."

"Thanks. Now how about posing for a picture?"

Magnussen turned to Helen who said: "Let's!"

The other man came over with his camera and while he was trying to get the correct slant, the first man talked to Harworth, Louise and Joyce, getting their names. There was a blinding flash and people in the station turned to stare.

Magnussen said:

"We're famous, Helen. We've got our pictures in the paper." Then turning, he touched Helen's arm. "Look!"

Harworth was standing with the reporter, carefully spelling out his name for him. Louise had turned away and was looking uncomfortably off over the station. Joyce was smiling.

"Oh, well," said Helen, "there are some things Louise will have to put up with. But," she went on, laughing, "isn't Bob getting on the band wagon in nice shape?"

Magnussen laughed.

"Don't be too critical, Helen."

"After all," said Helen, "she's mighty lucky. Frank Harworth is far from a fool."

When the newspaper men had gone. Joyce said:

"Look here! I nearly forgot." Then he took a book from his overcoat pocket and handed it to Magnussen. "It's an advance copy."

"Thanks," said Magnussen. Then: "Oh, Berg's book."

Helen read the title aloud:

"'The Prince! The Prince!' What a silly name for a book."

"I don't think so," said Joyce. "It's a satirical novel and a very good one. Berg's much more amusing when he writes. He's a good deal of a bore in person. All authors are."

Magnussen turned to the title page. Opposite it there was an excellent caricature of Harworth: immaculate clothes, monocle, broad shoulders and all. Magnussen turned.

"Look! Harworth to the life."

They all crowded around. Harworth smiled.

"Yes. Richman told me he was using me as the principal figure."

"What an honor," said Helen.

Harworth looked at her, but could tell nothing from her smile. She seemed like a stranger to him; the past had vanished.

"Why, Frank," said Louise, "you never told me."

"I forgot."

"Forgot! Haven't you any vanity?"

"Plenty."

There was a short silence. Then Magnussen said:

"Well, we may as well get aboard. We've only got five minutes."

They shook hands all around and Magnussen slapped Harworth on the back.

"All the luck in the world. Not that you need it."

Helen held out her hand to Louise.

"Good-by, dear. See you in Europe perhaps."

"Good-by," said Louise.

Standing close together they looked at each other for a long time; then they kissed briefly.

Harworth saw that Helen was looking at him. He said:

"Good-by, Helen."

"Good-by," said Helen. "Look us up in Paris."

"Yes, do," said Magnussen, but he shot a glance at Helen, who lowered her eyes.

The porter helped them aboard.

"Hope you enjoy the book," called Joyce. "It's with Berg's compliments."

On the way back Joyce went ahead of them to buy some cigarettes. Louise said:

"Dick's jealous already. What a nice time they'll have. Did you see the way he looked at her? He is jealous of you."

"Well, he shouldn't be."

"Well, he should be," said Louise, mocking him.

Joyce hurried back to them, showing them a paper. A headline read:

REFORM CANDIDATES LEADING

"Look at that," said Joyce, smiling. "Isn't it disgusting?"

Louise said nothing. Then Harworth said:

"Well, the town's due for a turnover. It's been coming."

"Of course," said Joyce. "But it doesn't mean anything. The price of liquor will go up, that's all; and the quality will go down."

THEY all got into Harworth's limousine. Louise said:

"Take me home, Frank. I need a nap."

Harworth spoke through the tube. Joyce said:

"Queer, the Magnussens getting married again. It won't last."

"Of course not," said Louise. "Helen likes men too well."

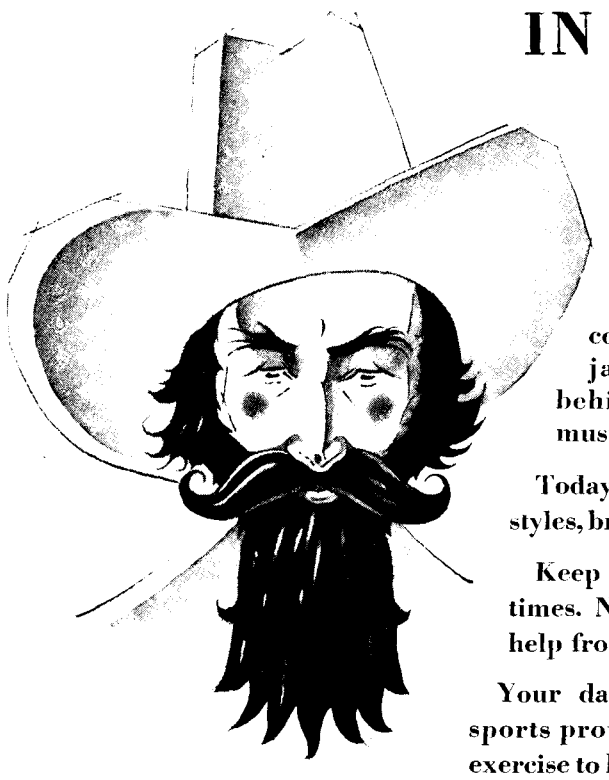
Harworth turned to glance at her. There was a determined look on her delicate face. Sensing his scrutiny, she slipped her arm through his.

"Happy?" he asked.

"Yes."

Joyce sat looking out the window, smoking and humming to himself.

(To be concluded next week)



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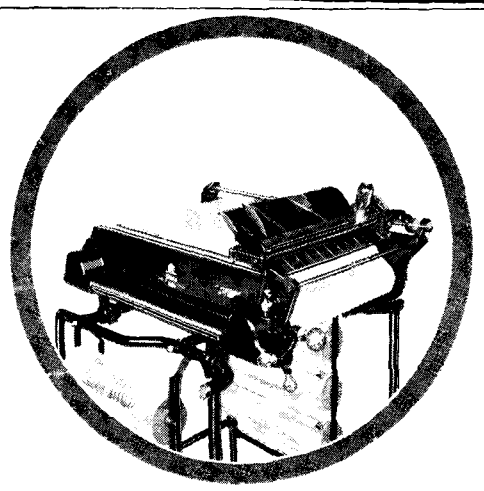

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How to be Happy though Vacationing

Continued from page 19

at it, only letting up long enough to lure you away from the house. You ran a nail in your foot day before yesterday, and have a bad cold. There is an eruption on the back of your hands which started in the woods yesterday. A telegram from the office announces that your best customer has declared bankruptcy. The water is too muddy for fishing and the lunch is wet. You come home wet and tired and find your friend has purchased some local corn whisky of which you drink about eight glasses too many. You wake up the next morning feeling unhealthier than you have for some time.

But why go on with so painful a picture? Breathes there a man with soul so dead that he can contemplate such a spectacle unmoved? The pen falls from the nerveless fingers at the prospect. The typewriter clatters, mutinous, to the floor.

Stern Science Speaks

And here enters my rôle of man of science as savior. Science is cold and science is stern, but science is wise. This year, whispers science, it is possible to make your vacation a success.

To accomplish this the first part of the treatment is psychological. The soul must be prepared as well as the body: that restless, overambitious soul, constantly pressing the panting, weakling body on to tasks for which it is entirely inadequate. Our first counsel is for moderation. Don't expect to make a Sandow of yourself in a few weeks. Take it easy at first. Work into the unusual exercise gradually. Mix plenty of rest with exercise. Get at least eight hours' sleep every night. If you have to go to a hop and keep dancing until midnight stay in bed until nine o'clock the next morning. There is no constitutional amendment yet that compels you to get up at six-thirty and play tennis or golf or go fishing or horseback riding on your vacation.

Second, science is very firm that you should go on the water wagon this vacation. Forget for a time that you are a free citizen and have a duty to oppose with all your actions the Eighteenth Amendment. Let the battle be fought by others for the nonce. This is extremely important. The temptations are greater on a vacation than any other time. But keep firm—steel yourself against the blandishments of new acquaintances and the call of leisure. This will add more to the success of your vacation than any other single factor.

The choice of vacation reading is a matter calling for the soundest judgment. The books you select for vacation reading should be fairly long. They should be ripe and they should be meaty. Science whispers that current or timely reading is out of place during the vacation; science states with great positiveness that there have not been five books written since the war that lay any person under a compulsion to read them.

Why not reread some of the old stand-bys? The sense of familiarity they impart is restful in itself, and there is added the charm of renewing half-remembered, half-forgotten episodes. The Three Musketeers is gorgeous summer reading. So is Vanity Fair, where you will find all your friends if you live the teeming life of our time—all your friends dressed up in old-fashioned clothes. Kidnapped, Huckleberry Finn, David Copperfield. Some time ago I resolved that during every summer I would read one great classic novel that I ought to have read but never had. In this way I have enjoyed Barchester Towers, Emma, Cousine Bette, Wuthering Heights, The Reine Margot series—all sound and proper summer reading. So is Conan Doyle's The Refugees and Macaulay's Essay on Frederick the Great and Frank Harris' The Man Shakespeare and, of recent books, Lowes' The Road to Xanadu. You feel virtuous and superior after reading one of these, which is a good vacation feeling.

So much for the soul, and for brother body similar cautions for moderation. Some daily regular exercise in the open air, severe enough to tire, but not strenuous enough to exhaust. Don't try to crowd a whole year's muscular development into one vacation.

And now for the pathology of summer. The exceptions, the possibility of danger or disease or bad luck. Every vacationer should be schooled and prepared for a few of the emergencies.

At the very gateway of summer one discerns rose fever. For you it is a rose; for the poor fellow with rose fever it is a hideous, obscene, wicked, blasphemous contrivance of enemy nature.

Summer comes but once a year and the patient with rose fever is darn' glad of it.

But don't blame the roses. It was natural that they should be blamed, because just as the seasonal catarrh begins, and the victim begins to get a runny nose, and his sneezes make the neighbors' windows rattle, and his eyes begin to itch so that they feel like two red-hot cinders, the roses assail his sight and burst into a great glory on hedge and fence. And just when he begins to feel a little bit better and is fairly convinced that it might be worth while to postpone the suicide for a few days, he notices that the roses are drooping and fading and the petals all sprinkle the ground and he can't help connecting them with his troubles and giving them a deep and heartfelt curse.

It is not the last rose of summer that brings tears to his eyes—it's the first.

Spring hay fever, however, is really caused by the pollen of the grasses. The grasses have inconspicuous flowers and they cannot be seen by the victim as readily as the roses, so for a long time they went undetected. They are there, however, and the pollen scatters on the wind almost exactly the same time as the period of the blooming of the roses. Blue grass, orchard grass and timothy are usually the guilty ones whose pollen offends the eyes and nostrils of the seasonal catarrh victim.

It is almost impossible for the spring-catarrh or rose-fever victim to go any place during vacation that will prevent the attack. The fall type of seasonal catarrh—hay fever, so-called, and equally wrongfully, can be escaped in many places, in the northern states, along the seashore generally, and in the mountains. But the grasses are everywhere and where they are, rose fever is.

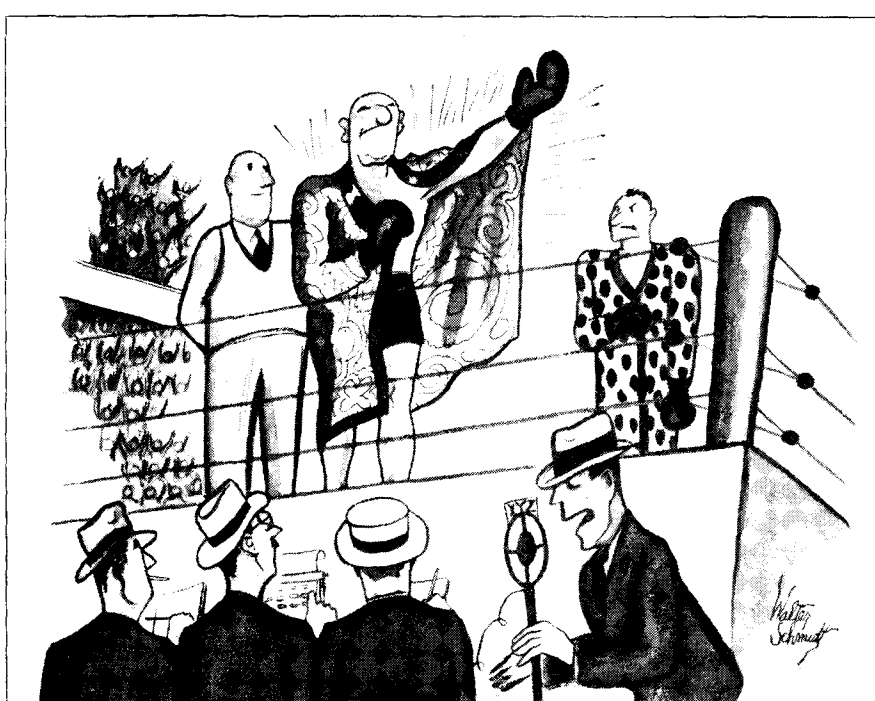
Poison ivy is another pest that has to be reckoned with. There is a close similarity between its action on the body and the mechanism of hay fever and rose fever, to the extent that only certain people are sensitive to its irritating action. They are hypersensitive people or, as they have come to be called, allergic people. If ten persons representing an average slice of the population go into the woods and all handle poison ivy or poison oak, only two of them will come down with the characteristic skin rash. If all ten happen to lie down on a bed of poison ivy and roll in it, four more will probably break out, but nothing can cause ivy poisoning in the remaining four.

The Lowdown on Ivy

That at least is the conclusion arrived at by some experimenters at one of our great medical schools recently. They had ten volunteers who agreed to risk a dose of poison ivy for the sake of the experiment. When the plants were lightly handled by all ten, two came down with the eruption. Then the juice was squeezed out of the plant and rubbed into the skin of the remaining eight, and even scratches made in the skin and the juice rubbed in so that the plant juice actually got into the blood stream. With this heroic treatment four more were poisoned, but nothing seemingly could make the other four sick.

The most important feature in pre-

(*Continued on page 68*)



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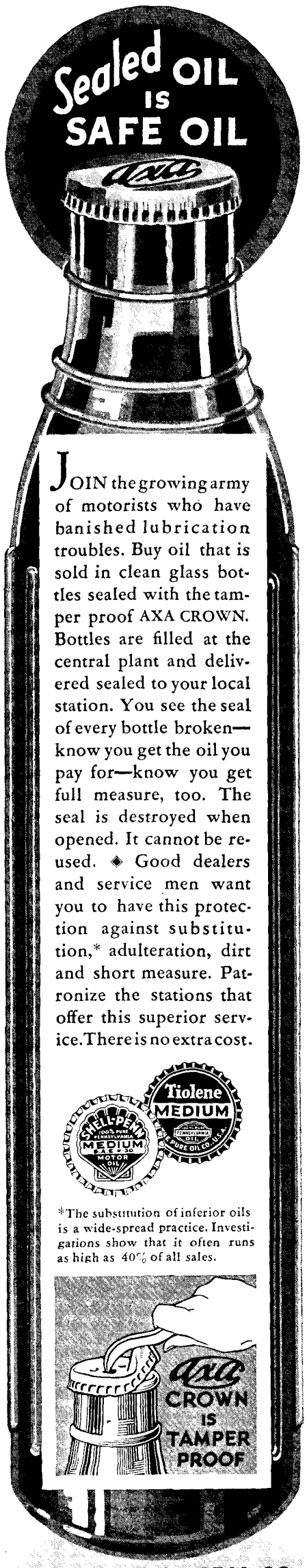
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How to be Happy though Vacationing

Continued from page 66

venting the discomforts of ivy poisoning is to know and recognize the plant upon seeing it. Contrary to general popular belief, the plant has to be handled in order to produce the dermatitis. Or at least it has to touch the skin.

A serum has been developed which, when taken after contact occurs, is reported to abort or minimize the disease in a good proportion of cases. It has no protective value as a preventive if taken before going on a camping expedition, for instance. Those susceptible to poison ivy should carry a can of ether soap if they intend to commune intimately with Nature in her varying moods, and promptly wash the skin when the blisters begin to appear. This frequently prevents the worst of the consequences of contact.

Another serum which should be part of the hunters' and trappers' and campers' equipment is snake bite anti-serum or anti-venom. It has been perfected to a high degree of efficiency and if properly used is completely preventive. A vial of this serum can be obtained at most drug stores now—it is dispensed in small convenient packages all ready for administration.

The common poisonous snakes in the United States are the rattlesnake, the moccasin and the copperhead. The rattlesnake is the most widely distributed. Its thickest population density is in the Southwest, especially Texas, but its area spreads up the Mississippi Valley as far as Wisconsin (I once killed a rattler on the golf links in La Crosse), and in the western direction to the Pacific Coast. The moccasin inhabits the southeastern states—Louisiana, Mississippi, etc., and the copperhead is found most frequently in the Allegheny region. The anti-venom serum is polyvalent and contains protective substances for all forms of snake venom. It is manufactured by obtaining venom in pure form from the snake and injecting this in small and then increasing amounts in a horse until the horse's blood serum contains a large amount of immunizing substance. An ordinary vial as sold contains a sufficient amount to neutralize fifty times the lethal dose of snake venom.

Dealing with Vipers

In the old days a favorite topic for a long afternoon's discussion in a nice cool saloon was whether rattlesnakes ever killed anybody. Most of the anecdotes revolved around the certainty of recovery and the extreme efficacy of whisky as a preventive. Investigations carried on while this anti-venom serum was being prepared show that many rattlers, especially old ones, carry no venom in their pouches. Thus many snake bites are dangerous only on account of the whisky. Rattlesnake bites are fatal in from ten to twenty-five per cent of the cases. A good sign of whether the bite has inflicted venom is the amount of pain, swelling and discoloration that occurs around the fang marks. The venom is extremely irritating and calls out a great deal of watery effusion of blood around the wound. The stinging, paining, aching, swelling, discoloration and, finally, numbing of the parts afford a good indication that the bite is dangerous.

The best time to give the serum is about three hours after the wound has been received. The only explanation for this is that experiments have proved this to be the best time. Possibly because the venom is then more widely distributed in the blood stream and can be neutralized more completely by the serum. There is almost always time, therefore, to get some serum, no matter how deep in the woods you may be. While waiting for it, emergency preventive measures that are effective in themselves may be tried. The first of these is the tourniquet or constriction of the limb above the bite. As the hand or foot is usually the part struck, this is almost always possible. The purpose of the tourniquet is to keep the venom out of the general circulation.

Colonel M. L. Crummins of the Anti-venom Institute of America, who has had a large experience in the treatment of snake poisoning, says, however, that the tourniquet can easily be overdone. It should not be put on too tightly nor left on too long. Alternate loosenings and tightenings are advisable. The second emergency procedure for snake bite is to make a number of incisions through the skin near the fang wound and let the effused serum out. The venom is effused locally for some time and only later gets from the local site into the general circulation. As much as can be removed from the area of the wound is so much to the patient's good.

After the incisions are made suction either by mouth or, if a breast pump or rubber bulb with glass bell jar attachment can be obtained, with either of them. This emergency treatment alone, without the specific serum, will save many lives.

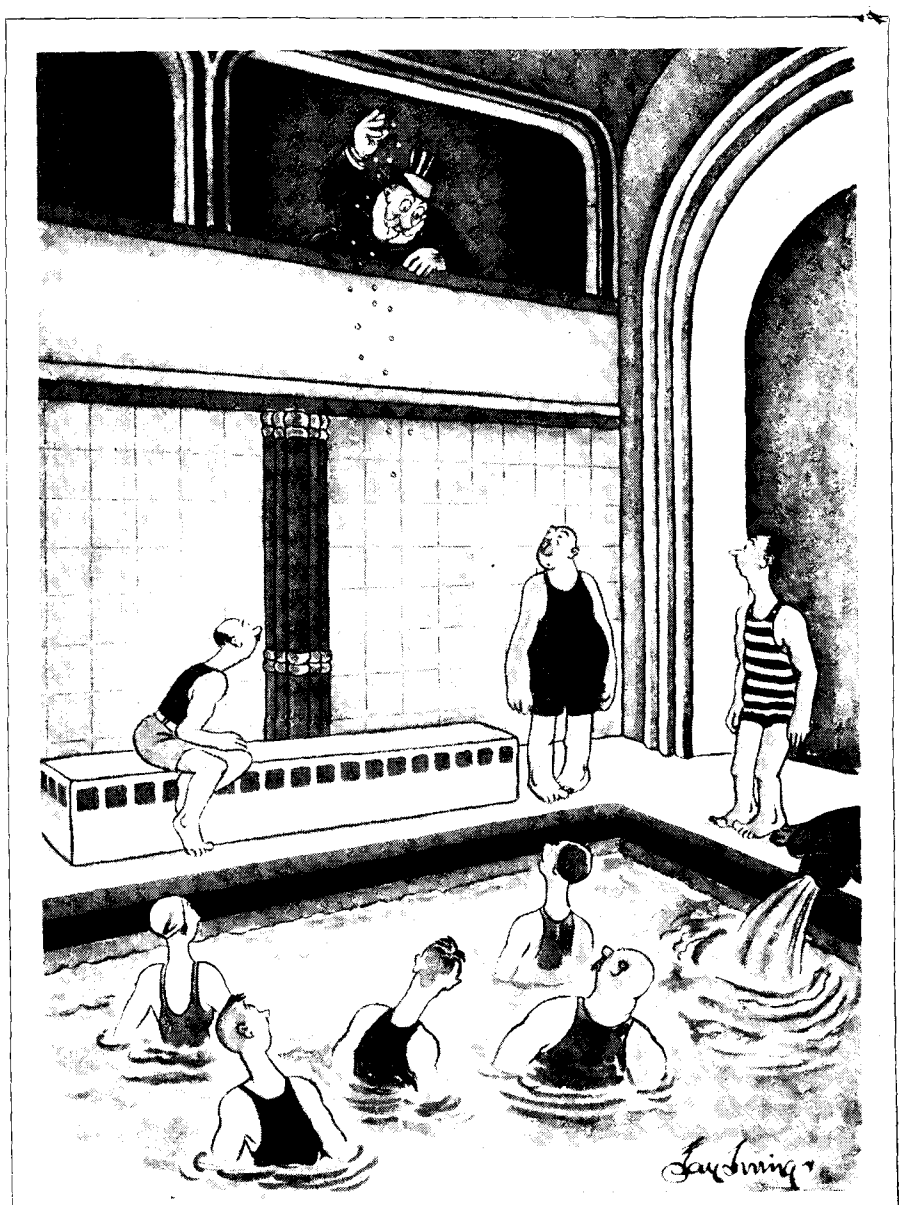
I wish it were possible to recommend whisky as a form of preventive treatment. But, time-honored as this treatment is, it seems to be without official favor. A distinguished physician once told me the story of the gentleman who was weaving home Saturday night after an evening of heavy potations, and who found his way barred by an enormous rattlesnake.

A Test Case

Unable to determine whether this vision was reality or a figment of his imagination, he bethought himself of his immune condition and, determined to resolve all his fears, he advanced and said: "Strike, damn you. I will never be better prepared."

There are three summer emergencies which usually fall into the hands of the layman for first-aid treatment—sunburn, sun-stroke and drowning. The proper treatment of these conditions—and the proper treatment in each instance is definite and effective—should certainly be a part of everybody's general information.

Sunburn is regarded by some people as a sort of receipt for the money spent on the vacation. And sometimes some of us are a little too anxious to have the receipt a little too legible. A good, gradually acquired sunburn is both healthy and satisfactory. But one of these rapid-fire, three-day-as-good-as-a-whole-season sunburns may be not only acutely uncomfortable, but dangerous.



"Yoo Hoo! Pennies!"

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Burns are divided by surgeons into several classes or degrees, and sunburn has from time immemorial been considered the typical example of the mildest, or burn of the first degree. This means it goes only through the first layer of skin, but when unwisely acquired it can go through deeper layers and become a burn of second degree. Because such a large area of skin is covered such burns are not minor matters.

The treatment for sunburn of nearly any degree is best carried out by the liberal application of oils or ointments. Olive oil will do, vaseline or a thicker, and therefore more lasting, grease, the animal fat lanolin.

Prevention of sunburn is accomplished with many preparations readily obtainable—usually pastes or ointments. The ingredient of most of these appears to be sulphonated naphthol, which protects the skin from what some inspired beach comber once called the ultra-violent rays of the sun.

What's Sunstroke?

Of course, everybody who collapses during a heat wave is not the victim of sunstroke. Whenever, to lapse into the lingo of the headline writer, a city swelters in grip of heat demon, the newspapers catalogue as sunstroke every sudden death or collapse that occurs in the neighborhood. If they grouped in one column every sudden death in a large city on any day of the year, it would make a pretty respectable list. Some of these deaths are due to apoplexy or heart failure. But since the proper treatment for sunstroke won't hurt any of these other conditions, such considerations need not give the amateur first-aider pause.

Sunstroke is a complete demoralization of the heat-regulating mechanism of the body and is accompanied by shock and severe circulatory collapse. It is nearly always preceded by a set of warning symptoms that continue for some time before the actual sunstroke begins. Preventive treatment is more effective than curative treatment under these circumstances, and during a hot spell anyone who begins to feel these premonitory symptoms should begin to prevent sunstroke right away.

The symptoms are headache, dizziness, swimming vision, our old friend spots before the eyes and an increasing sense of flushedness in spite of profused perspiration. If these symptoms, especially the headache, keep getting worse, go somewhere where it's cool and shady, take off the clothes around your neck and arms and bathe your head and face and wrists in cold water. Best of all, if possible, get into a bathtub of cool water—not too cold—and stay there until you are better.

Pat the water onto your skin; or rub your skin vigorously with the water. This friction increases the tone of the circulation. Perhaps best of all is to get into a cold shower. The water dashing over your body gives the stimulation that the rubbing gives. Stay in this cool place until your headache is entirely gone. Don't drink a lot of water, especially ice water. If you are going to drink anything, drink a glass of moderately cold iced tea or iced coffee; these, too, are circulatory stimulants.

The treatment of actual sunstroke is much the same. The usual procedure of an ice pack or ice-cold bath alone is too severe for badly shocked cases. An investigation of the sunstroke treatment carried out in four New York hospitals several years ago by Dr. Baruch showed that at the hospital where the treatment was begun with a hot bath and then the temperature of the bath gradually lowered the death rate was forty-one per cent; in the hospital where ice baths were used the mortality was thirty-three per cent; at the hospital where the patient was placed on a cot and sprinkled with water at tap temperature and an ice cap put on the head, the death rate was twelve per cent. At one hospital the death rate was only six per cent. Evidently here the most successful treatment was in operation. The patient was wrapped in a sheet and placed on a cot which had been covered with a rubber blanket. Dippers of cold water were dashed upon him from a distance of several feet. Every two or three minutes a stream of ice cold water was poured on his head from a distance of six to eight feet. When the temperature fell to 103—it mounts to great heights with sunstroke—the patient was wrapped in blankets and surrounded with hot-water bottles.

The emergency of treating a drowned or partially drowned person may fall to any vacationer's lot. I have not been in on many of these occasions myself and I have usually arrived rather late in the course of the excitement. But invariably in my experience there has been some spectator whose contribution to the party was to run around and shriek, "Oh! why don't they get a pulmotor?" Now the very first treatment of a drowned person is to hit this inevitable adviser over the head with an oar or in some equally effective way silence him completely.

The first thing to do after that is to get the patient to breathing. Drowning is a condition of paralysis of the respiration and is not dependent on the amount of water in the lungs or stomach. So do not waste time trying to get the patient emptied of water, rolling him on a barrel, or drying him or warming him. Use artificial respiration until spontaneous breathing is established.

The best method of artificial respiration is the prone-pressure method. It is the method approved by the Royal Life Saving Society of Great Britain. The technique of this method is as follows:

Stretch the patient face down on the ground. Stretch the legs out. Stretch the right arm out straight up past the head. Bend the left arm so that the patient's forehead or cheek rests on it. This raises the mouth and nose off the ground and allows air to get in.

Ventilating the Victim

Sit astraddle the patient's buttocks, facing toward his head. Put your two palms on each side of his chest and bear down, squeezing all the breath out of his lungs. Maintain this while you count three. Then snap your hands off the chest, when it will expand, drawing air in while you count three; then apply pressure again.

Keep this up until the patient is able to breathe of his own accord.

Cases are on record of people gaining consciousness after they had been worked on four hours.

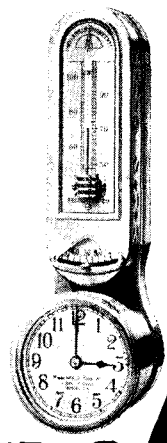
The advantages of this method are: First, the high rate of respiratory exchange—or, to put it in more understandable language, the large amount of air that gets in and out of the lungs.

Second, the position, face downward, is effective in preventing the tongue from dropping into the back of the throat and obstructing the entrance of air into the lungs. This is a common reason for failure when the patient is placed on the back.

Third, it can be done by one person alone, an obvious advantage because there is so frequently only one other person present besides the victim when emergencies of this sort arise.

Fortified with these pieces of knowledge anyone should be able to make his summer a success. But don't forget the philosophy. I know.

This Daily Miracle



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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
THOMAS H. BECK, Editorial Director
WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor
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Let's Brag

THE pessimists have been having their day. Their blue funk has been clouding the atmosphere. The time has come to put their gloomy forebodings to the cool test of facts and reason. Let's see where we stand.

The chief business of men and women at any time is to support themselves and to raise in health children fitted to carry on the work of the world. As individuals we are interested first in food, shelter and clothes and physical well-being. After that come entertainment and education. Think of these fundamentals and you get a true measure of our present situation.

Food is always first. Was there ever a time in history when the human race knew better how to produce and to transport the sustenance necessary to life?

There are few countries in the world too poor to raise enough crops to feed their own people. The problem in other generations was to grow sufficient to avoid starvation. That problem has been solved. We now know how to produce more food than can be consumed.

Admittedly it is true and tragically true that the unemployed in the highly industrialized countries are in want. The difficulty, however, is not found in the lack of crops. A generation competent to solve the fundamental problem of how to grow enough will not be baffled by the lesser question of how to use rationally what has been so abundantly produced.

The farmers of the world know definitely that, come what may, they can fill the storehouses and fill them at smaller cost in energy than ever before.

There is no shortage of clothing or of the materials from which clothing is made. Nor is there any shortage of building materials. We know how to build better and more beautiful structures than ever before. Good housing is not yet universally available but the trouble is not in our inability to produce. The time was when it was necessary for a large part of the world's population to live in mud huts or log cabins. We are no longer under any such necessity.

More than that, we are today better equipped than ever before to protect our health, to educate our children and to inform and amuse ourselves.

Never before were so many well-schooled doctors centering their efforts on the safeguarding of our health. The span of average life is being prolonged and better health is enjoyed while we live.

Then there is education. Never before have schools been so well and so intelligently conducted. Education is all but universal, in this country at least.

In all the other departments of life there is prodigious activity. Recreation and entertainment were never before so widespread and so generally enjoyed. Newspapers, magazines, books, radio, phonograph, motion pictures, sports of all sorts, music, all of the things which appeal to our desire for amusement and information are tremendously alive.

What then do the pessimists mean when they talk sourly of a breakdown in civilization and the ending of an era in human history?

Nothing very fundamental is in their minds. Of that we can be sure.

What they really mean is that not only the United States but other countries are facing certain comparatively minor economic and political difficulties which must be settled if we are to enjoy properly the vast resources of our generation.

Politics has lagged behind our industrial and our scientific development.

Even in this country we have curiously obsolete rivalries between states and communities. New Jersey sues New York; Ohio and other lake states sue Illinois. There is political conflict between Arizona and California. We have anti-trust laws which ignore the current facts of our economic life. We have a tariff which menaces our world trade.

Trade, travel, communications are world-wide in scope. The airplane and the radio know nothing of national boundaries and racial prejudices. The flow of trade is through world markets.

The one thing which makes our time different from all other epochs in history is our possession of the scientific method.

If through some cosmic disaster we lost all our material possessions, through the scientific method of discovering facts and of inventing profitable ways of dealing with them we undoubtedly could replenish our stocks.

Unprejudiced science is the hen which laid the golden egg of this civilization and unprejudiced science is still fertile. Science gave us railroads and electrical energy in all its miraculous applications; it gave us the gasoline engine, flight and the myriad other possessions which, taken together, make up our modern world.

We are not in danger of losing all of these things. On the contrary, what we have is steadily being increased by new inventions and the fresh application of scientific knowledge.

More than that, this same science offers us a new way of dealing with the old dilemmas of national narrowness and racial antagonism.

Unquestionably there are problems to be solved and there is distress which rightfully cries aloud for relief. We must offer security and assurance for the future to those now menaced by unemployment and unstable prices. But, for all that, the man who sees a breakdown in civilization in a business depression has his eyes shut to the mighty forces at work around him.

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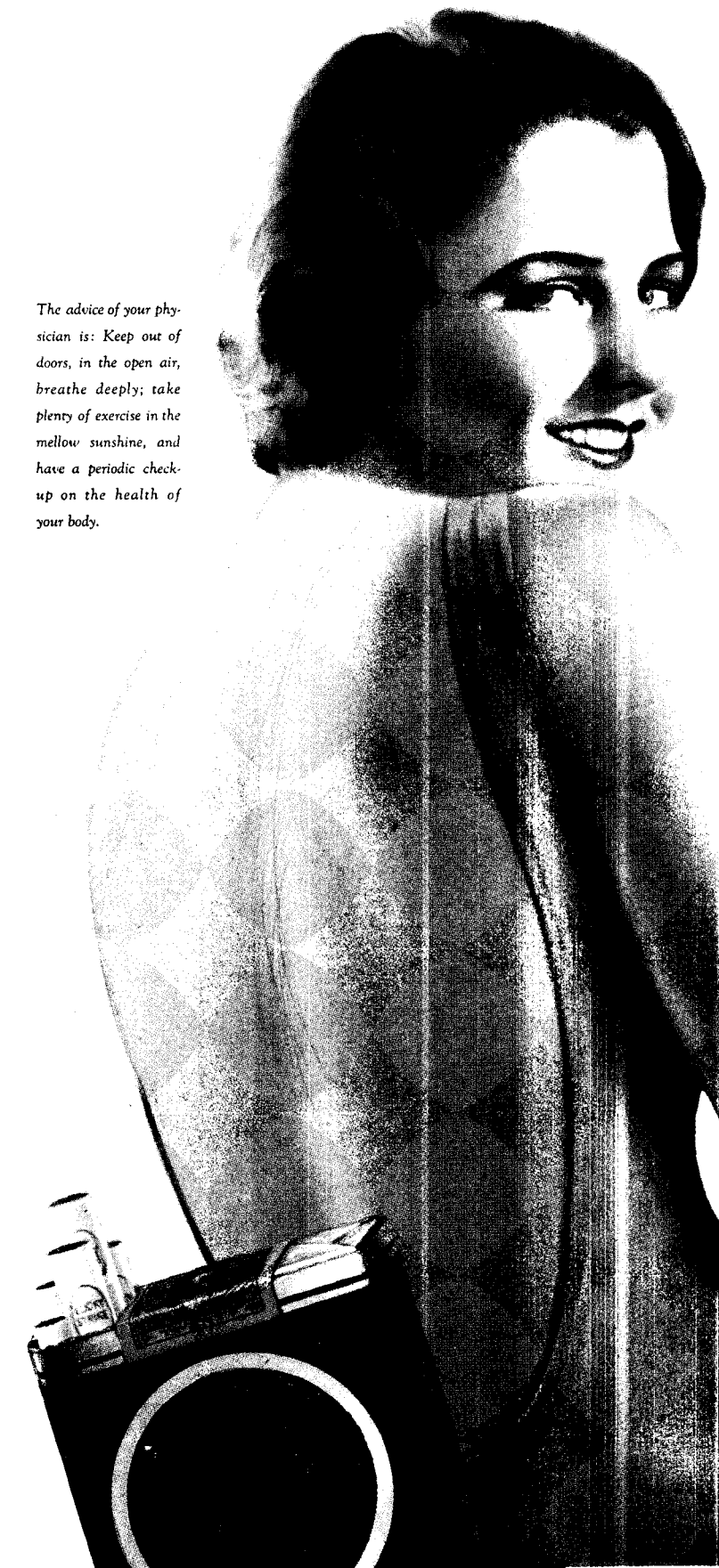

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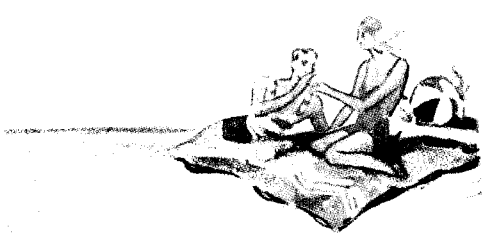

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